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THE SURPRISE.



RICK'S CAVE.



THE INGLORIOUS TUMBLE OF ROB AND RALPH.

ALL ABOARD

FOR THE

LAKES AND MOUNTAINS

A TRIP TO PICTURESQUE LOCALITIES IN
THE UNITED STATES

BY
EDWARD A. RAND
Author of "All Aboard for Sunrise Lands," "Bark Cabin on Kearsarge," "Tent in the Notch,"
"After the Freshet," "Pushing Ahead," "Roy's Dory," "Little Brown-Top," etc., etc

ILLUSTRATED

FIFTEENTH THOUSAND

CHICAGO
FAIRBANKS & PALMER PUBLISHING CO
1885

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

IT is believed by the publishers that the present "ALL ABOARD" will find a hearty welcome from the "lads and lassies" who have read Mr. Rand's "ALL ABOARD FOR THE SUNRISE LANDS," and that they will gladly make a second journey with Uncle Nat, Rob Merry, and their young friends and companions, Ralph and Rick, to the lakes and mountains of America. There is room for all who would like to take this journey; "the more, the merrier." So once more, ALL ABOARD!

A popular writer has truly said: "Among all the lands and nationalities of earth America stands, in many respects, peerless, unrivaled and unrivalable. It is the broadest land ever given to any people, the grandest and most beautiful, the most varied in its attractions and its products, and the most unlimited in its capabilities and its future."

"The more one rambles over this magnificent continent, our own half world, and the more he sees of the never ending, ever changing glories, sublimities and beauties, the greater must be his contempt for the average American who turns his back on scenes as transcendently grand, varied and enchanting as ever the sun in all its wild celestial rounds, looked down upon; and rushes off to Europe, to loaf around fashionable hotels, wine shops and haberdashers' stores, and then come back and prate, in mock turtle French, of "*la belle Parée*," queenly "*Madreed*," the Lake of Como, Mont Blanc, Rome, Venice, Vesuvius and the Alps, and a hundred other places. If he chances to meet an intelligent European in his travels, the first question asked him exposes his folly, for it is a question about some one of the innumerable, sublime and wondrous objects in his own country that he has never deemed worth a visit."

"Nature never constructed a bigger combined idiot and cheap humbug than an American who goes into bogus raptures over the lakes and crags of Switzerland and Italy—while he has never seen or cared to see the glorious and beautiful wonders of nature found in this country."

Parents will gladly place this volume in the hands of their boys and girls, it will have a healthy influence in that it will give them some idea of the grandeur and history of their own land and prevent them, in the years to come, from showing the ignorance of their own country that is too often manifested by their elders. It was Byron, who, when an American was introduced to him began eagerly to question him about Niagara Falls, and on being told that he had never seen them, turned on his heel with an oath of unutterable disgust at the idea of a man coming from America to Europe without having seen that wonder of the world in his own country.

The Author requires no introduction to the reader; he has secured an eager and large audience among the boys and girls of our land for everything he writes, and in this volume he has furnished the freshest and best book of travels, crowded with matter about the Western World of the most interesting character, and illustrated with a large number of pictures. An editor aptly writes: "Of Mr. Rand's book, no praise can be too high, and the perfectness of his style is of that kind that claims and holds the attention of the reader. It is a blending of incident and description, of which he is master."

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. Jack Bobstay Arrives	13
II. Struck by a Comet	23
III. Via Hoosac	39
IV. Down the Hudson	53
V. Off to Niagara	82
VI. At Niagara	99
VII. Along the Great Lakes	123
VIII. Early Days	138
IX. Big City and Big Lake	143
X. The Track-Layers	157
XI. The Yellowstone Park, and Yosemite Valley	172
XII. Near the Rockies	192
XIII. A Mutual Find	207
XIV. Land of the Celestials	220
XV. In the Keystone State	229
XVI. How they crossed the Delaware	245
XVII. On to Boston	254
XVIII. A Salt-Water Surprise	274
XIX. Bound for Cambridge	280
XX. The Antelope Crawls off	290
XXI. Off for the Notch	296
XXII. Where to pass the Night	307
XXIII. In the Notch	318

XXIV.	Up to Cloud-land	324
XXV.	Mountain-mist! Beware!	329
XXVI.	The hunt for Barker	336
XXVII.	Through the Franconia Notch.	342
XXVIII.	A Catch	348
XXIX.	On Wheels	358
XXX.	Winnepesaukee	368
XXXI.	Lake to Mountain	375
XXXII.	One more Adventure	382

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The inglorious tumble of Rob and Ralph	Frontis.	Watkins Glen	93
Nurse Fennel Spinning	12	The real Picnic	96
Old Jack Bobstay	14	"Off on a Picnic"	98
The Wright Tavern	17	Splashing down	99
The old Manse	18	Niagara from the Edge of the American Fall	101
What the Ancestors of Ralph and Rick did .	19	"To send it Whirling and Shooting	107
Rob Merry's Ambition	23	Turbulent Waters	111
Sketches at Walden	25	Whirlpool	114
Concord River	32	A lonely pleasure Resort	121
Donati's Comet	34	Along the great Lakes	123
Great Reflector at the Paris Observatory .	35	The unveiled Statue	127
Home they all went	38	Moonlight on the Lake	129
The iron Horse	39	The Waters came rolling in from the Lake .	131
German Castle	40	Thunder Cape, Lake Superior	132
View in the Connecticut Valley	41	On their Way to a Coal Vein	135
Hoosac Tunnel	46	Early Days	138
Bear River, Bethel, Me.	49	Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass.	139
Dream of the Disciple of Thoreau	52	Kettle, Sword and Fish in Pilgrim Hall . .	140
Wished he could go a-Fishing	53	La Salle's Canoes on Lake Michigan . . .	141
In the Catskills	55	Rick in deerskin Breeches	142
The Sea has its Perils	58	Rob's Aborigines	143
Rick's winter Ship on the way to Lexington	62	A Lake in picnic Weather	144
Bumble-bee and Family	63	A Lake in stormy Weather	146
The Hudson from the Battery	66	Launching a Boat	149
View from Fort Putnam	67	Hauling in the Life-Saving Car	153
Putnam	68	View from the Car Window	157
Putnam's Escape at Horse-neck	69	Looking westward	158
Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh .	71	Fair Waters amid luxuriant Forests . . .	159
West Point Sketch	73	De Soto landing in Florida	161
Capture of Stony Point	75	De Soto's Band worshipping	162
Capture of André	77	Firing De Soto's Cannon	163
Adirondack Game	79	Early Settlers meeting Indians	164
Pilgrims' Sunday Rest at Clarke's Island .	82	A Mexican Landscape	165
Lake Mohonk	84	The Deer stood in the cool, hidden Pools .	167
Glimpses of the Delaware near Collicoon .	86	The unfortunate 'Zekiel's Hat	170
East and west Branches of the Delaware .	87	Westward Bound, in Former Days . . .	172
Saratoga Lake	88	The Future President	172
An ideal Picture	89	Yellowstone River near Livingstone . .	173
Trenton Falls	91	Geysers of Wyoming, "Old Faithful," (5 views)	175

Yellowstone River, in the Park (two views)	177	Prisoners in Stocks	255
Yellowstone Lake Scenery (three views)	178	The coming Jacks of our Navy	256
Great Falls of the Yellowstone	179	Boston in 1774, from Dorchester Heights	257
Looking down the Yosemite Valley	183	Hancock House	261
Oh! Oh!	185	The British Mice could only run away	263
Sentinel Rock, Yosemite Valley	186	Bound for Boston	264
Look at That!	187	White Island Head	266
The Ride through the Big Trees	189	Off Boston Harbor	267
On the Road	191	"At the Battle of Trafalgar"	271
A Cool Place	192	Bishop's Head	275
Mount of the Holy Cross	193	"He kept thrusting an Oar"	278
Grand Cañon of the Colorado	197	Describing's Rick's State of Mind	280
Swallow Cove	199	"A very spotted object"	281
Water as a Carver in Mu-koon-tu-weap Cañon	200	Front View of a Spot on the Sun	282
Mary's Veil	202	The Moon rolling into the Earth's Shadow	283
Grand Cañon of the Sierras	204	Portion of the Earth in the Moon's Shadow	284
Mount Shasta, from the Notch	205	Total Eclipse of the Sun	285
Entrance to Pa-ru-nu-wesp	210	Man in the Earth as seen by Man in the Moon	286
"So nice to have a Cup of Tea"	211	A Case of great Indecision	289
A deep Colorado Ravine	213	Starting off	290
Horseshoe Cañon	215	At the Wharf	291
The Land's End	218	A desired motive Power	292
Chinese Scene	220	True Likeness of Nurse Fennel's Umbrella	293
Its Face white with Rage	221	A Mountain View	296
Fishing by Proxy	224	The Mountain Scenery Rob liked	297
A Tablet	225	Conway Meadows	301
The Spirit's Tablet	226	Burning into the Night	304
A Spirit's Meal	227	Handling a speckled Beauty	305
Chinese Ware	228	Mount Helicon	306
Moonlight on the Susquehanna	229	Night Camp Scene	308
A Good Chance to Rest	230	An unexpected dose of Grape	309
Night Scenes at Furnace Rolling Mill	231	No Friend to Farmers	310
The Susquehanna from Cattawissa	232	A cold-water Camp	312
Pipe of Peace	233	A very obliging sort of a Bear	313
Indian Surprise	233	A rural memento	317
Mouth of the Cattawissa	234	Wiley House	319
Indian Attack	235	An Avalanche	321
Not then as now	237	An ugly Traveler	323
Indian Dance	239	Up to Cloud-land	324
Solomon's Gap	241	Up Mount Washington	325
"Oh, for a Tent!"	243	Wish I had an Umbrella	327
Waiting for a Passenger	246	Free as a Mountain Bird	330
Tory Unpopularity	247	Discussing a Route	331
"No calm River in the Summer Night"	249	Rob's Offer	332
Washington Crossing the Delaware	250	A White Mountain Road	333
How Captain Rob would have Led Them	252	Among the Mountains	335
Pot-hooks and Trammels	254	Snowy Tops	336

On Foot	339	A long Train of School-children's Sleds	365
A Mountain Ravine	342	Schoolhouse	366
Echo Lake	343	Tribune Building	367
Profile Lake	344	A familiar Sight	368
Rival of Washington	345	Things pretty well balanced	369
Old Time Flume	346	Bunker Hill Monument	370
From Franconia to North Conway	348	"Lonely in Winter"	371
Bruin at Bay	349	Lake Winnepesaukee—Steamboat Coming	373
Uncle Nat saying "Come On!"	351	Near where they Camped	375
Rick, the Trap Builder	352	Longing for a Boat	376
Hunt for Eggs	353	A modern Craft	377
Looking out through Forest Curtains	354	Making a Canoe	378
Going a-Fishing	355	Small Catch	378
Sometimes Empty	356	A youthful Boatman	379
Bridge under gray Sky	359	If only There with a Line	381
Rick under Cover	360	A sweet Singer	383
"Slow but Sure"	361	Ralph's Squirrel	384
Miss Cat Means Mischief	362	Winging their Flight	385
Flying Squirrels	363		



NURSE FENNEL SPINNING.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

JACK BOBSTAY ARRIVES.

ONE, two, three, four!" drowsily droned the old town clock at Concord, Mass.

Then Rick heard a spring bird that timorously tried to find out whether it was night or morning, and made one little musical outcry in the garden. How still it was afterwards!

"Oh, dear!" groaned Rick, stretching and yawning in his bed. "Wish it was time to get up!"

"Keep still," said his bedfellow Ralph Rogers. "You have just waked me up."

"Guess I've been dreaming."

"You have been uneasy enough for a dozen dreamers, kicking and threshing round in bed."

"I thought I was in a ship—in uncle Nat's *Antelope*—and Jack Bobstay and I went aloft to take in the sails that were torn, and a great piece came flapping at me.

"Torn sail! I venture to say we shall find some torn sheets in the morning, where you've been kicking round. If you and Jack Bobstay can't furl sails better than that, you had better leave them to land lubbers like me."

Rick laughed, and said that the next time he saw Jack Bobstay, he would certainly tell him that dream. The brothers gradually dozed off to sleep again, in spite of a furious morning concert given by Robin and Co. When they awoke, there was a torn sheet to prove the correctness of Ralph's guess.

"Funny!" declared Rick. "What set me to dreaming I was furling sails with Jack Bobstay?"

It seemed a still funnier fact when, the next day, down the concrete walk that led past rows of evergreen trees to Mrs. Rogers' front door, there rolled a being. It was a chilly day, and this being had a muffled look. Around his neck went a wrapping of warm red comforter. On his head was an enormous stove-pipe hat that had an uncomfortable look, as if not used to



OLD JACK BOBSTAY AT SEA.

the wearer; and the wearer did not look as if used to it. There was a broad fringe of uneven gray whiskers to his cheeks and chin, looking something like a mass of surf flying before the wind. Swaying heavily, like a wave out at sea, an inquiring grin spreading over his face, the stranger came forward and held out a note to the door.

"Oh!" he said, "I haven't pulled the thing-um-bob-what-do-ye-call-it?"

Here he vigorously pulled the bell-knob as if he had found out that the house was on fire and wished to alarm those inside.

"Who's got held of that bell?" thought Rick, rushing down the hall stairs and opening the door.

Then he held up his hands and exclaimed "Jack Bobstay!"

"That's so, boson! Jack's cruised round at last, and I've brought your marm a note from the Cap'n. I may look strange in my land-rig, but it's Jack."

We repeat the picture (given in another *All Aboard*) of the old tar when Rick first saw him.

Rick was now pulling him into the hall, and having stowed him away in a big, leather-cushioned chair, under great-grandfather Rogers' portrait, rushed up-stairs, screaming, "Jack Bobstay! It's Jack Bobstay, mother! He's got a letter from uncle Nat!"

"Hush-sh-sh!" whispered his mother, coming from her room. "Tell him I will be down. I will read the letter first."

While Rick was capering round the beloved Jack, capturing his hat and then his comforter, telling him he must stay all night, Mrs. Rogers was reading the note from her brother:

MY DEAR SISTER ELLEN:

I am in the city, Boston, but I am so fearfully busy I can't well come out, and so send out one of my crew, Jack Bobstay. The boys will remember him as one of the crew of the *Antelope*, and be glad to see him, I know. I am going to let my first mate take the *Antelope* off on a very short voyage, and, in the meantime, I want to take a trip on shore. Don't you want to let Ralph and Rick go with me? ("Mercy!" interjected Mrs. Rogers, "what is Nat up to now?") I expect to invite also Rob Merry. He is cousin Merry's boy, though I guess you have not seen him for some time. He is about sixteen, and though Rick is younger, Ralph is about Rob's age, and they will get along nicely together. Now, let your two hopefuls go with me. I will take good care of them, and show them some mountains, and lakes also, before they get through. (A groan escaped from Mrs. Rogers, "Oh dear, hope they won't get drowned!") But I am coming out soon and we can arrange details. I will take good care of the boys.

Affectionately yours,

BROTHER NAT.

Mrs. Rogers put away the note in a bureau drawer for "future consideration." But when she went down into the hall, she found

that Rick, Ralph and Jack Bobstay had both considered and decided the matter.

"O, mother," exclaimed Ralph, "isn't it nice that we are going?"

"And Jack Bobstay thinks we shall like the trip!" declared Rick. "Ask him to stay all night," he whispered.

"Will not Mr. Bobstay stay all night?" Mrs. Rogers inquired very politely.

Jack was rather embarrassed by so much attention. He coughed and cleared his throat, coughed and cleared it once more.

"You are very kind, marm. If—if—there is a spare bunk handy, and it wouldn't trouble you too much, I would—rather—like to anchor here—with boson and his brother."

"That will give me time to think over the proposition my brother has made. Perhaps you would like to see the town. I know the boys will be glad to show it to you."

Jack Bobstay, as if a walrus that had been captured for a triumphal procession, was now led in pride through the picturesque streets of the dear old town.

"Ralph will be spokesman. He knows all about the places, and can talk like a book," said Rick, glancing proudly at his brother.

"I will do the best I can," said Ralph, unbuttoning his coat that was a little too tight for him after this compliment. "That is the old Wright Tavern, Mr. Bobstay. You know we had a fight here, or our ancestors did, with the British, in 1775, on the nineteenth of April. The story reads that when the British troops marched into town, their commander, Major Pitcairn, visited this tavern. You can see it is a pretty old house, but is kept in good repair. It is not used as a tavern now. If you would like to go up and see where the fight was, we will do so now."

While Jack Bobstay rolled along heavily, the Rogers boys stepped off with as much spirit as if a detachment of young continentalers on their way to meet and resist a present British invasion. Was it any wonder? Had their mother not often told them that their ancestors shed some of the Revolutionary blood that was spilled, and did not old Nurse Fennel often say to the boys, "On the Rogers-es-es side, why, there is Winthrop blood straight from the *Mayflower* in



THE WRIGHT TAVERN.

your veins?" The old lady did not mean to say that in their veins was a *Mayflower*, but it did sometimes seem as if she thought very little of value came over in the *Mayflower*, except Winthrop blood.

"There," said the Bobstay-party guide, standing at the North Bridge, over the Concord River, "you can see where the fight here was. Our men were on the west side of the river, who had come from different towns. They now saw the smoke coming from the village, and thought the British were burning it. They resolved not to let them, and were advancing when the British, on this east side

of the river, fired. Two of our men were killed at the opening of the fight, and some of the British were killed here also. The British retreated, you know, to Boston, our folks peppering them all the way." The boys now turned away from the bridge.

"And what is that old thing?" asked Jack, pointing at an ancient building.

Mrs. Rogers had followed the party, and having now overtaken them, was shocked to hear Jack's inquiry.

"That is the Old Manse," she replied with dignity.

"Yes," said Ralph, "the house was built for a minister, and has



THE OLD MANSE.

been a great house for Concord. Ralph Waldo Emerson lived here at times, and Hawthorne made it his home when he wrote that book, *Mosses from an Old Manse*."

Jack was shown various other places of interest.



WHAT THE ANCESTORS OF RALPH AND RICK DID.

"That is Mr. Emerson's place," remarked Mrs. Rogers.

"Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great writer and thinker," explained Ralph Rogers. "You see it does not make any great show, but looks like a comfortable, old-fashioned two-story house. There is the front yard, and the pine-trees give it a pleasant look all through the year."

The walrus went along with an abstracted air. There was a dreamy look to his eyes, as if through a fog he were contemplating an object at sea.

He was shown other objects of interest, and among them, the School of Philosophy, where summer rallies so many bright people, but the ancient mariner did not show that appreciative look that is expected in the contemplation of the Concord idols.

"Stupid!" thought Mrs. Rogers. "He would do for an old figurehead of a ship that you never expect to see interested."

She felt like changing her mind half an hour later. The marine wonder had been conducted in safety to the Rogers' door, and the triumphal procession had broken up and scattered over the house. Looking into the parlor, Mrs. Rogers saw Jack Bobstay standing before the fireplace whose mantel was crowded with Old Manse mosses, small continental relics, pictures of Emerson and Hawthorne. Jack in a state of excitement, was contemplating some object. His lips were parted in a smile of admiration, his eyes flashing, and his head enthusiastically nodding.

"Ain't she a beauty?" he asked, seeing Mrs. Rogers in the doorway.

"Y-e-s," replied that lady hesitatingly, puzzled by this application of the feminine gender to that shelfload of relics. "I have a good many of them."

"What, more than that 'ere and all as alive as *she*?" inquired Jack Bobstay, pointing at an object above the relics. Mrs. Rogers

raised her eyes, and saw what had hung there many days, but which was a thing of paltry value in comparison with that beloved shelf. The object on the wall was a picture of the *Antelope*, whose rigging Jack Bobstay had climbed so often. The vessel was under full canvas, and had such an animated look that you almost expected to hear the whirr of the wind among the sails, or the swash of the foam that the *Antelope's* swift feet had stirred up.

"You got more *than that* one, marm? If you ain't fortunate!"

Mrs. Rogers covered up her disgust as politely as possible and retreated to her room.

CHAPTER II.

STRUCK BY A COMET.



ROB MERRY'S AMBITION.

GOOD! I know that's cousin Rob Merry coming with uncle Nat!" and as Ralph, taking a chance look into the street from his mother's chamber window, made this discovery, he seized his cap and went out to meet these arrivals by the last train from Boston.

"This is cousin Rob Merry, Ralph," said his uncle Nat. "You must know each other right off."

"We won't waste much time on that process," replied Rob, ardently grasping Ralph's hand, and then greeting as warmly the younger brother when he appeared.

"I like cousin Rob," was Riek's later acknowledgment to his mother. "He has been up in the White Mountains and built a bark cabin, and lived in a tent there, and can play base-ball and — and" —

"He must be a wonderful young man."

"He can catch 'em on the fly, and" —

"Catch flies? Every housekeeper has to do that."

"*Catch balls* on the *fly*, mother," replied Riek, astonished at his

mother's ignorance. "Next year when he's seventeen, he is going to be an S. O."

"S. O.?"

"Yes; that means the Sunrise Outs, a great club, and they wear S. O. on the breast."

"Sunrise Outs? That's a funny name."

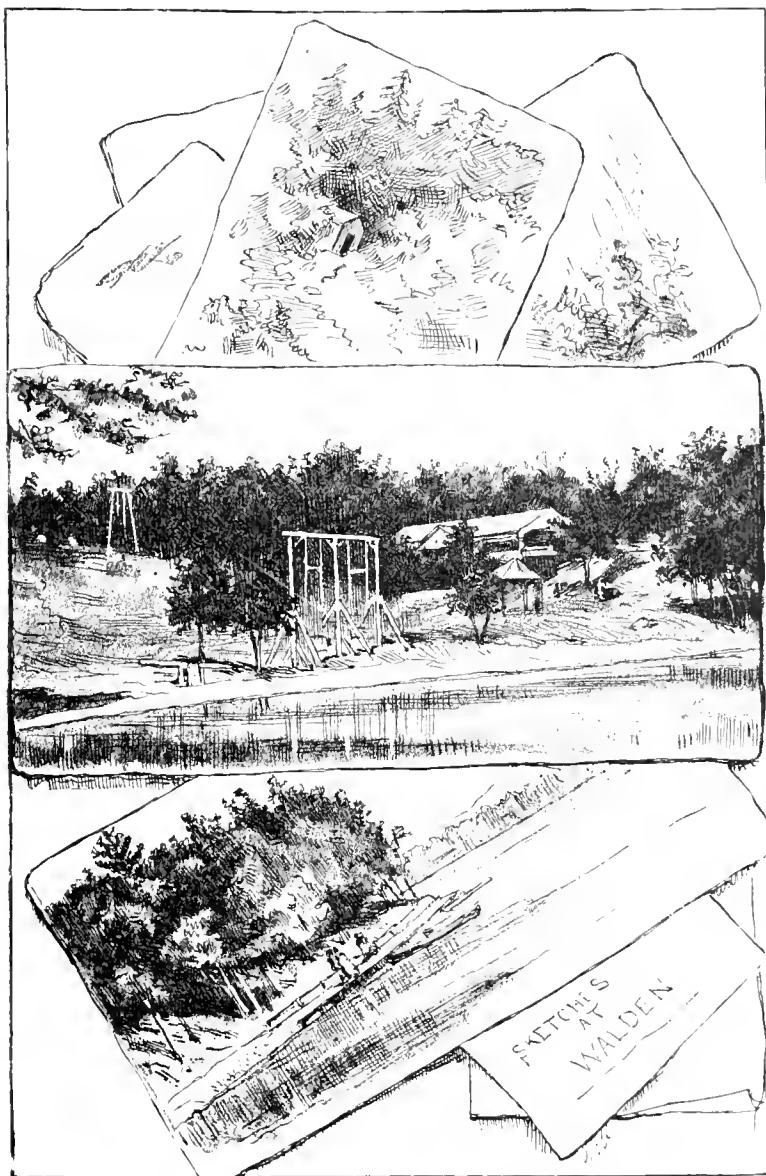
"It means to be up, out, by sunrise; that is, to be wide awake, Rob says."

"Oh!" murmured the stupid mother. "Well, I guess you boys are all wide awake enough. I hope the club boys won't trouble their mothers by lying bed, but really be up early in the morning."

Mrs. Rogers was here left to her own conjectures. Base-ball clubs don't wish to have too many questions asked.

Of the three boys, Rob Merry was the tallest and heaviest. In looks and character, he differed from Ralph. Rob's brown curls and blue eyes were in marked contrast with the straight black hair and dark eyes of Ralph. Rob had more vivacity and dash than Ralph, and in these particulars, he resembled Rick; but Rick was very unlike Rob in figure. Rick was a chubby, thick-set youth, and his tendency was to grow still stouter. His sandy hair, fair complexion slightly freckled, and quick, flashing eyes did not change, though. Ralph was more quiet in his temperament than the others; more cautious and steady, and Rick soon found out that if mischief was contemplated, Rob Merry was a more sympathetic soul than Ralph. The mother of Ralph had discovered, though, no special lack of appreciativeness in him. In spite of any differences of temperament, the three boys were warm friends, and each aimed to be an "S. O."

"Look here," said uncle Nat the day after his arrival. "I expect to see some of the lakes and mountains of the land, and



want these boys to do so; and what if we begin with Lake Walden? How will that do, Ellen Maria?"

"Go and see Walden Pond?"

"Yes; that is it."

The boys by this time had all made up their minds that it would be an excellent plan to pay Lake Walden a visit, and only waited one word from Mrs. Rogers to begin preparations for the trip.

"I think it would be well to start with Lake Walden," and her maternal timidity inclined her to say, "and stop with it," but she said nothing further.

She ventured to make a remark on another subject: "Nathaniel, what good does it do to take that old sailor round? He can't appreciate Concord."

Uncle Nat only laughed and said that Concord was one of the nicest places in the world, and he liked to show it to friends.

Lake Walden that day was just a dimple of crystal in the spring landscape. Only half a mile long, one and a half in circumference, it is a dimple for a lake. As our party stood near the buildings erected for picnic purposes at one end of the pond, uncle Nat suggested that they walk to the spot where Thoreau's house stood.

"There," said uncle Nat when they had reached the spot, "Thoreau came from Concord village and built his little shanty about forty years ago, when this was a secluded place, and I think he did an excellent work in showing people how little they could live on. Thoreau lived here all alone. Do you know the figures, Ralph?"

The guide-book was ready: "I think his house was ten feet by fifteen, and it had one room, and a garret, and a closet, and cost him about thirty dollars. And he lived here eight months, and his bill was between eight and nine dollars."

"That is it. The rich man is not the man who has much to do with, but the one who can get along with very little. Thoreau was a snappy writer and had a lot of poetry in him too."

On their way back to the village, uncle Nat said to his companions, "What I want to find is some place where you can be in a boat all day if you wish; float or row as you please."

"That stands to reason much more then walking," said Jack Bobstay, who had a strong aversion to anything like land-locomotion.

"Oh, let's try Concord River and a picnic," suggested Ralph.

The proposition, especially the picnic part of it, was exceedingly popular with the juveniles of the company.

Jack Bobstay asked one question at the boat, as he handled a well-filled basket.

"This basket goin', Cap'n?"

"Oh, yes; it's a lunch basket."

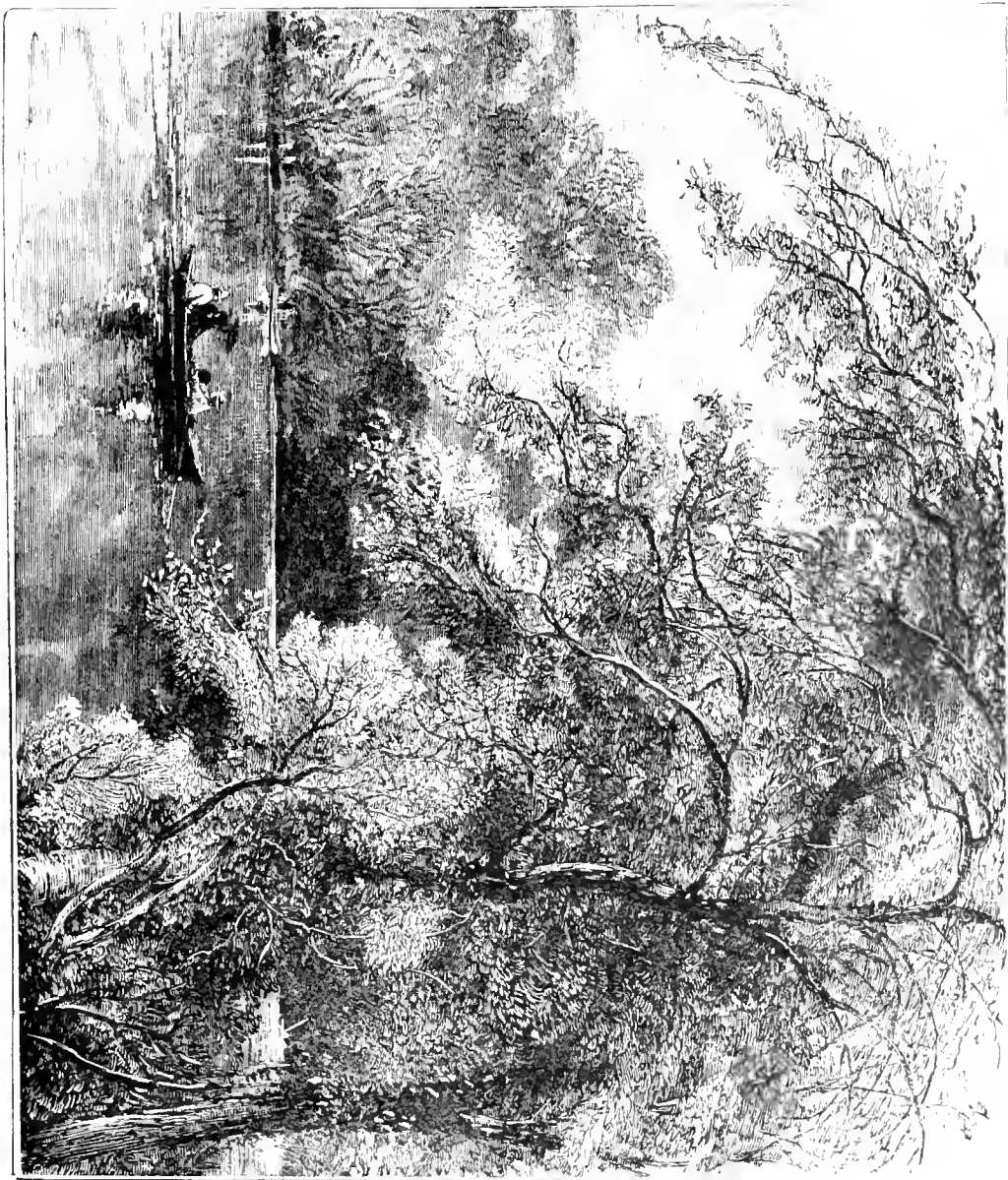
"I thought you praised at Walden those who could do with little."

"Oh, yes; but you know this is on account of sailor-company."

Jack grinned and put the basket into the boat.

Boats are as popular in Concord as gondolas in Venice. Indeed, the sleepy stream that throws a blue arm around the meadows, making such a curve of beauty back of the village, seems more like a canal in a dozing city of the Mediterranean than a river in quick-moving New England. Uncle Nat that day proposed some questions to the boys that started up their thoughts, even as our New England rivers set the mill-wheels to turning. The party pulling their boat ashore near the foot of an old pine, had spread an ample lunch under the tree. Save one boat, they were the only visitors in the neighborhood. The occupants of that boat were a gentleman who had pulled his craft ashore, and a lady whose eyes were fastened on a book in her lap.

A DESIRED PLACE.



Lunch over, the lunchers were lazily reclining upon the grass, now watching the white clouds sailing across the sky, and then following their white shadows sailing across the glassy waters.

"Boys," said the Captain suddenly, "do you see those meadows?"

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Jack Bobstay promptly.

"Tell me where all that meadow soil came from?"

"It growed there, Cap'n."

Jack's auditors laughed.

"Well," said uncle Nat, "Jack is nearer right than one might think for. Perhaps a forest was there, and the trees kept dropping twigs and leaves there for a hundred or hundreds of years. So the deposit of new matter for soil went on accumulating. Then the river may have been broader once than now, and it deposited mud on what became a foundation subsequently for forest growth. But take all the land there, take the sand or clay there may be beneath. You go down through all this earth, and you come to rock. So when one digs down through a hill of sand or gravel, they come at last to rock. It is rock, rock, rock under the loam, sand, gravel, clay, though you may have to go through a great many feet. The earth on top of the rocks is called the drift, and my question about the meadow-soil really is this, where did the drift come from?"

"The water in the rivers and the ocean may have brought it," said Ralph.

"Brought it from what place?"

"The hills."

"But how did it get to the hills?"

Ralph shook his head.

"The rocks were ground up into this drift," said Rob.

"What did the grinding? What were the mill-stones?"

Rob now shook his head.

"There have been various theories to account for the drift. One is, that floods of water did it; another finds an explanation in icebergs, a third in glaciers, a fourth in a vast ice-sheet big as a continent, and Ignatius Donnelly finds a reason in a collision between the earth and a comet."

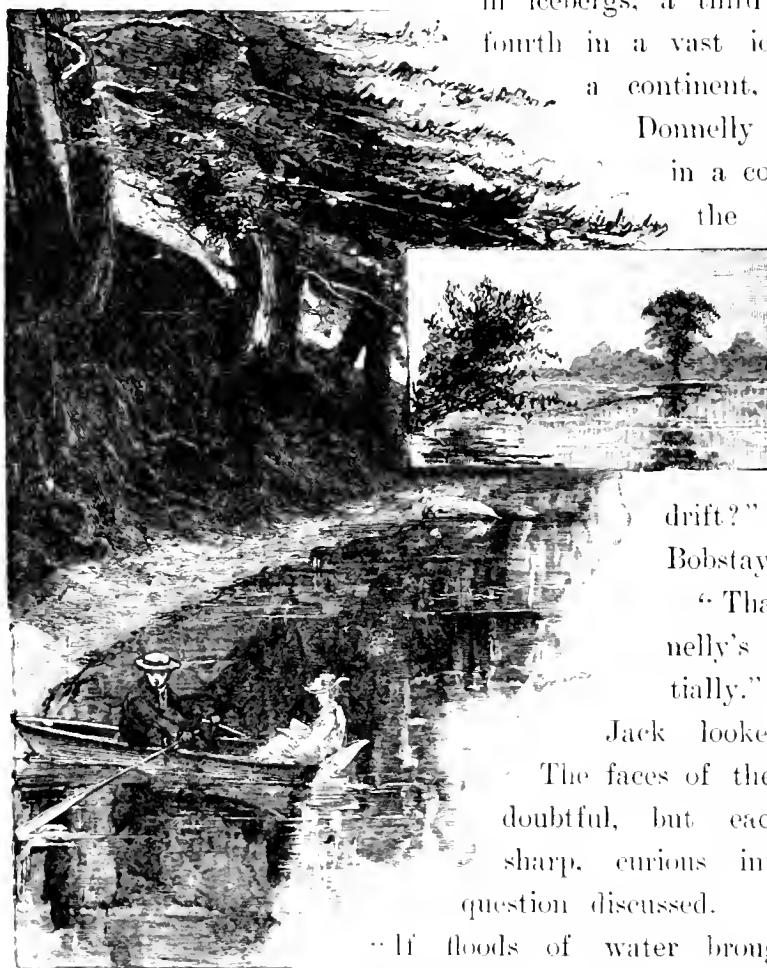
"And the comet spilled itself on the earth and made the drift?" asked Jack Bobstay.

"That is Mr. Donnelly's reason, substantially."

Jack looked incredulous.

The faces of the rest were as doubtful, but each showed a sharp, curious interest in the question discussed.

"If floods of water brought the drift, where did the drift come from? What spot was its storehouse? Then we find on stones in the drift mysterious scratches, but water rubs out scratches rather



CONCORD RIVER.

than makes them. As for icebergs bringing earth down from the North and then melting, one wonders where these ice-carts could so load up at the North, and when they unloaded, you would suppose that the heaviest matter would go to the bottom, whereas in the drift we find little stones and big stones pretty equally mixed up. You might thus account for the scratched rocks in part, and glaciers also might leave scratches on the stones they had bruised with the rocky grinders that were in them. But glaciers flow in localities in valleys. They do not spread out, and go grinding everywhere, over the mountain-tops as well as the valleys. So the theory of glaciers, that were vast as a continent, has been devised. What a cool time that was, when, if true, there were ice-sheets, from one to five miles in thickness, and then stretching out in width for thousands of miles, extending in length to a point thirty-five or forty degrees from the poles! These great masses, moving southward, are supposed to have ground down into the rocks and crushed them into the gravel, clay, and boulders that we find, and of course there would have been many scratches left on the rocks. I can't give all of Mr. Donnelly's objections, but he wonders what set the ice-sheets to moving southward; why it is that the scratches on the rocks are in such contrary directions; why it is that the drift is so lacking in Siberia, where you might expect ice, and yet abundant in some other countries where ice-sheets, Mr. Donnelly thinks, could not have extended. So Mr. Donnelly feels constrained to call in the help of a comet."

"That comes booming, and tumbles over into the lap of the earth?" asked Rob.

"I will tell you what Mr. Donnelly thinks. It will be worth your while, when you have a chance, to look at a comet. If we

only had an instrument like the Great Reflector in Paris, we could have a fine opportunity to go star-gazing."

"The Paris Reflector?" inquired Rob.

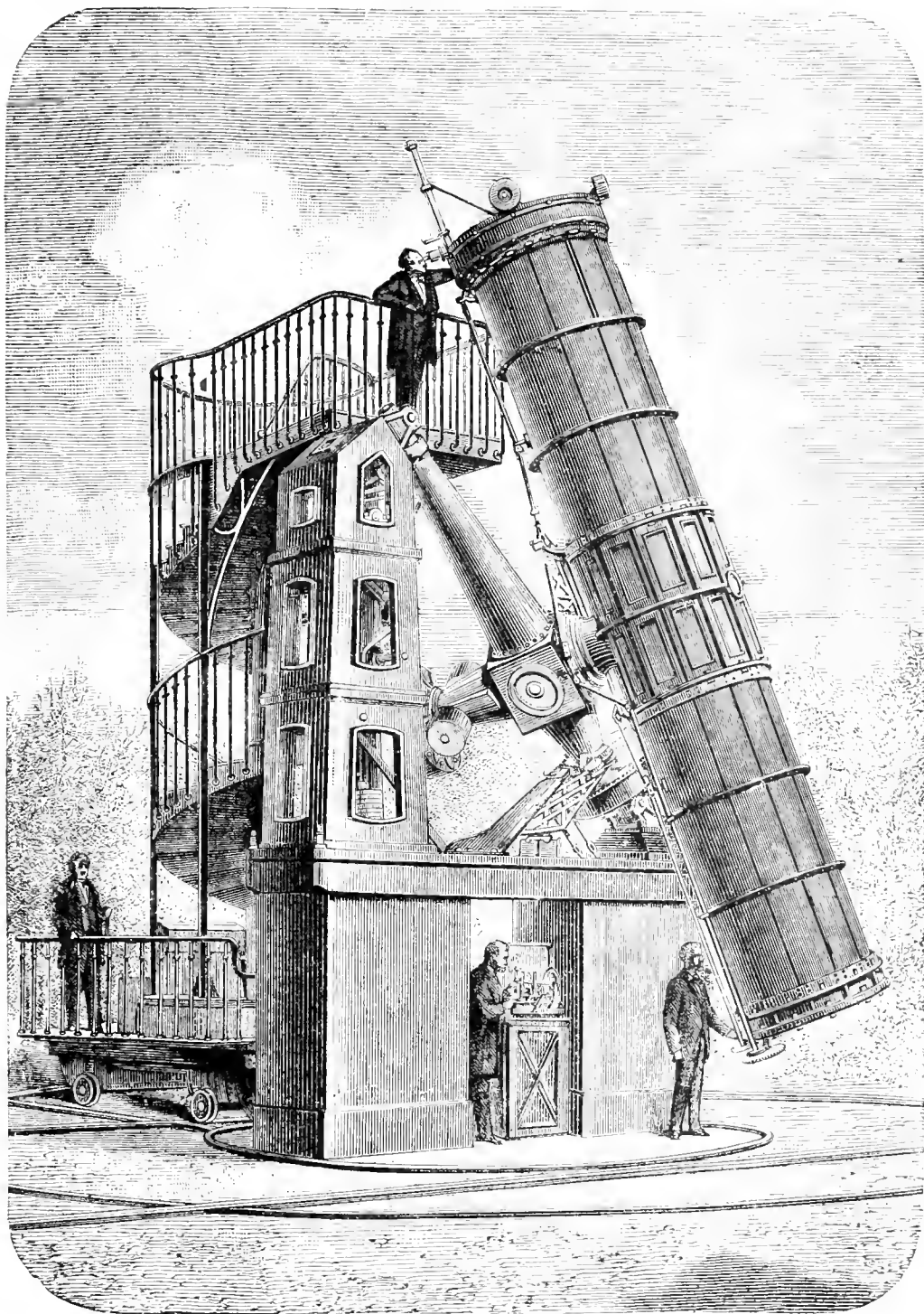
"Yes, the reflector is a telescope where the light is reflected from a large mirror at the lower end of the tube. The observer stands with his back to the heavenly body he wishes to see, and looking in at the upper end of the tube, sees the image reflected in the mirror. You know comets are peculiar. Take Donati's comet. Donati was an Italian astronomer, and after him was named a comet he discovered in 1858. It is singular in appear-



DONATI'S COMET.

ance, having two tails, and even three were once seen. One view of the comet shows the two tails drooping like plumes. Comets, too, are strange in their paths and strange in their materials. One theory of their composition is that of "faint mists." Some have thought they were made of gases, and then again solid matter has also been declared to be massed in the comets. Donnelly not only mentions vast masses of gas, but solid materials. Here he mentions stones and sands, the fine matter rubbed off the stones by long friction.

Now imagine a big, fiery creature, its head fifteen, twenty-five, fifty times as big as the moon, and its tail over one hundred million miles long, and this comes sweeping along and gives the earth a whack with its tail! It would dust the earth in a very short time to the depth of hundreds of feet, and there is the drift! All the mystery solved in that one blow of the comet's tail! One might imagine that the blow would bring down the whole tail of the comet, as it is made up of stones, gravel, and



GREAT REFLECTOR AT THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.

stone-dust, and poor earth would be out of sight in a big tomb instantly. When you have a comet, like that of 1811, owning a tail at its widest part measuring nearly fourteen million miles across, so estimated, Mr. Donnelly thinks our little earth, if struck, would only make a bullet hole, a mere eyelet hole—a pin hole in it—and the parts would close up at once, and so Mr. Vagabond Comet would never know that anything had troubled his rags, I suppose. Mr. Donnelly thinks the comet might have struck ‘head on, amid ships,’ making more serious changes; tipping up the earth’s axis, cracking the surface, and making room for the big American lakes in the dents made. He gives a figure, showing how the comet, of course, showered the drift on the side of the earth it struck, and, as the other side escaped, this will account for the uneven distribution of the drift to-day; so much more on one side of the earth than on the other. It certainly is a very ingenious theory. Mr. Donnelly thinks he finds traces of this comet attack on the earth in various old legends. Did either of you, Rob or Ralph, ever read *Ovid*?”

“I have,” said Rob. “We have had a little of it in our Latin.”

“Do you remember what Ovid says about the adventure of Phaethon?”

“I remember Phœbus, the god of day, gave his son Phaethon permission to drive the horses of the sun, and they ran away with him.”

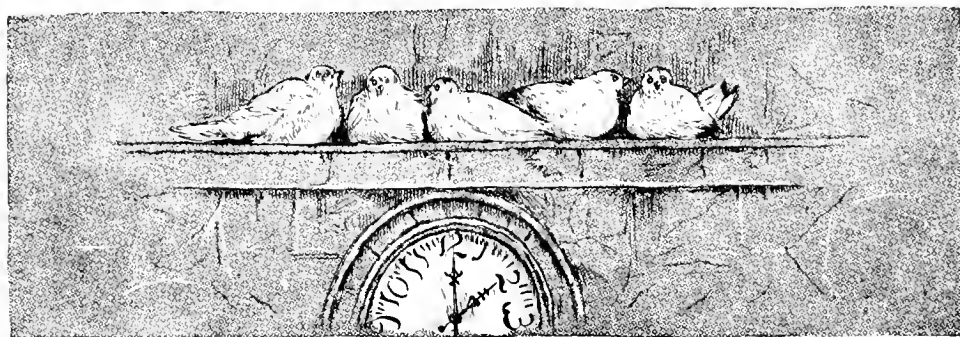
“Yes; and at last they come crashing down to earth, hitting the mountain-tops, setting the woods on fire, cracking open the earth, starting the rivers into a lively boil, and drying them up, contracting the sea, firing great cities—Oh, what a commotion there was! Donnelly sees in this a tradition of the burning of the world, all caused by the comet. All this is interesting, whether it is true

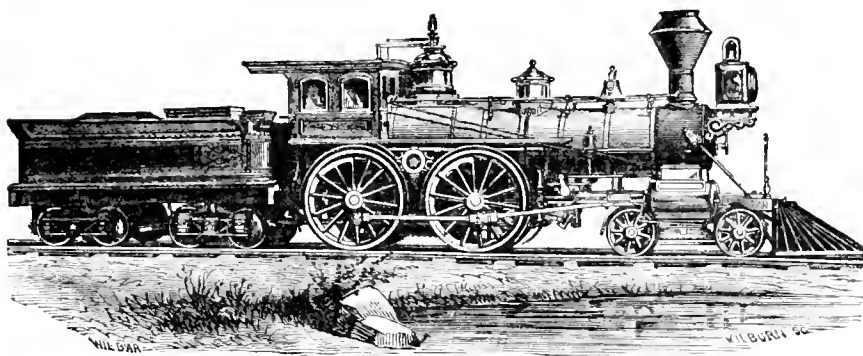
or not. I don't believe it—but it may be so, after all," he continued, in a somewhat meditative mood.

Uncle Nat's auditors were deeply interested, expressing their opinions very promptly. The time went off rapidly, so earnest was the conversation. It was Jack Bobstay who gave a practical turn to the talk.

"Cap'n," he said, "I understand, then, that we are not settin' on ground so much as drift, or rather the tail of a comet. There's no tellin' how that ere crittur will twist next, and wouldn't it be safer to git up and go home? You said to your sister you would be there by two, and it is all that now."

Home they all went.





CHAPTER III.

VIA HOOSAC.

OF course Mrs. Rogers consented to uncle Nat's plans for a trip to the lakes and mountains. The trunks of the boys were packed, and Nahum Wheeler had taken them to the Fitchburg Station. Good-by had been said to the neighbors, all save Nurse Fennel. Ralph and Rick had so desired that Jack Bobstay might see her, or that she might see him, for Nurse Fennel told the boys that once she had had a sailor-son, but she supposed he was sleeping at the bottom of the sea. "Years have come and years have gone, but nary a word has come to me about my Villium," said the old lady. As Jack was a kind of travelling directory who seemed to have met and remembered every one who had gone to sea, the boys thought he might have heard about poor "Villium," supposed to be asleep in a merman's cave deep, deep, deep down on the sea-bottom.

"All aboard and away!" shouted uncle Nat to his party at the station, as a Western express came smashing along.

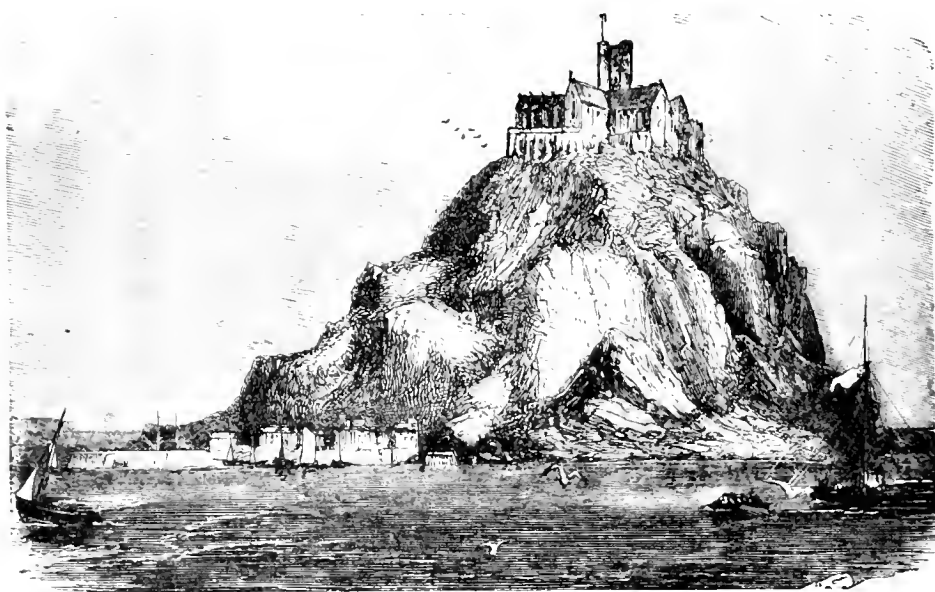
"Good-by," mother!" screamed Ralph and Rick.

“Good-by, boys!” and the next minute the track was as destitute of a train as if the locomotive had never had an existence.

“Boys,” said uncle Nat, looking out from the window of a Pullman, “notice that hill over there. We must have eyes for such objects, especially in our journey. I was thinking what a nice nest, though a high one, its top would be for one of the old-time castles.”

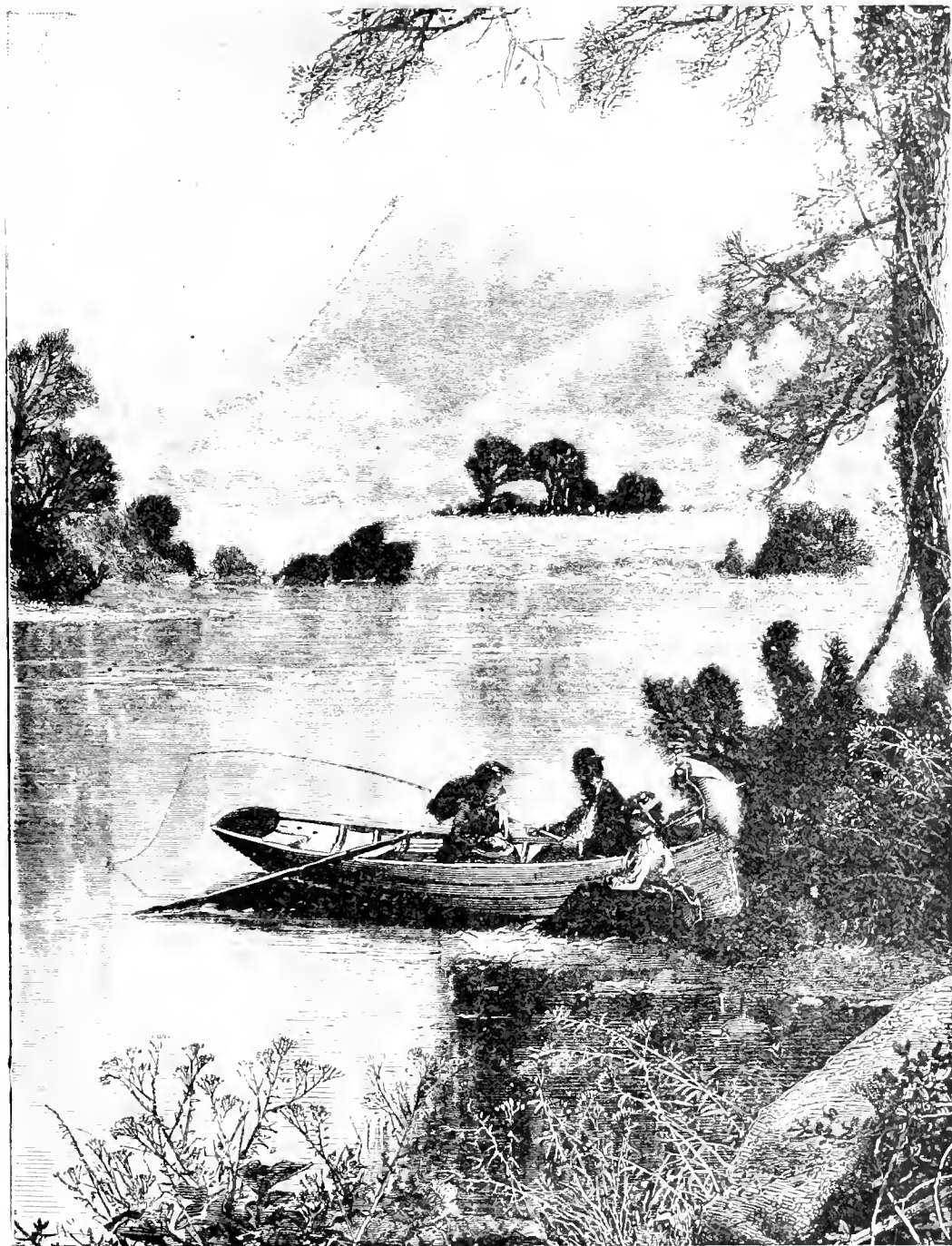
“That is where they used to stick them,” said Rob.

“Yes; when I have been in Germany, I have noticed how fond people once were of putting their castles away up on the rocks



GERMAN CASTLE.

and crags where people couldn't reach them, though they themselves liked to enjoy the liberty of occasionally visiting the lowlands and snatching some booty in quiet. What good, though, would it do nowadays to build on the rocks for a fortress? Unless it was very high, modern artillery would shell them out.”



VIEW IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

When the cars were rumbling across the Connecticut River, uncle Nat exclaimed, "That is a pretty river, and if you track it, you will be sure to find some pretty places. I have enjoyed a happy day there in the valley, fishing from a boat and watching the shadows of the clouds trail across the country to Mount Holyoke."

"Did you go alone?" asked Rick innocently.

"Oh, no; you—you—you remember the ladies that were passengers on board the *An-Antelope*?"

"Oh! Miss Percy?"

"N-no; I went with the Way-Waylands."

"But there was only Miss Wayland!" still persisted the thoughtless inquirer.

"Oh—oh! she was there, and her—her sisters."

What was the matter with uncle Nat? His confusion was evident, and his face suggested a crimson west at sunset.

On and on shot the train, crashing and slashing away, shrieking at lonely cross-roads, thundering past some station, rumbling over a bridge, panting up a steep grade, till at last uncle Nat shouted, "Boys, we are nearing Hoosac Tunnel!" Already it seemed as if the cool shadows of the tunnel were falling over them.

"We have time," remarked uncle Nat, "to mention some things about this famous tunnel. It bores that high ridge of rock that stretches across Western Massachusetts and which is a part of the great Appalachian mountain system, running north of us, as the Green Mountains in Vermont, and the White Mountains in New Hampshire. Below us, we find it towering in the Adirondack Mountains of New York, including the Highlands of the Hudson, stretching far down into the Alleghanies of Pennsylvania, then going into Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas. People know it as

the Blue Ridge, down there in Virginia, but it goes still farther; into Alabama even; and up north it keeps on to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This great mountain system, one vast chain with links of granite, iron, and coal, is thirteen hundred miles long. The Hoosac Tunnel pierces a part of the Appalachian system. It is almost five miles from its eastern to its western gate, and it was bored to give the iron horse a chance to dash through and make quick connection with the West."

"How did they get through the mountains?" asked Rob. "I mean, did they drill and blast as they would in an ordinary ledge?"

"At first they tried boring machines. One was made in South Boston, that was intended to cut a groove around the circumference of the Tunnel and the groove was to be about a foot wide. The tunnel was to have a diameter of twenty-four feet. When the groove had been cut in to a certain depth, then it was intended to blast out the centre core with powder, or break it off with wedges. But the grand machine cut very finely into Hoosac Mountain for ten feet, and refused to cut any more. After further experimenting, the men at work came right down to the old-fashioned way of hand-drills and powder. But this would not answer. They could only gain sixty feet headway a month, at either end of the tunnel. Tell me at that rate, how long it would go through a mountain five miles thick? It is four miles and twenty-one twenty-fifths; but we will say five miles."

"There are five thousand two hundred and eighty feet in a mile," said Ralph, "and multiplying that by five and dividing by a hundred and twenty feet a month, we should have, well"—

Ralph scratched his head and then did some scratching on a piece of paper with a pencil.

"Two hundred and twenty months, I think, sir."

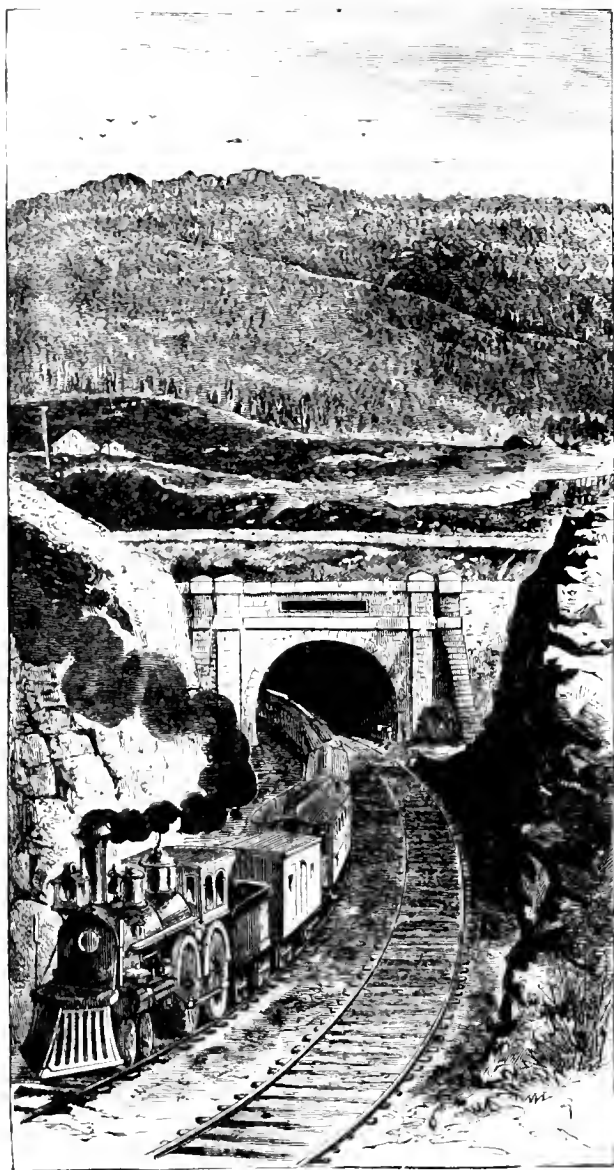
“Well, Yankees must go through a mountain quicker than that, and they invented power drills.”

“Steam power?” inquired Rob.

“Steam engines in the tunnel would have filled it with smoke, and steam could not successfully be carried so far in pipes. So they used compressed air. I visited the tunnel once, and I will tell you what I saw. In the lower story of a building I saw the compressors at work. These were big air-forcing pumps and they pressed the air into a small compass. By means of pipes, the air was carried far into the tunnel. Air, you know, is elastic. Press it into a smaller volume, and it will try to regain its former dimensions. Consequently, when the air from the pipes was let into a cylinder with a piston, it would drive the piston out, and anything on the end of the piston would be driven forward. Put a drill on the end of the piston, say, and forward would go your drill, cutting into the rock that might confront it. Let the air escape from the cylinder, and the piston falls back only to be sent forward again. What they called a ratchet, on the cylinder, turned the piston and the drill round a bit every fresh stroke. When I was there, they were cutting about two hundred and forty feet every month into the rock. A queer sight it was, after a ride far into the tunnel, to see the men at work on the rocky end of the tunnel. The drills worked by the compressed air were ranged on a carriage, and were cutting their way into the rock. I saw two sets of men working hand drills. Some of the hands were loading a car with pieces of rock. In that strange place—away in the bowels of the earth, the flaring lights trying to brighten the place, the noise of the drills mingling with that of the hammers and the tumbled rocks—I felt lost.”

“What were they blasting with?” asked Rob.

"They were using nitro glycerine where the rock was hard. Nitro glycerine cartridges in tin cans, with cork stoppers, were



HOOSAC TUNNEL.

placed in the drilled holes. Through the corks there went wires of an electric fuse. Longer wires went to an electrical machine some way off toward the opening of the tunnel. The men left the place, the electric current flashed away on its errand — bang, boom, roar! What a terrible crash!"

"Wasn't there a central shaft?" inquired Ralph.

"Yes; about two and a quarter miles from the west end of the tunnel, that was sunk, not far from the centre. A terrible accident occurred there once. In the summer of 1867, there was some lighting apparatus in the buildings at the shaft. The plan was to

light the shaft with gas made from gasoline. It had not been successful, and a new trial was made. That day, in some way, the gasoline in the tank not far from the engine, took fire. The whole structure was blazing in a moment! The flames drove off the engineer, badly scorched. But down in that shaft, six hundred feet down, at its bottom, thirteen men were working, and there between them and their friends, was that awful fire, cutting off all possible communication with the outside world! As the air pumps ceased to work, no fresh air could be sent down to the imprisoned miners. Then there were pumps to discharge the water that collected in the shaft, and these of course ceased to work, and the shaft must have begun at once to fill. It was twelve hours before the fire was put out and any apparatus could be arranged for descending the shaft. A brave fellow, by the name of Mallory, was willing to be lowered into that dismal pit. They lowered him by means of a rope, sending down three lighted lanterns with him, and in his hand was a little signal cord which he was to pull in an emergency. Down, down, he went, two of his lanterns going out, and a shout coming up through the blackness. They drew him up when he pulled the signal cord, and he was in an almost unconscious state on rejoining his friends. He had not seen anything of the miners, and it was no wonder, as water had covered the bottom of the shaft to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet. Nothing more could be attempted, and in a few days water filled the shaft. In the autumn of the succeeding year, the shaft was once more free of water, so long lasted the tedious process of emptying what had rapidly gathered."

"Did they find the men?" asked Rick.

"Yes; their bodies were found in the shaft. It cost money,

time and life, to construct the Hoosac Tunnel. Actual tunneling began in 1856, and on July 8, 1875, the first regular passenger train went through the tunnel. But here we are, almost at the eastern gateway of the tunnel!"

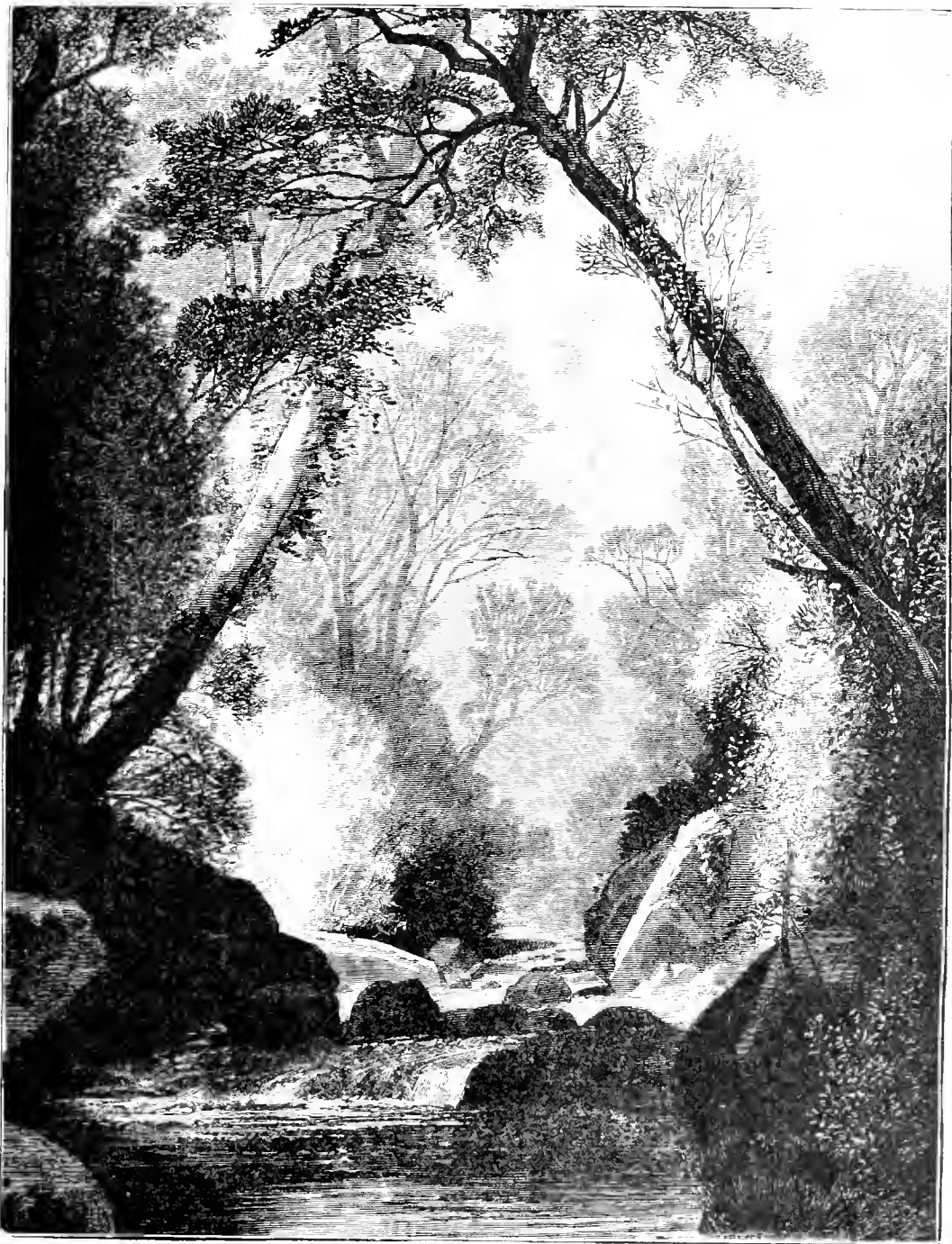
It was an excursion train, and the engine halted outside of the tunnel.

"It is a pretty rocky place," said Rick.

"Yes; plenty of rock here, and back from the opening of the tunnel stretches the mountain where one can find an abundance of ledges," said uncle Nat. "Our New England, though, has lovely nooks among her roughness. Once I found in Maine, Bear River, and what a pretty place it was!"

The tunnel was a romantic spot, the bulky mountain sweeping far beyond and above, and at its foot was that little hole into which ran two tracks, going—who could say where? Platform cars were now prefixed to the train, carefully railed about and furnished with torches. Uncle Nat and his fellow excursionists took their places on board the flat cars. Then the engine shook out of its stack a quantity of smoke, like a lion flourishing his mane, coughed, shook out more smoke, rumbled, coughed—and slowly moved into the tunnel, taking a load of wondering, noisy sightseers with it. The white, outside light faded away, and the yellow light of the torches fell on the tunnel-walls.

"Look at the brick arches, boys," said uncle Nat, calling attention to the masonry of the tunnel. In some parts of the tunnel it has been found difficult to bore, not because it was a hard rock, but rather because it was soft. This rock has been called a disintegrated mica schist, for in water it would dissolve very quick,—a kind of pudding, I should say, with no real rocks for plums. Progress, then, was made with much difficulty. The only



BEAR RIVER, BETHLE, MAINE.

way they could manage was to hold up the walls by a timber casing, building the brick arch inside. As the soft rock could not directly support the arch, they laid an inverted arch first, and then a tube of brick was constructed on that, seven courses in thickness, and this, at the western end, on my visit, I found to be a number of hundred feet long, a cylinder of brick you — what's that?"

"Water, water!" screamed Rick. "There it comes, splashing down from somewhere!"

"There is a good deal of water in this old mountain."

The train went on steadily, the excursionists excitedly peering out at the walls of the tunnel, the lights flashing, the engine rumbling away.

At last it was daylight again.

"Here we are!" exclaimed uncle Nat. "I have been through the tunnel, nigh five miles, in eight minutes and a half, but I am glad to have the train go more like a stage-coach to-day."

The boys were intensely interested in their trip. They stopped at North Adams that night.

"Somehow it has given us an appetite to see the tunnel," declared Rick as they seated themselves for supper at the hotel table.

"Yes, Rick, you look empty as the tunnel before a single train went into it," said uncle Nat.

"I expect uncle Nat would like to take supper at Thoreau's Hotel, Lake Walden," was Ralph's opinion.

"Ha, ha!" rejoined uncle Nat, flourishing a carving-knife over a savory sirloin steak, "there are times, boys, when — when — I guess I will show what my opinion is by my acts."

The boys joked uncle Nat about his complimentary opinion of

Thoreau's simple habits at Walden, and expressed the opinion that he was not following that eminent and beloved model. It is to be feared that uncle Nat was not as abstemious at that supper as he might have been, for in the sleep that followed he was sadly ridden by a nightmare. He thought that out of the tunnel his beloved Rick came flying, his hands outstretched in supplication, and after him rushed—see what follows this!



THE DREAM OF THE DISCIPLE OF THOREAU.

CHAPTER IV.

DOWN THE HUDSON.



WISHED HE COULD GO A-FISHING.

UNCLE Nat took his party down the Hudson. The steamer was roomy, the passengers agreeable, and uncle Nat's forethought had arranged for many details of personal comfort.

"We will track for a little way the Appalachian range that we ran into at the Hoosac Mountain, and we will do it by a Hudson River trip," uncle Nat had told the boys.

Alas! it rained soon after embarking. The

rain let down great vapory curtains that enclosed the river. The young people were uneasy. Rick wished he could "go a-fishing."

"Not in this rain, Rick?" asked uncle Nat.

"Yes sir, I would."

"I'll tell you what, boys, let's reorganize the Antelope Guild that we had on our voyage to Australia."

"Splendid!" said Ralph.

"If Ralph will be secretary, and Rick 'the saxon,' as before, we shall be provided for," said uncle Nat.

"If I am to be secretary," replied Ralph, "then I shall give the saxon notice of a meeting very soon."

"And if I am to be saxon," added Rick, "and provide a place of meeting, then I shall secure the stateroom that is uncle Nat's, and you—you will"—

"Find a notice of the hour of the meeting on the stateroom door, the name of the essayist also," interposed the secretary.

In two minutes a slip of paper was pinned to the door, containing this notice:

A meeting will be held at once, in this apartment, of the reorganized Antelope Guild. It is expected that the renowned Captain Nathaniel Stevens will read a valuable paper. Members of the Guild cordially invited.

RALPH ROGERS. *Secretary.*

"I don't believe uncle Nat will care to have the puff you give him," said Rob; "you had better omit it."

"And you didn't say 'past and present members of the Guild,'" observed Rick.

"Immense quantity of past members on board!" replied Ralph. "However, to please you, I will change it. There is uncle Nat!"

Uncle Nat now came forward to meet the boys, having been absent awhile in the department of eatables, ordering a nice treat to be sent to his stateroom in half an hour. This was intended as a surprise for the Guild, which was sure to be hungry almost any hour of the day.

"What is this?" inquired uncle Nat, reading the amended notice of the Guild. "A meeting will be held at once in this apartment, of the reorganized Antelope Guild. Past and present members of the Guild cordially invited. RALPH ROGERS. *Secretary.*



IN THE CATSKILLS.

Well, that ought to get out a full meeting. But who gives the essay?"

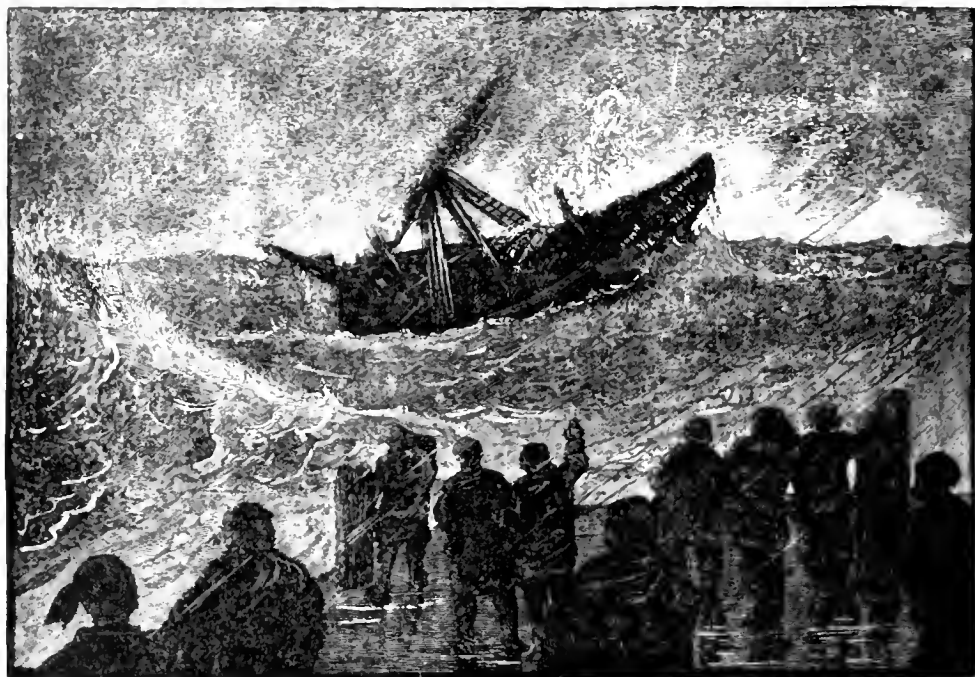
"We are all modest, uncle Nat, and concede that honor to you."

"You do, Ralph? That is kind."

Uncle Nat, though, was ready. He had intended to revive the Guild, and before leaving Concord had prepared a paper which he now pulled out of his pocket.

"Before reading, I want to tell you, boys, that it has quit raining and the clouds are lifting. We shall have some nice scenery to look at. I wish we could go to the country north of us and see the Adirondacks. Grand scenery that! And the Catskills are west of Catskill, which we pass on the Hudson. Round Top, High Peak and Overlook are summits running up nearly four thousand feet. Water as well as rock has done much for the Catskills. Beautiful cascades are there. But I am not reading my paper. I want to tell about the man who gave his name to the river we are journeying on, Henry Hudson. May day, 1607, there sailed from Gravesend, England, a vessel bound for anything but a May-day voyage, as the master, Henry Hudson, wished 'to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China.' That old pole, you see, was as much an object of uncertainty and yet fascination as to-day. Hudson and his men went to church a few days before sailing, and all received the communion,—a common practice in those days. The master seems to have been of a reverent make, for, sailing north, getting among fog and ice, and seeing at last land beyond, he named one high point 'Mount of God's Mercy.' He pushed ahead in various directions, but he found no break in the cold wall that God has built around the pole, and Hudson wisely came home. The next time Hudson

sailed to the northeast, trying to find the East Indies. He saw whales and seals, and roaring bears, and ice, and fog, but no break in the wall. Anyway, the sea has its perils, but up North they are terrible. Hudson wisely once more pointed his vessel for England. His next voyage was under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company, and the persistent Hudson still aimed to find



THE SEA HAS ITS PERILS.

a break in that icy wall, and reach China by the northeast passage. But God sometimes blocks a sailor's course because he would have him go in a better direction. Wind, and fog, and ice, so opposed Hudson's vessel, the *Half Moon*, that he resolved to turn about and try a Western voyage: and after various adventures, he reached the coast of America. Captain John Smith had told him that you could get to the Western Pacific by a passage south of

Virginia, and Hudson tried to find that gateway. He hunted in vain, gave it up, and then coasted along the shore. One day he entered an opening in the coast, which he left behind only to push farther and farther in, the *Half Moon* at last floating on this noble and beautiful river. It is thought that he pushed up as far as the present location of Albany, but how different the country then from now! There was only an island shaded by forests, interrupted perhaps by patches of corn that savages cultivated, where the horse cars and steam cars and carriages of the great city of New York go rattling and rumbling along its busy streets, filled with throngs of people! In 1610, Hudson sailed again from England to find that hard thing to catch, a north-west passage. The London Company now sent him out in the *Discovery*. Reaching Iceland, he saw signs of trouble among his crew. His mate, Juet, was disposed to be a rebel. Sailing west, Hudson at last entered the strait named after him. He gave singular names to places that he saw. A hilly country covered with snow, he called 'Desire Provokes.' Islands near which the *Discovery* almost ran upon rocks, he called the 'Isles of God's Mercies.' A point of land he named 'Hold with Hope.' Into the great bay that now carries his name, he steadily pushed, going south till he sailed across it. He hoped this tract of water led to the Western seas, but he learned the truth, and turned about to the north. How many enemies he met.—disobedience among the men, hunger, cold, and a winter in that land of ice. They were released by the warm weather, the next year, from their prison; but before sailing, with tears in his eyes, the master of the *Discovery* made a distribution of food—about a pound of bread to each man. One day there was open rebellion among the crew. It is said that Hudson had been irritable—and he certainly had

enough to make him so—and that his conduct was not always wise. But that did not excuse the cruelty of the mutineers. They bound Hudson and put him in an open boat. There were sick men, also, who were forced into it. The carpenter was allowed to remain in the ship, but he spiritedly refused to stay, and joined his master, taking an iron pot, a little meal and some other provisions, a musket, also, with some powder and shot. Hudson's young son was put into the boat also. The ship's sails were set, and the *Discovery* moved off, dragging the boat from her stern. They were clear of the ice in a few hours, and, having shown thus much mercy, they cut the boat's painter, and it drifted away on that cold, desolate sea. That was the last ever seen of Henry Hudson and his wretched boat's crew. I know of no sadder picture than that boat drifting away, a speck at last on that Arctic sea, wickedly left behind in that dreary, God-forsaken spot, its crew to die of hunger, one after the other."

"But what became of the mutineers in the *Discovery*?" asked Rob.

"Well, boys, there is such a thing as retribution in this world. Wrong doing will have to pay a bill some time, and it may be called to pay the bill pretty quick. One kind of penalty, the harm to conscience and character, of course follows at once. Something else may come speedily, and if not here it will elsewhere. They made out to worry along, and about the last of July, they saw Digges' Cape. Landing, they had an encounter with the savages. Pushing off in their boat, they were followed by a volley of arrows, and the commander of the mutineers was killed outright, and his body was thrown into the sea that day; the same water that by this time may have received his captain. Another of the leading conspirators was severely wounded and

died in great agony the same day. Four in all were killed. The rest were very willing to get away from America. Their stock of food ran very low. In their hunger, they were obliged to eat their candles. They fried the bones of fowls in tallow, mixing vinegar with it, and considered the compound 'a great dainty.'

"They steered for Ireland, but they became so weak that they could not stand up to steer, and every one was obliged to sit when at the helm. The last of the leading mutineers died of hunger and his body undoubtedly went into the sea to join that, perhaps, of his murdered captain. The crew now had one fowl left to divide among them. They expected that only death was before them, and gave up all care of the ship. Suddenly some one cried, 'A sail!' There it was, sitting on the water like a duck, and a very hospitable duck it was, taking care of them and leading them to an Irish harbor. Then they went to England."

"Poor Hudson!" said Ralph. "He little knew what was before him in the future when he sailed up this river."

"But if he was neglected and left to himself in that boat, he has received attention enough since, for his name is spoken a good many times every day."

This was Rick's opinion:

"The old pole! I wouldn't go near it. When cold weather comes, ice and snow, I had rather be at home. The kind of sailing I like to do then, is in a sleigh. Get a good team full and go to Lexington, say, or over to Sudbury!"

"Yes," added Ralph, "and Rick likes to blow a horn on the way, scaring all the old women in the farmhouses."

While the members of the Antelope Guild were discussing the expediency of voyages to the North Pole, a colored waiter was on his way to the stateroom, with uncle Nat's treat.

He was old enough to be bald, and the two clumps of hair on the sides of his pate were destined never to see black again, unless he dyed them. He stooped over his well-loaded tray, and at the door of the stateroom, lingered a moment, resting an end of the tray on the door-knob. He chanced to see the Guild-notice on the door and began curiously to spell out the words: "A meetin' — will — be — held — in dis — per-partmen' — ob — der — re-re-gorgun-ize — what's dat? *Antelope*? Dat ole ship turn up here? You stop, waitaw. an' jis' reads furder an' don' makes a



RICK'S WINTER SHIP ON THE WAY TO LEXINGTON.

fool ob yerself. *Antelope* — dat's de name, sure." His excitement now was intense and he read on: "Ant'lope Gu-gu-ile — No — no — Gill, dat's nat'ral soun', honey! But read on, kase yer can read. Past an' presen' — members — ob — de — Gill — cord-wood — no — no! Fur shame on ye! Cor-dial-ly in-ter-bited — no — vited. What dat's name? Ralph Rog-hog — no! Rogers! If



BUMBLE-BEE AND FAMILY.

dis ain't de greatest 'spise, an' I b'lon' to dat Gill, sure as ye born, honey! A pas' member, an' I'm gwine to be faithful!"

Chuckling away, grinning from ear to ear, bobbing up and down those two lonely knobs of hair, the waiter entered the stateroom, presenting his tray and saying, "Good mornin' to ye, Cap'in Stevens, an' all de young folks! A pas' member ob de Guil' has arribed!"

"Save us alive! if here isn't Bumble, our old cook on board the *Antelope*!" declared uncle Nat.

It was indeed Solomon Bumble, better known as "old Bumble-bee."

"An' here's my fab-rite!" said Bumble-bee, approaching Rick. "Honey, yer makes me think more an' more ob my gran'son, Neberchadnizzah."

Ralph and Rob grinned at this compliment to Rick, but the copy of "Neberchadnizzah" took it in excellent spirit and said he was glad to see "Mr. Bumble" and he hoped his "folks" were all well.

"Dey are all well, an' oh, Cap'n, I hab a lubly little spot up near Central Park, in de city—New York, yer know. I reside dar," said Bumble-bee with pride, whose home was in one of those rough rookeries clustered near the Park.

"I didn't know you went there after you left the ship," said the Captain.

"Dat's my res'dence, an' I hab a lubly fam'ly. When we gets all dar, Alexandrah, Abram Lincoln, Cle'patrah, George Wash-in'ton, Harr'et Beecher Stowe, an' Juleus Cæsar— I hab free away, an' Neberchadnizzah's fader is in Charlestown—when we all gets dar an' a-laffin—it's a lubly place."

"I am glad of that. Do you run on this boat?"

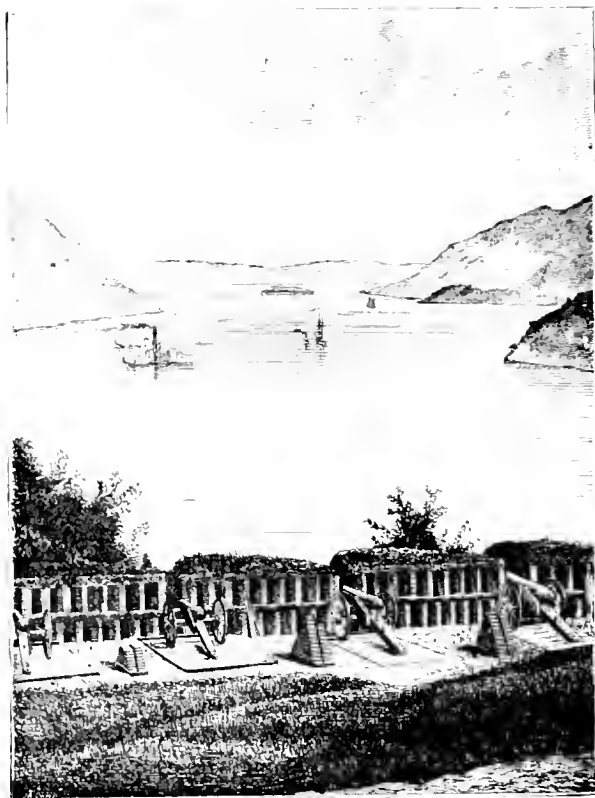
"Only a spar' han' jes now. My reg'lar place is 'tween New York an' Niag'ray, on de cars."

"Oh, we shall see you again then, I hope. We go there next Monday, and if we meet, you come to any Guild meeting we have."

"Pars' members glad to jine," replied Bumble-bee, bowing himself out, and casting a last fond glance toward Rick.

The Guild went out to watch the river scenery that the misty rain had ceased to hide.

"There are the Catskills," exclaimed uncle Nat, pointing in a westerly direction. The rain-clouds were still dragging their gray fringed robes over the glorious range, but every moment broader and broader surfaces of mountain-slope were exposed. "We are tracking the Appalachian range still, you see boys."

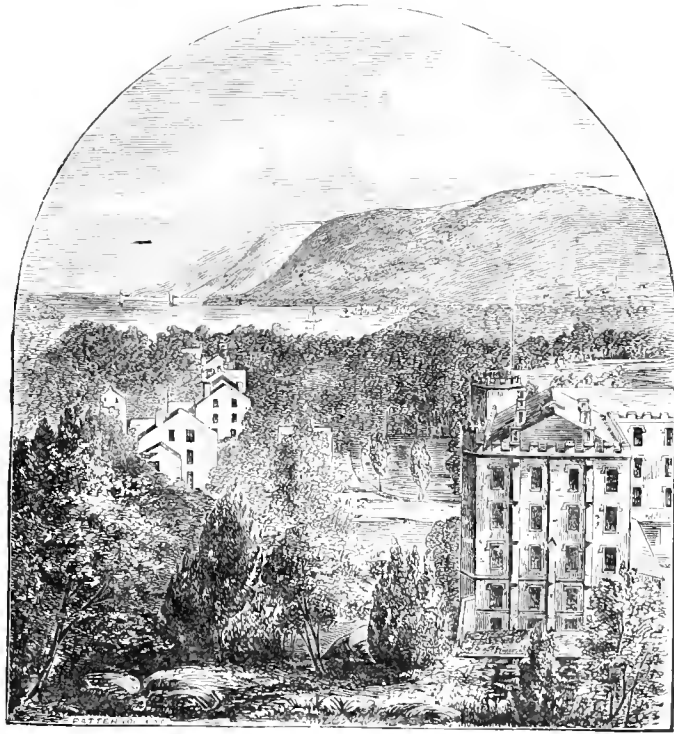


THE HUDSON FROM THE BATTERY.

Below Newburgh, the steamer glided among the Highlands. Up, up, from the water's glassy flow, shot the rocky cliffs. The boys saw Cro' Nest, at the foot of whose precipice, fronting the river, Captain Kidd, the pirate, buried, or is said to have buried, some

of that treasure that the sands of so many hiding-places cover. Famous Storm King they watched from the steamer's deck. Storm King that the old Dutchman thought to be like a lump of butter, and so called it Boterberg. In the Highlands is West Point, where our government has established a military school for the education of officers for the army.

"In the Revolutionary War," said uncle Nat, "all this neighborhood was of great importance. It was necessary that our people should have



VIEW FROM FORT PUTNAM.

free communication between New England and the country west and south of us. Then there were the British in New York City, and the Hudson River naturally was a roadway between them and their forces in Canada. Consequently our Congress directed that forts should be built here, and at West Point they will show you a piece of an iron chain that was stretched across the Hudson in the Revolutionary War. These measures just barred out the British, but left an open door by which our troops

in this part of the country could have access to New England, and New England was also sure of a free passage over the river. There, boys, up there was an old fort, in ruins now, but a very prominent place once, Fort Putnam. Fine view there."

The steamer shot steadily forward, now cutting into the dark still shadow of the rocky shores, then gliding out into spaces of shining water, ruffling the shadow and the sunshine, and whitening both with flakes of foam. Uncle Nat's conversation was directed toward the Revolutionary War and its Generals.

"One of the generals that New Englanders especially like to honor is 'Old Put.' It was he, General Putnam, who chose West Point for military purposes. General Washington wished to pick out some locality for fortifications that would command the river,



PUTNAM.

and Putnam, at Washington's request, inspecting the neighborhood of the river, picked out West Point," said uncle Nat.

"Putnam was the man that escaped from the British at Horseneck," remarked Rob.

"Tell it, please," said Rick.

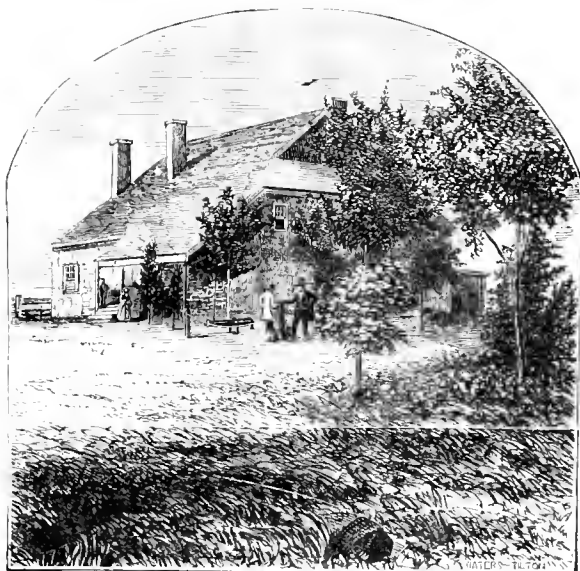
"Well," replied Rob blushing to discover that he had become so suddenly a biographer, "I only know that in Greenwich, in Connecticut,

there was a steep descent down a hill. There were steps here to help foot passengers up and down. General Putnam, with some of his men, was met near this place by a British force larger than his own. Old Put tried to stand his ground, but he had to give it up, and told his men to scatter down below the hill in



PUTNAM'S ESCAPE AT HORSENECK.

a swamp. He was on horseback, and the best thing he thought he could do, was to go down those steps — the easiest way he could on horseback. So away he went. Whether his horse went at such a breakneck rate as the picture of it makes out he did, I can't say, but I guess he went fast enough. Anyway, the British horsemen who watched him from the top of the steps thought it best not to follow, but sent their respects after him in the shape of a bullet that went through Old Put's hat. Put didn't care. When he got to the bottom, he just turned in his saddle and waved his sword to the British troopers. The British general very politely sent him a new hat, but I



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.

guess if he had had the head that the hat was to cover, he would have taken precious good care not to let that go."

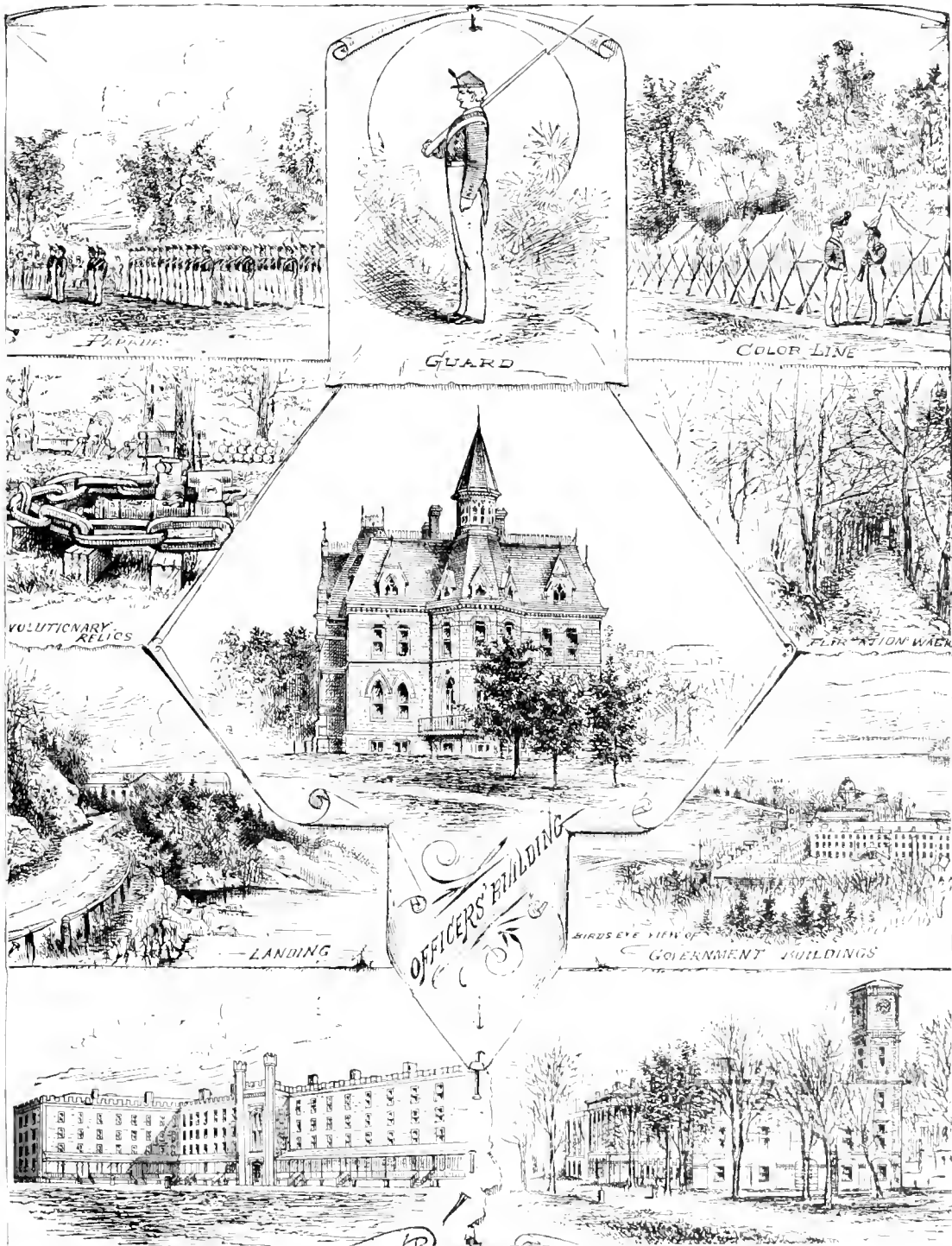
Past Anthony's Nose on one side, and Dunderberg on the other, glided the steamer. Uncle Nat pulled out of his pocket a book.

"Rick," he said, "you read about Anthony's Nose in *Washington Irving*. I have found the place. Read it aloud, please."

Rick began: "It must be known, then, that the nose of Anthony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda, being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones — the true regalia of a king

of good fellows which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened that bright and early in the morning the good Anthony,"—"Should think he was 'good,' the old toper with his red-pepper nose!" interjected Rick,—“having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was disporting beside the vessel. This huge monster, being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone; and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When this astonishing miracle became known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time.”

When the steamer passed the ledges of Stony Point, uncle Nat said: “There is another Revolutionary point of interest. The British contrived to get possession of the fort on Stony Point, and then it was that General Wayne — ‘Mad Anthony Wayne’ — resolved to retake it. It was in the dead of a summer night that ‘Mad Anthony’ led his men against the fort. The garrison gave him a welcome of bullets and grape, and Wayne was shot in the head. That did not stop him, but he called out, ‘March on! carry me into the fort,



GUARD

COLOR LINE

EVOLUTIONARY RELICS

PLANTATION WAGON

LANDING

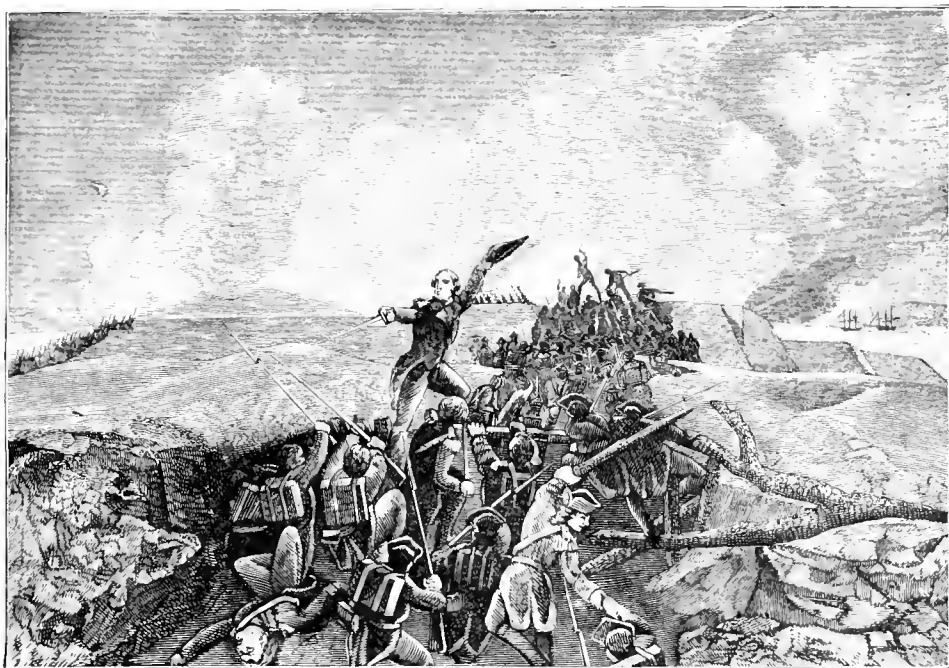
OFFICERS' BUILDING

BIRD EYE VIEW OF GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

WEST POINT SKETCH.

for I will die at the head of my column.' He went in, and the enemy went out, and how our men hurraled over the victory!"

The Tappan Sea was one wide, sunny stretch of pearls that flashed in the breasts of thousands of little waves that a fresh wind turned up. Here the Hudson broadens into a beautiful sheet ten miles long and from two to five miles wide. Steamers were puffing pre-



CAPTURE OF STONY POINT.

tentiously about, schooners slowly sailing up river, trim yachts catching in their canvas all the breezes out wandering that day. Overhead, was a thin, lace-like veil of white cloud-flecks that the sun had modestly drawn over his face. As the steamer neared Tarrytown, Captain Nat said:

"The Hudson is crowded with Revolutionary memories, and in this neighborhood, one thinks of the brave, but unfortunate André."

"Ask Ralph," whispered Rick, who had heard Ralph recently repeat at a Concord school examination, an account of Arnold and André, and desired to show that his side of the house knew something about the Revolution, as well as Rob Merry.

"Ralph, cannot you tell me something about the Arnold and André affair?" inquired uncle Nat.

The travelling guide-book of Concord began in true schoolboy style, first saying that it was no credit to him that he remembered what was so recently learned:

"Benedict Arnold was a traitor of the blackest dye. Having obtained command of all the American forts in the Highlands by his position as head officer at West Point, he proceeded to carry on a treasonable correspondence already begun with Clinton, the British commander. Major John André was adjutant-general of the British army in North America, and when Arnold sent word that he would like to meet André and discuss plans with him, André came to the British ship of war, *Vulture*, anchored in Haverstraw Bay. There Arnold engaged to send a man in a boat, with a flag of truce. It was a moonlight night, and the boat rowed by one Smith—he had muffled oars—came off from the shore and took André on board. The traitor Arnold was waiting in some bushes to receive André when he landed, and the two rode off together to Smith's house. Arnold, the villain! there agreed to surrender Fort Defiance to Clinton, who was to come with an army. Besides, Arnold was to send off for help to Washington, who was in the neighborhood, and it was hoped that it could be so arranged that Clinton could bag Washington and this reinforcement." (Rick here nodded his head approvingly. At school, Ralph had said "capture," but "bag" was decidedly the more forcible word.) "André did not try to go back by the *Vulture*, as the American guns had obliged her to retire.

So he put on a citizen's dress, and having obtained passes from Arnold, started off in company with Smith, to go by land to New York. Oh! I forgot to say" (an omission a little mortifying to



CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ.

Rick) "that Arnold was to have a brigadiership in the British army, and some money. Well, André and Smith started off. Smith accompanied André as far as he thought was necessary, and left him, telling him to go through White Plains to New York, as the British were in that neighborhood. André, though, made a turn at a fork in the road, and journeyed along another way. That day, John Paulding and two other Americans were out in this neighborhood

on the watch for British parties. There were four other Americans in the band of Continentals, and John Paulding—poor, but loyal, and their leader—had set the four to watching at another point. It was noon. André was coming up the hill from Sleepy Hollow, and Paulding was playing cards with his two companions. Paulding, hearing the sound of horses' feet, stepped out of the trees, and presenting his gun, asked André which way he was going.

“Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party?” said André.

“Which party?” asked the American.

“The lower party,” said André, meaning the British.

Paulding assented.

“I am a British officer,” said André, “out on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute.”

“Then Paulding told him to get off his horse. André saw that he had made a mistake. He showed his pass from Arnold, and when the Americans searched him, and found three parcels under each stocking, and among these, plans, giving, in Arnold's handwriting, statements of the works and resources at West Point, André subsequently offered a hundred guineas, or any sum, if his captors would release him.

“No,” cried John Paulding, “not for ten thousand guineas.”

“André was marched off a prisoner, only to be hung at a later day as a spy. West Point was saved, and Washington was not taken. Arnold was treated slightly. He was neglected by the British to whom he fled, and knew what it was to be despised both at home and in England, whither he went, suffering for want of his daily bread even.”

Ralph here closed, omitting a very spirited compliment to the American patriot whom gold could not buy. For the omission of this speech, that stirred to envy every Concord High School boy



ADIRONDACK GAME.

who listened, and drew praises from all the girls, Rick was sorry.

Past Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving, sped the steamer; past many residences peeping out of bowers of trees and shrubbery; past the Palisades, lifting boldly their walls of rock, as if to hail that shining conqueror, the river, marching in triumph from the Adirondacks to the sea. It was Rob Merry, that bold, experienced hunter from the White Mountains, who made this remark:

"I am just spoiling, boys, for some Adirondack game."

Rick looked with admiration on this brawny hunter from the hills. Anxious to show that he had some knowledge of mountains, he exclaimed:

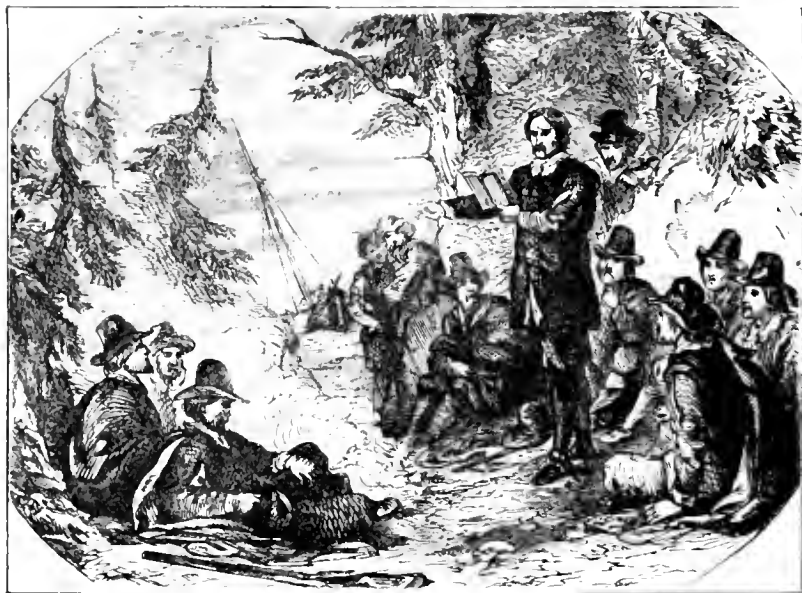
"Oh! the Adirondacks are a part of the great Appalachian system, and Mount Marcy is over five thousand feet high."

Uncle Nat overheard Rob Merry's longing for Adirondack game, but said nothing in reply. He went, though, to Bumblebee, and, as the result of that interview, the waiter came to the state-room door, again bearing a tray, and smiling and bowing, left his load and withdrew.

Said uncle Nat, lifting the cover from a steaming dish, "I heard that one of you was spoiling for some Adirondack game."

There was a rich venison steak, and with it went other appetizing dishes. The boys were delightedly surprised, and even young Nimrod, the mighty sportsman, was comforted.

Finally, the steamer ran its sharp nose up to a North River pier, to be assailed by bawling hackmen and squeaking venders of bananas and oranges. The voyage by a Hudson River boat was ended.



THE PILGRIMS' SUNDAY-REST AT CLARKE'S ISLAND.

CHAPTER V.

OFF TO NIAGARA.

THE Antelope Guild bade good-by to its "*pas'* member," Solomon Bumble, and went to a hotel in New York City, where uncle Nat intended to pass Sunday.

"We won't travel Sundays when there is no necessity for it," he said to the boys. "We will rest here; you know the Pilgrims, hunting up a home, stopped Sunday, resting on Clarke's Island."

And it was a day full of rest. When one looked up to the bright, quiet sky, it seemed as if all that space of light and rest were coming down to the earth, and uncle Nat and the boys walked in it. There were quiet hours at the hotel, and then, too, there were services at one of the old city churches. So peaceful,

yet cheerful, was the latter, it seemed as if it must be the threshold of a stairway leading up to that beautiful sky above—even higher, into the presence of the Heavenly Father.

Monday morning came. The boys had been told by uncle Nat that he wished to see them in his room after breakfast.

“We start for Niagara this forenoon, but we shall not get there for a week, probably. We go by way of several interesting spots in this State—Lake Mohonk, Saratoga Lake, and so on. But I want you to be thinking of Niagara, and also be getting ready for it. And, boys, I think the Guild had better be reading up and writing on some subjects connected with the Falls.”

“Where are the books, uncle Nat?” inquired Ralph.

“Oh, I came provided with those—a whole box of them. Don’t be frightened, for it is not a big box, and they will help you.”

“All right,” replied Rob Merry; “the Guild will do its best.”

“Rob, I would like to have you take the geology of Niagara. Tell what you can about the rocks, and what that has to do with the past and future of the Falls. Ralph can give any facts about their size, their source, and their relation to the Great Lakes of the country. Rick can give an account of any battle that happened in that part of the country, and I will tell about the Suspension Bridge, and that style of bridge-making. Now we have our subjects. Soon as we can get ready, we will start for Lake Mohonk.”

A train on the Erie Road rushed the Guild away, and tea that evening they took at Lake Mohonk.

“We must see the sun rise from Sky-Top, boys,” said uncle Nat. “Sleep toward morning with your eyes open.”

In the morning, a party of four, well-wrapped in shawls and

overcoats, watched from Sky-Top the eastern skies. Somewhere along the horizon, and under that veil of cloud reaching down almost to the earth, the sun was ready to break forth. In the



LAKE MOHONK

glowing light, the clouds seemed almost tremulous. There was a sharpening, a shooting of the light; it forced its way through rents in the cloud, poured out in fiery rivers, spread out in molten lakes. And yet between the lower fringe of the cloud and

the horizon, there was no sun, only a narrow, golden sea of light. Suddenly Rob shouted: "Hurrah! That's the way it looked on the White Mountains! There he is!"

And there he was, certainly, that bright ember-end on the horizon's edge. It was quickly a dome of ruddy flame, far away in the sky.

"Now, look about you, boys," cried uncle Nat. "We are three hundred feet higher than the lake, and have a good post here."

The boys watched the peaceful sweep of the blue Berkshire Hills: they saw the Highlands of the Hudson; they tracked the valleys along whose channels the morning breeze was driving a light fleet of gray mist; they followed with the eye the course of the ridges of the Shawangunk Mountains. It was an impressive hour.

After breakfast, uncle Nat and his party looked off upon the lake. As the sun poured down its glory and brightened the waters, the lake seemed like a basin of silver, but the sides of the basin were massive walls of quartz.

"It is not a very big sheet—three quarters of a mile long," said uncle Nat, watching the pleasure boats darting across the waters—"but it is worth seeing. See Paltz Point! how that stands up, and stands out, too."

Uncle Nat told his party they would "just skip up to Saratoga Lake," but they first returned to the main line of the Erie Road and followed that awhile.

"I want you to get some idea of the Delaware River valley," said uncle Nat."

What a land of enchantment the crystal eyes of the Delaware look upon! Massive ridges plumed with fir and pine, meadows emerald-carpeted by the summer, brooks that are splashes of

molten silver, and far overhead a sky that is the outer, azure wall of Dreamland.

And the river itself is as beautiful as its surroundings; now a window set in a forest framework that sun and shadow painted, or a mirror holding in its lap some broad mountain slope.

"The Delaware is not only a beautiful, but a most useful river," said uncle Nat; "take the Delaware out of the commercial life



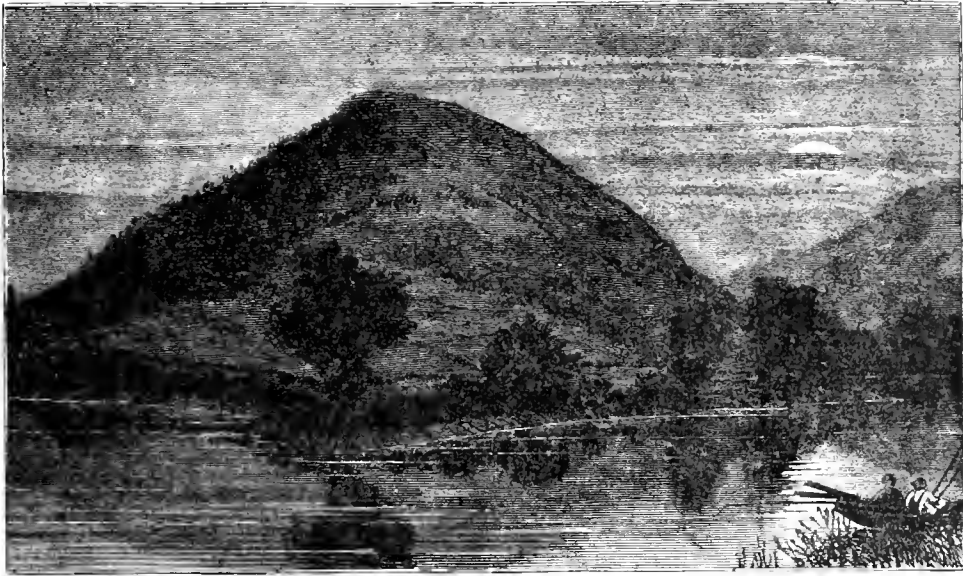
GLIMPSES OF THE DELAWARE NEAR COLLICCOON.

of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and there would be a big hole left. Fill up the Delaware at Philadelphia, and what would that great city do?"

But from this region the Guild branched off, and as uncle Nat

said, they made just as good time for Saratoga Lake as they possibly could.

"The Saratoga season has not set in yet, boys. We are on its thin edge, but you can imagine how it may be."



EAST AND WEST BRANCHES OF THE DELAWARE NEAR HANCOCK.

As they looked upon the pretentious hotels of Saratoga, the lively imagination of the boys had no difficulty in peopling hotels and avenues with health and pleasure-seekers. Saratoga can find room for forty thousand guests at very little warning, and it has become a notable spot for conventions of various kinds. The Guild drove along that beautiful street, the Boulevard, a hundred feet wide, to Saratoga Lake, a pretty sheet, eight miles long and two and a half wide. Then on their return they tested the waters at various springs.

"What is it," asked Rick, "that makes these waters so healthy? I should rather have a good drink of Sandy Pond water at home."

"There are various mineral substances underground here that give the water its medicinal value. Take Congress Spring water that is so famous. I heard a man praising it this morning, and he said it had bicarbonate of magnesia, bicarbonate of lime, chloride of sodium, carbonic acid gas—and I stopped remembering the list beyond. This has no interest for you healthy young chaps, but it throws an old medicine toper into ecstacy. He feels like having a pipe laid right from Saratoga into his chamber," said uncle Nat.



SARATOGA LAKE

"I should want it laid right out again," was Rick's comment. Uncle Nat shook his head.

"There is no telling. You may come here some time, wrapped in flannels, going on crutches, rheumatic, wheezy, and"—

"Oh, stop, do!"

"How did they find out that these Springs were valuable?" asked Ralph.

"I think I heard Rob tell about it last night."

"Oh! Well, I just saw it somewhere that Sir William Johnson, who was a famous man in these parts in the last century, received an ugly wound in a battle, that brought on sickness. The Mohawks knew about the Saratoga Springs. They were very friendly to



AN IDEAL PICNIC.

Sir William, and held a meeting about it, and offered to take Sir William to the 'Medicine Spring of the Great Spirit.' So they brought him here. I think they had to take him on a litter. He drank of the Spring water, and was helped in a very few days. He was so pleased that he told about it to one of our generals, and people got hold of it through Johnson. That was a little over a hundred years ago."

"Well," said uncle Nat, "that is the way they will bring Riek — on a litter."

"No; I am going to Sandy Pond, and going to walk," said the loyal Concord boy.

The Guild rode south from Saratoga to Schenectady, and sped along the New York Central to Utica,

and by the Utica and Black River Road to Trenton Falls.

"We can only stop a day here, boys," said uncle Nat, as they left the cars, "and after lunch we will go directly to the Cascades."



TRENTON FALLS.

They went to the place that the Indians entitled Kuyahora; a name that ends, if it does not begin, with a sound musical as that of flowing water. "Slanting water," the dusky tribes of the forest meant by that rippling stream of sound — Kuyahora. Down through a rocky gorge whose walls run up seventy, a hundred and fifty, and two hundred feet, run and rush, tumble and shoot, plunge, and crash, and foam, five cascades, one after the other, till the bright, flashing water is two hundred feet lower down than when it went over the first round in this rocky ladder.

The boys were in the cars the next day, bound for Watkins Glen.

"Ralph," said Rob, "I feel very much like a picnic."

"I should think we were on a picnic, Rob, every day."

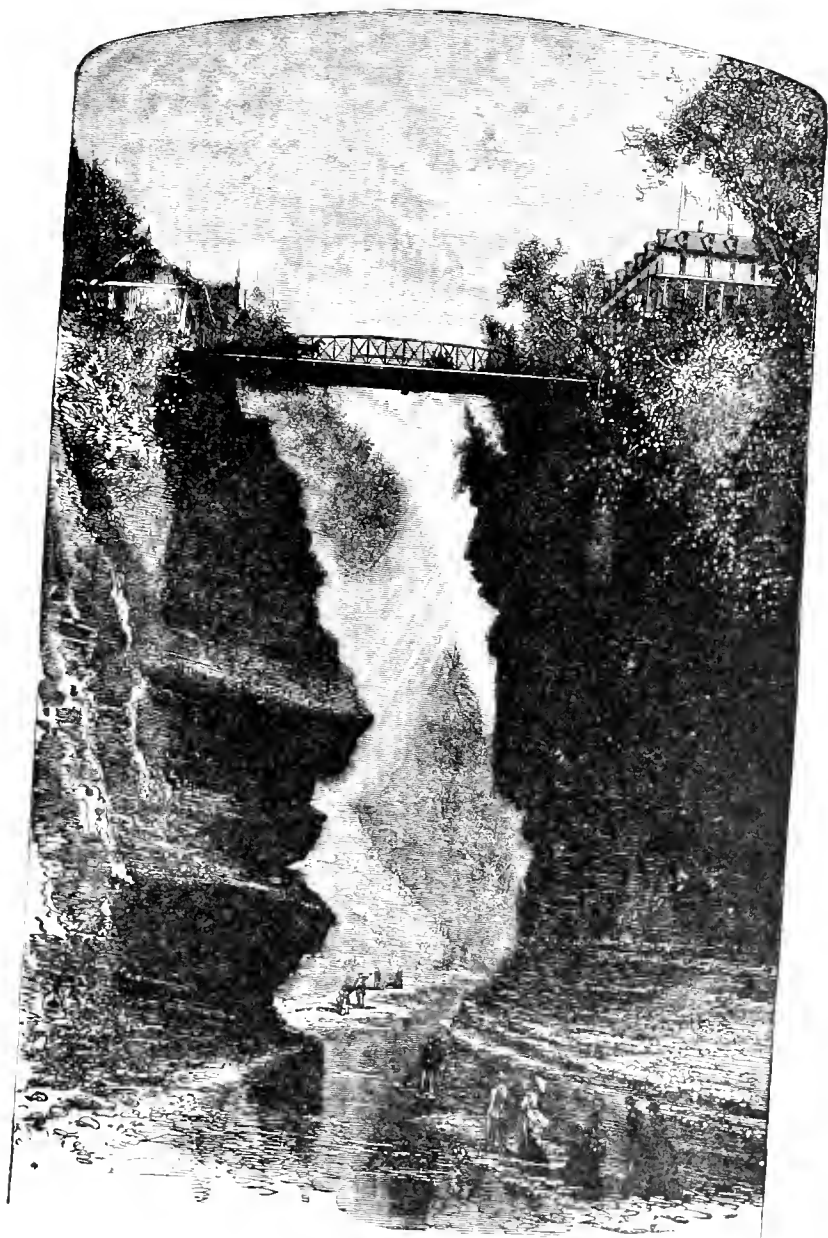
"Yes; but I just want to get off into the woods in true camp style. I don't mean an ideal picnic, where you have ladies, but a camper's time; and we will have one at Watkins Glen, and I will tell you of a plan I have."

"All right."

"Watkins Glen!" uncle Nat was singing out. "Here we are!"

Watkins Glen is in the neighborhood of Seneca Lake. Its high, ragged walls suggest an operation by a Titan with his battle-axe, who brought down not the edge, but the head of his axe on the rocks in one crashing blow that made a long and deep, but not very clean cut. The path that tourists travel to see the Glen is, or was, two and a half miles long. The ground rises eight hundred feet in about three miles, so that the stream in the Glen has a chance to leap in cascades, to shoot in straight, arrow-like lines, to whirl and gambol in tumbling, foaming masses, or rest, and sleep, and dream in dark, shadowy pools.

"There, boys," said uncle Nat, leading his party into the Glen,



WATKINS' GLEN.

and reaching the famous Glen Cathedral, "this is almost a thousand feet long. Look at those walls! rock for three hundred feet. The cathedral has a pavement of rock, you see. A wild, grand spot."

"You might call this the cathedral font" suggested Ralph when they reached a basin in the pavement, holding the purest, clearest water.

"No," said uncle Nat, "that is already named. They wanted a fancy, gimcrack name, and they called it 'The Pool of the Nymphs.'"

"Oh, yes," said Ralph, in disappointed tones.

Farther on they saw the crystal masses of the Central Cascade as they came crashing and flashing down into a deep black pool. Then there were the Triple Cascade and Rainbow Falls, Pluto Falls, Glen of the Pools—a long line of attractive centres—but everywhere rock and water, the water chiseling with sharp, crystal edge into the rock, and the rock guarding with its rugged, shadowy walls, all those pellucid treasures of water.

"What puzzles me," exclaimed Rob, "is what has done all this."

"I think one of the icebergs uncle Nat told about at Concord got in here, and went to grinding," said Ralph, "and just cut all this out."

"I am afraid that sort of wheel would soon have been worn out. Then you say 'got in here.' What made the hole where it lodged? I don't know," said the puzzled sea captain, scratching his head. "I can run a ship better than I can explain such things. It looks to me as if an earthquake 'got in here' and made a terrible split, long and ragged. Somebody thinks the hilly country here through which the Glen runs, was once an island in a long lake, and—and—really, I don't understand the process," said the perplexed mariner, "but I believe all the waters gave way, it is

thought, for some reason, and Seneca Lake took its shape. This hilly ridge was then hit in the centre by masses of water, and as the waters of the lake no longer supported it on the sides, the mountain concluded to split. Of course after the split, the running of water through it would cut it down deeper and make it wider."

"I will tell you," said Rick triumphantly, "what hit the mountain in the centre."

"What?" inquired uncle Nat.

"The comet!"

They all concluded that Rick was right, and that the comet



THE REAL PICNIC.

was the ponderous beetle that struck such a heavy blow and made Watkins Glen.

Rob and Ralph had their "picnic" while at Watkins Glen. They donned camping suits and tucked their pants into their boots, in true hunter style.

"Too bad!" declared Rob.

"What's too bad?" asked Ralph.

"To think that you may see a bear and not have a shooter with you."

"Did you ever come near one?"

"Oh, yes; two."

Rob did not say that one bear he saw was a dead one in its trap, and the other he ran from, as readers of *Bark Cabin* and *Tent in the Notch* remember.

"Oh, for a shooter!" pined Rob.

As it was, the boys only took jack-knives with them, and went whittling into the depths of the silent forests, fragrant with the hemlock and the spruce. They sat down amid an undergrowth of ferns, and made with those formidable weapons, their jack-knives, a pitiless assault on two maple branches.

"What is that plan you were going to tell me about, Rob, at our first opportunity to get off in this fashion?"

"Oh, I have not forgotten. Well, I am wondering how it would do to close up our trip with a wagon-ride to the Winnepesaukee?"

"Wagon-ride?"

"Yes; capital fun!" declared Rob with snapping eyes. "Of course you know that is a lake in New Hampshire. My idea is to start somewhere in the country, going in a big wagon. We could take a tent with us and pitch it on the ground, or we could sleep in the wagon and pitch the tent somehow over it. We could take cooking apparatus with us, grub too, and it would be just lovely, cooking our own meals on the way. We could go as far as we pleased each day. Oh, it would be just splendid!"

"Hurrah!" said Ralph.

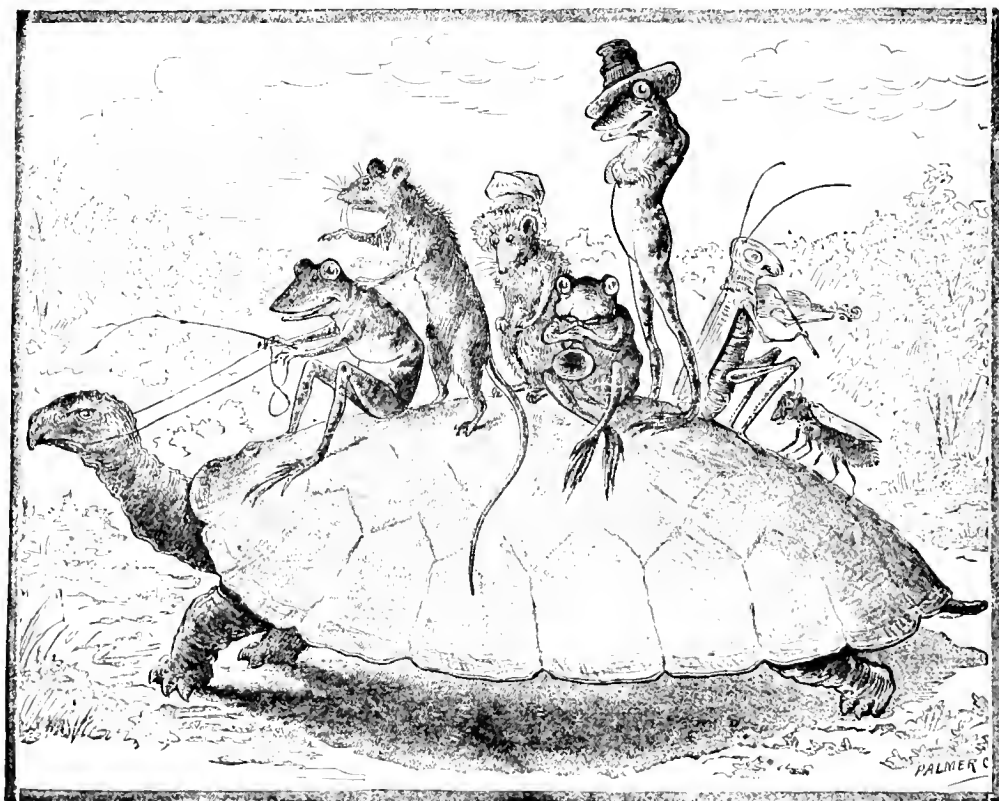
"Will you go, Ralph? All hands will go, I hope."

"Yes; put my name down for one seat in the Winnepesaukee stage."

"Now, haven't we had a good time on this our picnic? I call it a real picnic."

"Splendid, though — it — would — be sort of nice to have some of the lunch they have at 'ideal picnics,'" said Ralph.

"Y-e-s," assented Rob.



"OFF ON A PICNIC."

CHAPTER VI.

AT NIAGARA.



SPLASHING DOWN.

“Oh, there it is!” shouted Ralph enthusiastically.

“Where, where?” pleaded Rick. “Tell me!”

“See, see!” cried uncle Nat, and Rob Merry called out excitedly, “Three cheers!”

All this outbreak was occasioned by Niagara Falls. As uncle Nat and those three enthusiastic boys — or, the three boys and that enthusiastic uncle Nat — crossed Suspension

Bridge in the railway train, they eagerly crowded to the car windows and looked out.

“Niagara, and no mistake!” said uncle Nat.

It was Niagara indeed, a bold, massive wall of water. From its base, there rolled up a large volume of snow-white vapor. The party

watched the Falls every moment that was permitted them, and could talk of nothing else.

"Now, boys," said uncle Nat, when they had taken breakfast at their hotel, "let's have an understanding. We have plenty of time, and we won't try to do up the Falls in a day. We came by the morning train, and so can start out early, and we won't ride round, but we will go it on foot. Then we shall be independent, coming when we please, and going when we please, and not having a carriage tagging us about. But let us go systematically. We will take the American side first. That is patriotic. But let us go" —

Here uncle Nat stopped. He was addressing the members of the Guild at a window of the hotel-office, when a throng of visitors suddenly entered, and brushing past uncle Nat, one of them — a lady — let a key drop on the floor. Uncle Nat gallantly stooped, picked it up and handed it to her. This interruption consumed a little time, and when uncle Nat turned, he discovered that he was the only member of the Guild present. He saw the skirts of Ralph Rogers' coat disappearing in a doorway leading out of the hotel. Rob and Rick had entirely vanished.

"Where are they going?" asked the wondering captain.

"Ralph!" he shouted, when he had caught up with the secretary of the Guild, "where — where — are you heading? And where are Rob and Rick?"

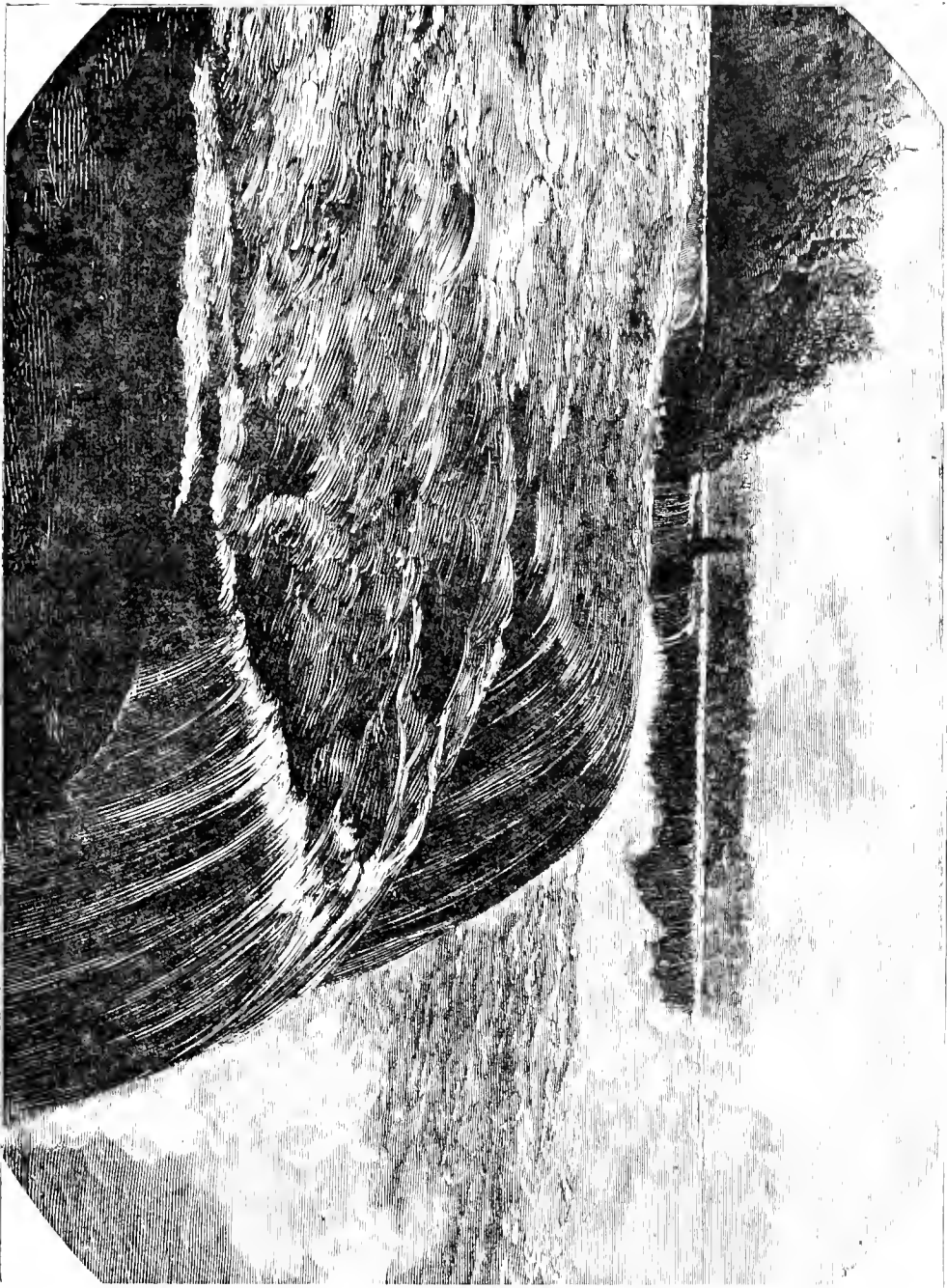
"Going to the Falls; and there are the boys!"

"Where?"

"Ahead!"

The two passionate sight-seekers were away ahead, Rick enthusiastically following Rob, whom he would have passed, had the length of his steps corresponded with the ardor of his soul.

"Hold on, boys!" shouted uncle Nat, pressing eagerly forward.



NIAGARA FROM THE EDGE OF THE AMERICAN FALL.

Holding on was no easy matter when the roar of Niagara was in one's ears, but uncle Nat gathered up these flying fragments of the Guild, and addressed them in a body:

"Why didn't you wait, boys?"

"We didn't mean to desert you," replied Rob. "Rick and I thought you were just behind with Ralph. We thought you said, 'Let us go.'"

"And I supposed," said Ralph, "that you must be ahead of Rob and Rick. I thought, too, that you said, 'Let us go.'"

"Oh, I hadn't finished. I meant to say, Let us go—intelligently, thinking we would stop and listen to some facts about the Falls first, and then visit them. That woman, though, must drop her key!"

The Guild had a laugh over their separation, and uncle Nat good-naturedly said, "Well, I am glad to see your ardor, and we will now have the Falls before the facts."

The Guild made excellent time in its journey to the Falls, and uncle Nat showed as much zeal as the youngest. The Cataract at last was before them, close at hand.

There they stood in silence by the side of that awful roar. Down, down, down—forever down! The water ever coming from above, breaking and foaming as if hesitating to make the terrible plunge, and striving to turn, then advancing in a helpless fascination and springing away in that giddy leap! Ever rushing in roughness and raggedness toward the brink, but sweeping down in that polished, faultless, majestic curve of emerald! Ever coming, but ever going! On and on, yet ever down, down—forever down! And then as if the downward plunge had been a mistake, there were those light wreaths of vapor floating up out of the abyss—vapor, tinged warm, even crimson and golden by the sun—a spirit that struggled up out

of the awful and hidden depths to say that all was not lost, but Hope still lived, and it came up to be kissed into a smile by the shining glory from Heaven. It was something to be seen and admired, but very little could be expressed beyond the usual exclamations of surprise. Rick said he had thought it was "bigger."

"Well," said uncle Nat, "the first time I saw Niagara, I had the same feeling. I don't know but that I was disappointed, but the more I looked upon the Falls, and not only took it in with my eyes, but tried to imagine the great quantity of water beyond us here, finding an outlet, there was no room for disappointment, but just wonder at this great thing that folks call Niagara. Now before we go to the Canadian side to see the Horseshoe Fall, let us have some of those 'facts' I spoke about. Who was to tell of the size and source of Niagara?"

"I," said the secretary, "and I am ready. I have my paper in my pocket."

"We will get under a tree on Goat Island and listen to Ralph," said uncle Nat."

Seated in a leafy recess on Goat Island, the Guild listened to the secretary:

"Niagara Falls are on Niagara River, which runs from Lake Erie, and going north, flows into Lake Ontario. Through this river, Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, Winnipeg, Winnebago and St. Clair discharge their waters, and in this way over one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of country are drained. It has been estimated that nearly half the fresh water on the globe is in what we call 'the upper lakes,' and that eighteen million cubic feet of this go over the cataract here each minute. Some of the water in the lakes strays off through the Erie and Welland and Illinois canals, but this is only thought to equal fifty-two thousand

cubic feet a minute, and Niagara Falls gets eighteen millions. Somebody has said — Dwight — that one hundred million tons of water tumble over the cataract every hour, and a second somebody has put the current in barrels, and says it would be over two hundred and eleven million. We see how much water goes by us, and Gunning says of all the water of the lakes, that it makes the ‘circuit of the Falls, the St. Lawrence, the ocean, vapor, rain, and lakes again, in one hundred and fifty-two years. A pretty big wheel to turn over, and it takes some time to turn round. We know that a cluster of islands divides the fall of water. On one side of the river we have the American Fall, that has a width of twelve hundred feet, and it goes down a hundred and sixty-four feet. The Horseshoe Fall is about twenty-four hundred feet wide, and six feet lower than the American. The Horseshoe is sometimes called the Canadian Fall, but our cousins on the other side of the river must not claim too much, for the dividing line between them and us runs along the centre of the Horseshoe, so we own half of that.” (“Good!” thought Rick.) “The water can’t be very thin on the brink of the Falls, for a ship that drew eighteen feet of water went over the Falls, and she went clear of the rocks too. A good many people, first and last, have gone over the Falls. It is said that two dogs went over the American Fall and survived it, one of them making his appearance on some ferry-stairs within an hour after he was thrown from Goat Island bridge, and the throwing was a mean thing.”

“That is so,” said uncle Nat. “The person throwing a dog into such a pit ought to be held over it and made to shake in terror for one while.”

The Guild visited the Horseshoe Fall the next day, and the captain recalled the facts mentioned by Ralph about the sources

of Niagara's supply of water, and the vastness of the volume here finding outlet. As they stood and watched that great breadth of foam-flecked water making then its awful plunge, they thought of the wide surface of lake after lake, their great depths also, represented in this cataract plunge.

"Why," said Rob Merry commenting on it afterwards, "it seemed to me as if I could see Lake Superior and all those other lakes coming forward in a body down the river, and rushing over Niagara's brink."

"And how all those drops of water will get back even in a hundred and fifty-two years, I don't see," added Rick.

Who does see? Who does understand the workings of those laws so far-reaching and powerful, so minute in their grasp as to take up the lakes in little drops of vapor, and yet so strong as to transport the water back to its old place, and then send it shooting and shining and roaring over Niagara again? There was one word that answered all the boys' inward questionings, as to the source of this power—God—and the thought of him filled a larger place in their hearts.

They visited the "Cave of the Winds." Dressed in waterproof suits and looking like Cape Cod fishermen of various sizes, they went down a long stairway, then following a path that runs to the cave. Uncle Nat had made this explanation to them before starting:

"A rock that is called shale, you will find at the lower part of the cliff over which the waters rush. Above the shale is a hard limestone. The shale is softer, and wears away quicker, leaving a hollow there which the limestone caps."

And what a "hollow," or cave, the boys and uncle Nat found there! On one side, that dismal, dungeon-recess, where dampness

"TO SEND IT WHIRLING AND SHOOTING AND CRASHING."



and the shadows and the frightful echoes never cease to be guests. On another side was that great wall of water, forever descending, and forever crashing in terrific thunder, as if the very bag of Æolus had tumbled over the Falls, and was here breaking, and all the winds that blow under the sky were escaping, raving, and scolding, and bellowing! But oh, those showers of spray that the bright light striped with rainbows, as if the sunshine, pitying the seclusion and shadows of that terrible Cave of the Winds, had concluded to paint a veil of bewitching colors with which to hide the ugliness beyond.

Spray-sprinkled and chilled, as if they had been with uncle Nat off in a surf-boat, trying to reach an icy, wintry shore, the boys crept out of the shadows and dampness up the stairway into the warm, cheery light.

"Well, boys," said uncle Nat, as they returned to their hotel, "we have seen in the Cave of the Winds a specimen of a rock-change that is going on here, and let us now have a Guild meeting and listen to what Rob has to say about the geology of these Falls, or their past and future as indicated in geology."

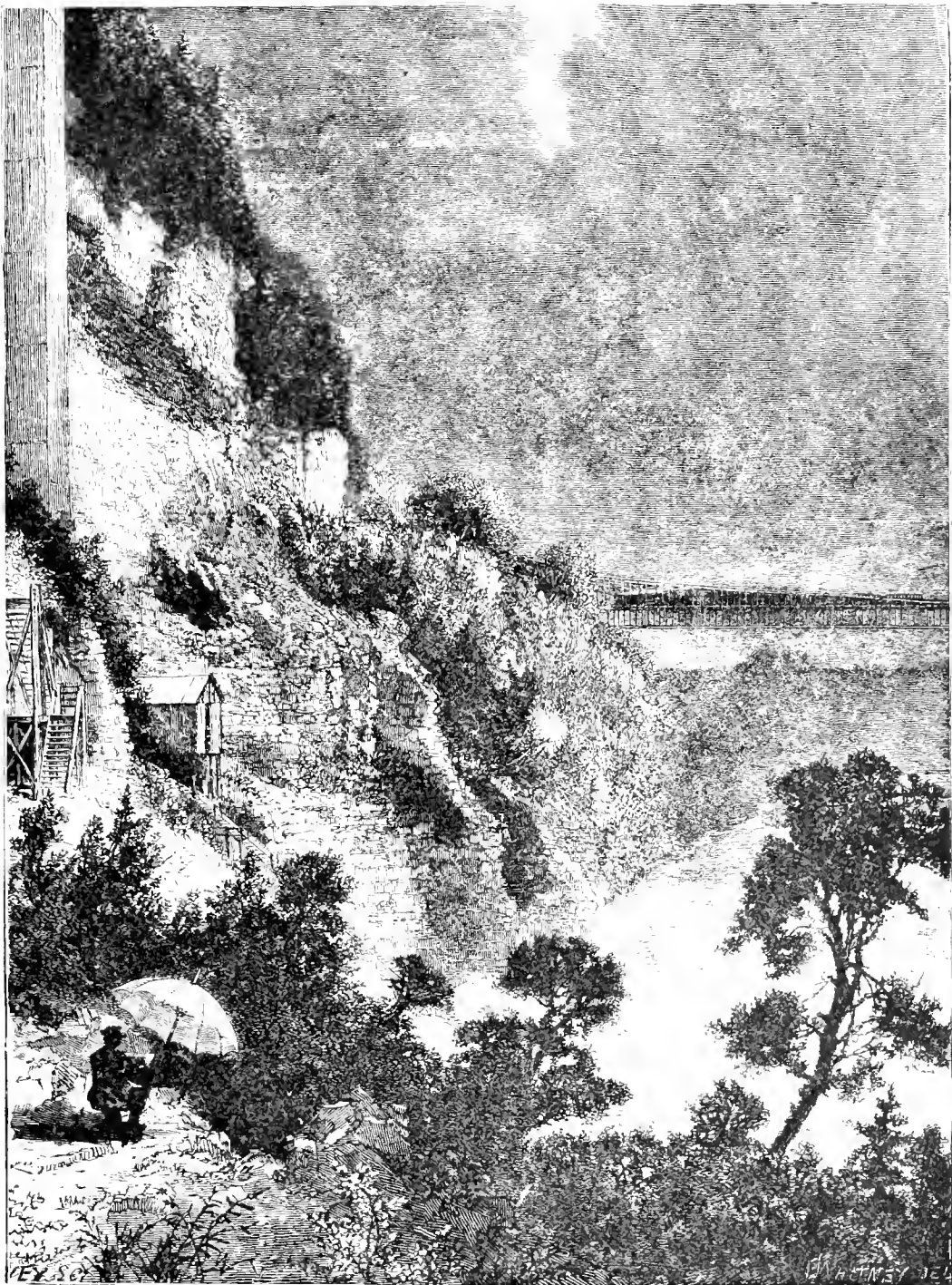
"All ready, sir," replied Rob, producing the desired document.

He gave the usual oratorical "ahem," and began:

"If we could hire a balloon and float down, or up, rather, to Queenston and Lewiston, following the Niagara River, and then look back toward the Falls, we should see, if we were up high enough, and had good eyesight, that the river was at the bottom of a deep cut. The cut goes back to the Falls. It is really a cañon, as they say in Colorado. The river has cut this ditch, probably. Lyell was told by the old citizens that the Falls receded about a yard in a year. Professor Gunning says it is a mistake; **that** the receding of the cataract the last thirty years has been

inside of fifteen feet, and he puts the rate at six inches a year. The rock below is shale, and the rock on top is limestone. The water wears away the shale, and the limestone too, but the shale crumbles first, and when its support gives way, the limestone comes tumbling down, the Niagara thus cutting its way back into the ledges at the rate of six inches a year. Then, seventy-four thousand years ago, the Falls were at Lewiston. But there are two places where the grinding was not so fast as the six-inch rate. At the Ferry Landing there is a hard limestone, and at the Whirlpool, is a hard sandstone, and there the Falls must have made exceedingly slow progress. In one place more than half a mile of this harder rock was before Niagara.

“The age of the channel from Lewiston to the Horseshoe is two hundred thousand years. But something else is thought to have happened. When the glacial period, as geologists call it, came and buried up everything, Niagara was put in a coffin also. The old channel was filled up, and by the way, there are traces of such a channel about two and a half miles long. Professor Gunning thinks it was twenty-five thousand years old, and that the glacial period lasted about fifty thousand years. Piling these figures on top of the age of the present channel—two hundred thousand—and we have two hundred and seventy-five thousand years as the estimated age of Niagara River. Professor Gunning calls it an approximation. Near enough, I should say. That is a pretty good age even for so enterprising a river as this. As to the future of Niagara, Lyell and Hall think the river will go on grinding the rock down, till the pride of America and Canada is only a lot of cascades and rapids. Professor Gunning marks out a certain course that the river will take, in his opinion, but the end will be, as by the above reasoning—a lot of cascades and



TURBULENT WATERS.

rapids. The American Fall and the Horseshoe will take different routes, but some day they will unite above Goat Island.

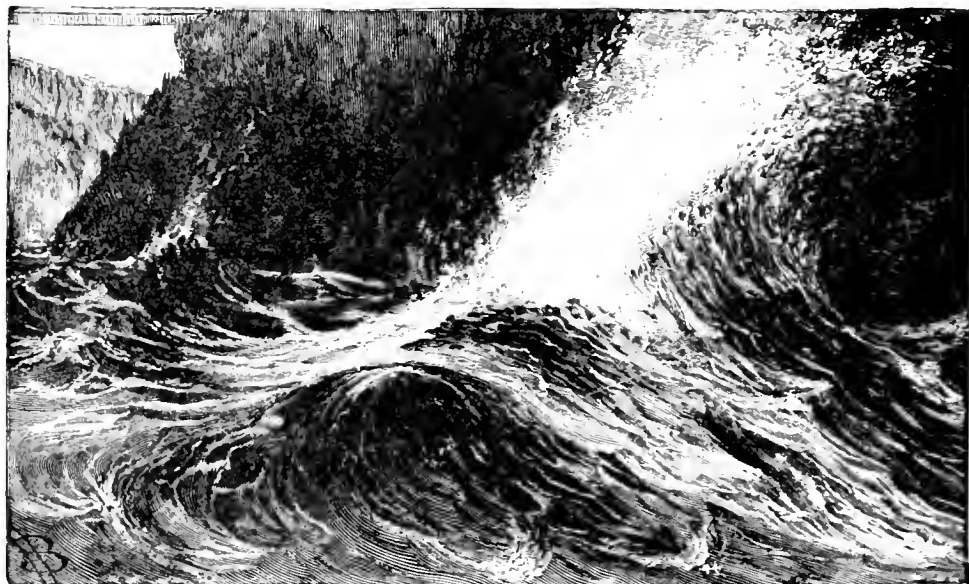
"They will unite and move on, one Fall of immense width, till Navy Island cuts it in two. The greater Fall will then be on the American side." (Cry, "Hear, hear!" by Rick, softly suppressed by Ralph's hand over his mouth). "These two Falls will keep on grinding, and finally both end in cascades and rapids. This issue is so far away that the summer-boarding business will be profitable for some time here. Professor Gunning thinks that Niagara may dwindle in another way. Man is now drawing off fifty-two thousand cubic feet of water a minute, as Ralph said in his essay. The professor thinks that canals will draw off the water from the lakes, and the cultivation of the land will affect the supply of water for the Falls. The professor thinks that 'man's hand laid on the earth in gigantic enterprise,' may compel 'the Falls to shrink into insignificance.' Does he mean that the current will dwindle actually so as to be trivial? I can't say, but if so, then by and by, who can tell but—if we live long enough—we may all wade across Niagara River, both above and below the Falls!"

"Table Rock, that has given us such a splendid view of the Falls," said uncle Nat, "illustrates the breaking off of pieces of rock. At various times fragments come tumbling down. Over thirty years ago, a big mass was split off. It carried down with it an omnibus standing there, and it almost took the driver also. He had a warning in time to save himself. People have to be careful in cruising about Niagara. Once there was a tower at Niagara, called Terrapin Tower, but it has been blown up. From the bridge leading to the island where the tower stood, a man fell into the water. The strong current swept him to a rock on the very edge of the cataract. There he was, poor fellow, and his

feelings can be imagined—death yawning just before him in that terrible gulf! However, he did not die. Ropes were thrown to him, and he was pulled into a much safer place. Many people have gone over the Falls.”

The boys watched with tireless interest the spot where the river dropping about fifty feet in less than a mile, rushes headlong at such a rate—even thirty miles in an hour—that it breaks into turbulent foam, as if the water had grown white with rage because its passage was thus forced and hurried.

There were the wild Whirlpool Rapids, and also the Whirlpool itself, which is well-named, one ceaseless and wrathful ebullition of



WHIRLPOOL.

a terrible sweep of angry water and ghostly foam, driving on and on and on. The cliffs bordering this maelstrom are over three hundred feet high, and as they frown at the water, it would seem as if the water frowned in return, and tried to leap upon the

cliffs only to fall back in eddies and whirls that swept round and round in an insane but vain fury, raving and roaring.

It was subsequent to the visit of the Guild that a sad accident happened here. One July afternoon, a noted English swimmer, Captain Webb, attempted to swim the Whirlpool Rapids. His shoot of the Rapids is described as "intensely thrilling." He purposed to pass the Whirlpool on the Canadian side. The maelstrom, though, in all its fury, rushed the helpless swimmer to the American side, where the waves are estimated to run from thirty to forty feet high. When last seen, he was throwing up one arm, as if in dumb appeal. Then the waves closed over him. It was a daring, but foolish attempt that the swimmer made. He was brave, and had saved life after life.

"You see," explained uncle Nat, "the river bends at the Whirlpool, and any stream where it turns a corner is apt to bore out a hole in its bed. That has been done here. A vast circular basin has been ground out in the rock, and the water whirls round in it. Then I have seen the statement that the water at the Falls, after its plunge down to the river bed, makes an under current that shoots along and comes up at this point. Whether that is so, I can't say. But, how is it, Rick? That commotion down there in the Whirlpool makes me think of a battle, and were not you to tell us about any battles that had happened in the neighborhood of Niagara?"

"I believe I am the one, and I believe I am all ready, too. I have got my story with me, though it is short."

"So much the better, and we will find a quiet, shady place, somewhere, and you can read it."

In a little forest corner, the Guild listened to Rick:

"Of course, Niagara being a point where the United States and

Canada meet, in time of war between the States and England, this is one of the places where trouble is likely to occur.

“In the war of 1812, the battle of Lundy’s Lane was fought quite near the big cataract, so that it is sometimes called the battle of Niagara Falls. This was on the twenty-fifth of July, 1814. It was forty minutes before sunset when the battle began. General Scott commanded on our side at first, the general-in-chief, Brown, arriving later, and taking charge. The sun went down, but the moon had its lantern out in the sky that night.

“Something funny and something spunky happened at Lundy’s Lane. A British general, Riall, was riding along, attended by a number of officers. An aid of General Riall, seeing a company of soldiers ahead, and supposing they were British, called out — and I can imagine he did it pompously —

“‘Make room there, men, for General Riall!’

“These men were Americans, and their leader, Captain Ketchum, said:

“‘Ay, ay, sir.’

“He let the aid pass; and then as General Riall’s party carelessly rode into the trap, Captain Ketchum told his men to surround them and take them prisoners! General Riall was surprised, but he couldn’t help himself.

“The spunky thing was done by Colonel Miller, and it made him famous. The British had a battery on a hill and the Americans saw that it must be taken.

“‘Colonel,’ said his superior officer to Miller, ‘take your regiment, storm that work, and take it.’

“‘I’ll try, sir,’ said Colonel Miller, and didn’t he go it! Up that hill he went, and he had less than three hundred men with him. An old fence, along which were some bushes, mostly hid

him. They got within about thirty feet of that battery, and there stood the gunners ready to fire! But that didn't stop Miller only long enough to send a volley, and then he rushed on! The 'I'll try' man took the guns. Congress gave Colonel Miller a medal, and 'I'll try' was on one side, at the bottom."

"That is a good motto for boys, 'I'll try!'" said uncle Nat, "and for everybody, indeed. A little of Colonel Miller's 'I'll try!' will help one over many hard places."

Uncle Nat's "fleet" as he sometimes called his party, a "fleet" that he was "convoying" from "port to port," had visited almost every place of interest about the Falls. They had seen and crossed the Suspension Bridges, had taken a "ducking" under the Horse-shoe Fall, had calculated how much water came over Centre Fall, had visited Goat Island, the Three Sisters, and almost every other accessible island, had been in Prospect Park, had watched the flames from the gas ignited at Burning Spring, had tramped on the battle-fields of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and — they were all tired. Exception should be taken to the last statement. All were weary save Rob and Ralph and Rick. This portion of the Guild was ready to start up and visit once more with unabated ardor, every spot of interest. The tired portion of the Guild, though, had something to say.

"Boys, we leave Niagara to-morrow. It is raining to-day, and it will be a good time if I do what I proposed, say something about suspension bridges."

The Guild was contented to listen, and uncle Nat began:

"What I have to say is not so much about suspension bridges, as the building of them; their mode of construction. I remember when they built the Suspension Bridge that we crossed in the cars. That was built in 1852, and cost half a million. It has a

carriage-way, and then over that run the rails for the steam-cars. This is north of the Falls, and is eight hundred feet long. The new Suspension Bridge is nearer the Falls and cost one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. It was completed in 1869, and at the time, was the longest bridge of the kind in the world, being over twelve hundred feet long, measuring from tower to tower. You remember what a magnificent view we had of all the Falls, standing on this bridge.

“Since that time, a greater wonder has been built than those here—I mean the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, crossing East River. Its central span is sixteen hundred feet long. The wire bridge extends still farther, and then comes a roadway across heavy stone masonry. The entire length of this structure is over a mile, and it cost about sixteen millions of dollars. At East River, it was a difficult task to find a foundation on which to rest the towers, two hundred and seventy-six and two thirds feet high, between which would swing the cables.

“The proper foundation for towers designed to be such immense affairs, must go down to the rock of course. It was done by means of caissons. The caisson was really a diving-bell made of wood and iron, but it had this peculiarity, a very solid top of wood, (Southern pine twenty-two feet thick) and on this were courses of granite that were to sustain the towers. The caisson sank to the river bed. In its lower part, it was operated like a diving-bell, the workmen removing the earth, and the caisson gradually sinking. On the New York side, bed-rock was struck seventy-eight feet below high water mark. On the Brooklyn side, forty-five feet and a half down, a bed of bowlders, clay and sand was found. Here the caisson was filled with concrete, and left in position—no one knows how long—to sustain its great burden

of solid stone, upon which have been erected those lofty towers.

“At last, by the summer of 1876, two noble towers fully completed, looked at one another across the river; but what a gap there was between them! Now comes the swinging of the first link between the towers. It was easier at East River of course, than here. At Niagara, the first connection made was by means of a string that a kite floated over. To the string was attached a wire, and then this was drawn over. At the New York and Brooklyn bridge, a three-quarter-inch wire rope was carried across the river in a scow. This rope went over in two spans, and two trips were made, after which the spans were joined in an endless rope, and along this a man seated in a ‘boatswain’s chair’ could be whirled from tower to tower, steam-power keeping this endless rope travelling, and the man with it.

“If you look at the suspension bridge first built here, you will see that it is suspended from four cables, each about ten inches thick. At East River, there are four cables also. Each contains between five and six thousand steel wires. These wires are about the size of a lead pencil, and if they were attached to one another lengthwise, it has been thought that there would be a total length of wire almost enough to reach half-way round the world. You will wonder how they got in position such big, heavy cables. After stretching the endless wire at the start, they could carry across other necessary and preliminary ropes; but those great cables were constructed wire by wire. High up in the air, one at a time, the wires were placed in position, and then they were woven, as somebody said, into those great cables. That work used up a year and a half. From these cables were suspended wires or rods that sustained the floor-beams. On these, beams of steel, timber, and other material were laid for the floor or roadway.

There are five compartments in the latter. The middle is for foot travellers, and is twelve feet above all the other divisions. That gives them a good view as they walk along. On either side of this central promenade is a section for cars. These in turn are bordered by divisions for vehicles. A magnificent affair," declared uncle Nat emphatically.

"I have seen a statement somewhere, that in constructing the cables, the workmen were obliged to look out for the wind and also the action of the sun. Now take a furious wind, and I should think it would make the bridge pull on those towers, and then when the bridge is heavily loaded, that must strain on the towers," said Rob Merry.

"As I understand it, Rob, the cables pass over the towers, and are 'anchored,' as they say, beyond them. They are fastened in immense piles of stone on the land, about ninety feet above high water mark, called 'anchorages.' The great towers hold up the cables, but the strain will come on those anchorages."

"But, uncle Nat, can ships go under the bridge?"

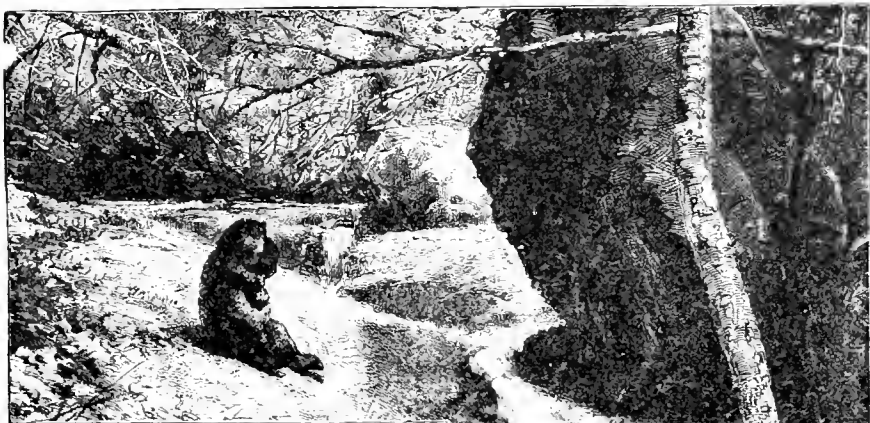
"As a rule. The floor of the bridge is one hundred and thirty-five feet above the water—high water, I take it. At low water a vessel could have about one hundred and forty feet. Very few vessels are so aspiring that they go any higher, and if they do, they must just humble their pride, and lower the top-gallant mast."

"Do we leave the Falls to-morrow?" asked Riek.

"Yes; I suppose so."

"We shall leave enough company behind us, so that the place won't be lonely," observed Ralph.

"These pleasure-resorts are rather solitary when summer visitors have gone," replied uncle Nat. "Some of them, in the woods, are lonely spots indeed."



A LONELY PLEASURE RESORT WHEN
THE SUMMER VISITORS HAVE GONE, AND
OTHER PARTIES HAVE ARRIVED.



CHAPTER VII.

ALONG THE GREAT LAKES.



I SUPPOSE we ought to have a few curiosities, boys," declared uncle Nat, and Rick with ears fully open, heard his declaration. He also heard uncle Nat add, "But I don't know as I have time to get any knick-nacks."

It was Rick who felt that he was just the boy to get various Niagara mementoes for that be-

loved uncle Nat. He started off on a relic-buying tour. In the shops at the village, he bought a basket and various photographs. He spied an Indian squaw at the corner of a street, loaded down with various gaudily painted trinkets so that she looked like a poppy-bed in full bloom. Rick bought of her some bead-work and paid her liberally—a fact that set her to jabbering his praise enthusiastically.

"Oh!" thought Rick, "I don't believe uncle Nat has any spec-

imens of the rocks under the Falls. I could just get a guide, slip down there, and break off a few pieces with a hammer."

Looking like a young Neptune, wrapped in an oil-cloth suit, and preceded by a guide, Rick started for the Cave of the Winds. Under the huge, thundering, deafening mass of plunging water, the two remained long enough to secure the desired rocky treasure, and then emerged from the spray, looking as if wet by a stiff North Atlantic gale.

Rick was absent some time from his companions, and uncle Nat began to be uneasy. The latter took his hat, and went to inquire about Rick in the streets of the village. The dusky vender of Indian trinkets told uncle Nat enough to make him at ease with regard to the object of Rick's wanderings, till he happened to meet an hotel acquaintance, who said one of his boys was down at the Cave of the Winds. Hurrying there, in his alarm, he met Rick's late guide, who told uncle Nat that Rick had gone back to the hotel. Uncle Nat by this time began to feel that a game of battledoor and shuttlecock was going on, and he was the shuttlecock shut from point to point. Rick in the meanwhile was growing thirsty after his rambles, and on his way to the hotel, spied ahead a trader in lemonade. It was a colored boy. He had a pitcher in one hand, and two glasses in the other. His arms as well as hands were in service, one carrying an old linen duster, and the other bearing up a basket of apples.

"See here!" said Rick hurriedly, "just pour me a glass of lemonade, and quick, please."

It was a stout colored boy, perhaps sixteen, but he was short for his years. He did not pour, but looked steadily at Rick.

"Pour, please!" said Rick.

A light broke over the sable face of the 'drink pedler. It was like a very bright moon coming out of a cloud.

"Don' yer know yer ole frien'?" he said.

Rick looked at him and then looked again.

"Si-ah!" he screamed; and in his eagerness to shake Siah's hand, he took hold of the pitcher and began to shake that. As Siah could do no better just then, he moved the pitcher up and down like a pump handle.

"It's Siah who sailed in dat *Antelope*," said the apple and lemonade merchant.

"Come this way, come this way!" exclaimed Rick, still clinging to the pitcher. "Uncle Nat's in the hotel, my brother Ralph, and cousin Rob Merry."

"Cap'n Stevens and yer brudder Ralph! Mns' see dem ef I don' sell anuder moufful ob lem'nade."

Siah was soon surrounded by the Antelope Guild in the parlor, and heartily greeted.

"Whar's de cap'n?" he asked.

"There he comes toward the hotel now!" exclaimed Rob, detecting the captain, who, like a bumblebee aiming at home, was making the shortest, straightest passage to the hotel possible.

"Uncle Nat has been worried about you, Rick. Where have you been?" inquired Ralph.

"Only after curiosities for him. He wanted some, and didn't I bring one?" he asked, laughing, and pointing at Siah, who grinned in response.

"Now, Siah, get into a corner quick, and let us cover you up," said Ralph, to whom an idea had suddenly come.

"What for?" inquired the astonished Siah.

"Don't say anything. I want to surprise uncle Nat. Quick!" Siah was now stationed in the corner.

"What—what can we cover him up with?" inquired Ralph.

"Here's my coat for one thing," said Rob.

"And mine," said Ralph.

"And mine," said Rick, tendering his jacket.

Siah, who thought he would "die a-lafin'," was speedily changed into a closely-draped object in the corner. When uncle Nat came into the room, he saw three giggling youths in their shirt-sleeves, and a palpitating mass of clothes in the corner.

"What is going on here?" burst out uncle Nat. "And Rick, where have you been? I have been a good deal worried about you. You ought not to go off so."

"Excuse me, uncle Nat, if I worried you. I wanted to get for you some of those curiosities you spoke about. I suppose I ought not to have gone off without telling you. Sorry to worry you."

Rick was advancing with various mementoes toward the panting Captain, whose face suggested a red-hot furnace about to receive and devour sundry offerings now tendered to it.

"And see here, sir," said Ralph, "Rick has a veiled statue for you."

"A what?" asked uncle Nat.

Ralph advanced toward the corner, lifted the veil, and there, assuming for a moment a look of solemn dignity, was the pitcher, and basket-loaded Siah.

"A — who — what curiosity is this?" asked the surprised uncle Nat.

"Don't you recollect Siah, uncle, on board the *Antelope*?" inquired Rick.

The Guild was roaring.

"Oh, there! Where's my memory?" exclaimed uncle Nat, who prided himself in one point of resemblance to Julius Cæsar, that he knew the names of those who served under him. He now gave the humble lemonade merchant a welcome, and when the boys

had left the room for a minute, he made a proposition to Siah that turned his face into a succession of grins.

"At Bos's'n, you say, Cap'n?"

"Yes, Boston."

"All right."

The boys, especially Ralph and Rick, were sorry to say farewell to this second "pas' member" of the Guild, but uncle Nat said something about "Boston" to Siah that left him shouting with a grin, "Good-by!" and that left the boys wondering what uncle Nat could be meaning.

"Oh! you may be sure he is planning something about Boston," suggested Rob.

"He always is planning for folks," said Ralph.

"That's so," from Rick.

The day the Guild left Niagara, uncle Nat made this statement:

"We are going toward Colorado as fast as we can go comfortably and profitably. There are several places I want to touch



THE UNVEILED STATUE.

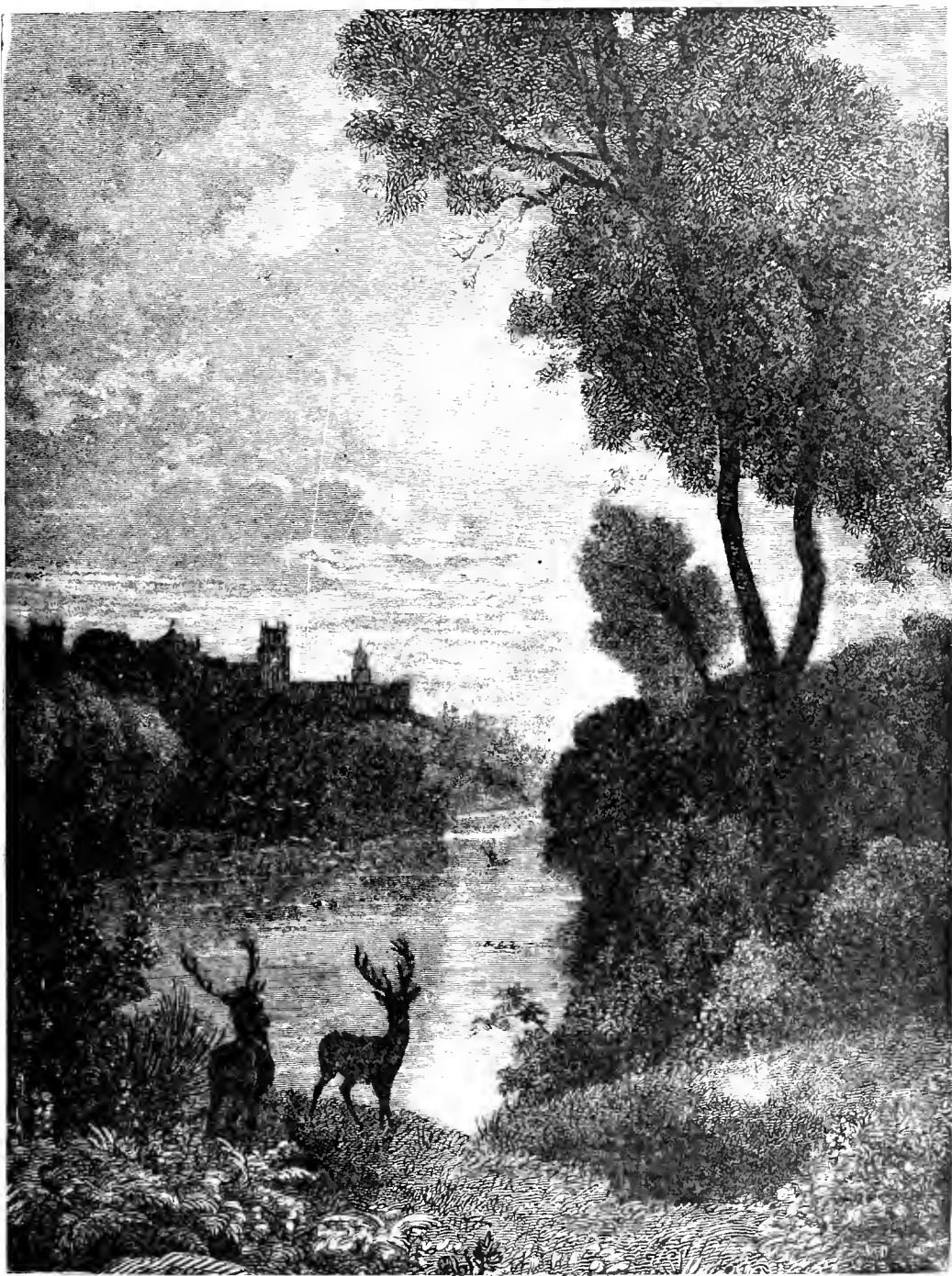
at between here and Chicago. I am going down to Erie, and I want to touch at Detroit. My idea is to see something of the Great Lakes, as we call them. It is always pleasant to see lake scenery in daylight or moonlight, but my special plan is to get some idea of these Great Lakes that have been so identified with our past history, and that are so intimately connected with the future prosperity of our commerce. As a Guild, we will hunt up facts on these topics which we will divide among ourselves as follows: Rob may take anything about Lake Erie in the war of 1812; Ralph may tell about La Salle, the voyage in the West; Rick may take De Soto, another discoverer, and I will tell what I can about the physical and commercial features of the Great Lakes."

When the boys and their guide arrived at Erie, in Pennsylvania, they found a bustling lake city there. The waters came rolling in through Presque Isle Bay from Lake Erie, dashing against the docks, and looking "quite sealike," Ralph said. A fresh, lively wind was blowing, that rolled the vapors of the sky into threatening clouds, and sent the vessels with swollen sails dashing across the foam-tufted waters. Uncle Nat rubbed his hands at sight of the rolling waves and the swollen sails.

"Wish I had my *Antelope* here," he said to himself. "As I haven't the *Antelope*, but the Antelope Guild, I will do the next thing, and we will have a paper read."

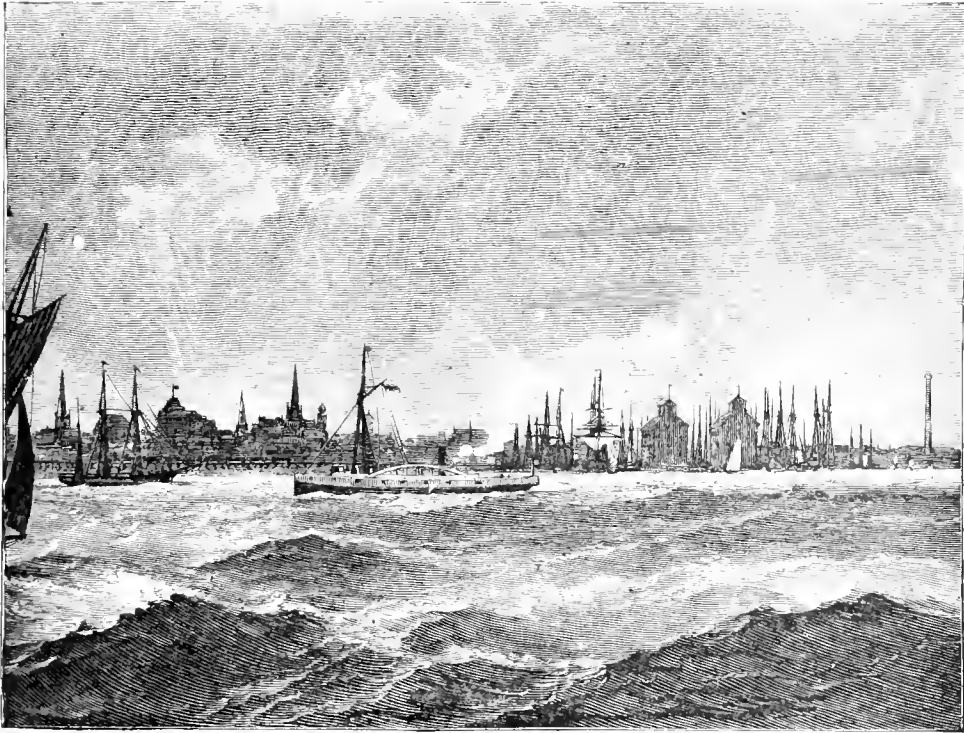
Rob was not ready with his essay, and uncle Nat took his place.

"I am to take various physical and commercial features of the Lakes, and we will begin where we are," said uncle Nat. "No, we will begin where we are not—at Lake Ontario—and begin with the beginning. That is the smallest of the Lakes, one hundred



MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

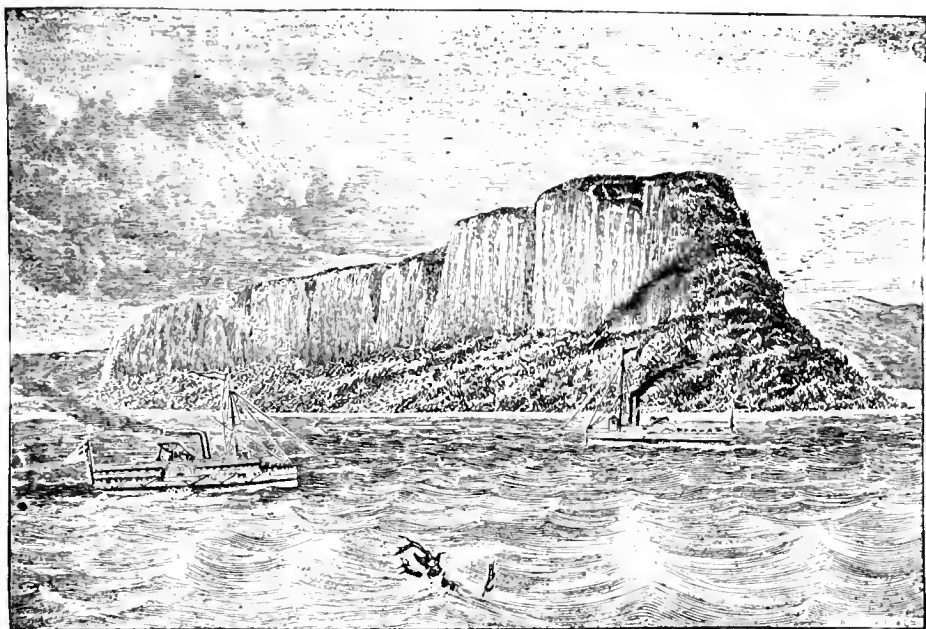
and eighty miles long, and fifty-five broad, and yet it has a depth of five hundred feet, and contains six thousand three hundred square miles. Then take this Lake, Erie. It is two hundred and forty miles long, and sixty broad, and has a surface of nine thousand, six hundred square miles. It is the shallowest of the Lakes, and yet it is over eighty feet deep on the average. Lake Huron comes



THE WATERS CAME ROLLING IN FROM THE LAKE.

next, only a little longer, but one hundred and sixty miles wide, and it has twenty thousand, four hundred square miles of surface. The waters are said to be as deep as Lake Superior's, and those are nine hundred feet, which is deep enough. Georgian Bay, the northeast portion of Huron, is smaller, and inside of Canada.

Lake Michigan has twenty-two thousand square miles of area, being one hundred miles broad, and three hundred and twenty long, and where it is deepest, has a depth of nine hundred feet. Lake Superior has thirty-two thousand miles of square surface. This is the King Lake—three hundred and fifty-five miles long, and



THUNDER CAPE, LAKE SUPERIOR.

one hundred and sixty wide. Its shores are rough and rocky. Thunder Cape, with its cliffs, shows one what rocks Lake Superior can pile up when it sets out. We have in the Lakes as a whole, such an immense surface of water, measuring over ninety thousand miles, it must have a great influence on nature and man. I know I have piled up a good many figures, but I want them to make an impression on you, that you may understand what a big thing it is that goes over Niagara. And yet

all the water does not go over Niagara, as we were told a little while ago. How much water must be evaporated! Take the amount of water evaporated by these Lakes, estimated at eleven trillion, eight hundred billion cubic feet per year," (uncle Nat almost ran aground trying to give those figures), "and it explains the difference in the volume of water going over Niagara and that entering the Lakes. All this must affect our climate, and it certainly has a great deal to do with our commerce. There is an immense trade by way of these Lakes. The amount of navigation is amazing. Lumber, coal, grain, fish—but there, I can't begin to give a fair idea of the quantity of goods shipped by the Lakes. Every year it is increasing. Rob is going to tell us about the battle of Lake Erie, and I want you to know the history of your country, that you may understand its mistakes and right movements in the past, and its perils and hopes in the future. The wars, though, I want you to be most interested in, are those fought in nature, where we war with water, or rock, or winds, and beat them, and make them serve us. The sooner that other wars come to an end, the better."

Rob's paper on the battle of Lake Erie was as follows: "In 1812, war broke out between the United States and Great Britain, on account of injuries to our commerce growing out of war with the French nation, and because English war ships impressed American seamen. It was a war to which there was bitter opposition among the States. In New England there was intense feeling against the war, and the opposition had a famous convention at Hartford, Conn. There were those who threatened to drop out of the Union if the war was not dropped. However, in the course of the trouble, our Canadian frontier was of course very much exposed. Rick has told us about the trouble

near Niagara. To this place, Erie, came young Oliver Perry, of Rhode Island, to take command of a fleet for service on Lake Erie. The name of Presque Isle was then given to a mean little village here, and on one side was a lake that could not have been very extensively navigated, and on the other a country thinly peopled, if not an empty wilderness. Perry at last prepared a little fleet for service, but what could he do without men? Perry said of the enemy's vessels on the lake, 'I long to be at him;' but his force of men was too scanty to be hopeful. Perry at last resolved to go as he was, having only about three hundred men and officers that were effective. With these he was trying to man two twenty-gun brigs and eight smaller vessels. The saucy little fleet sailed out of harbor, and glad enough was Perry eventually to receive a reinforcement of about a hundred men with which to prepare for the British. The day of battle came in September. Perry's signal for action was to be the hoisting of a blue flag that bore as motto the last words of a dying naval hero of America, 'Don't give up the ship.' The morning of the tenth of September, 1813, Perry brought out the battle flag before his officers and crew, the enemy being in sight. 'My brave lads!' he said, 'this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?' 'Ay, ay, sir!' was the response, and amid cheers up went the flag to the main royal masthead of the flag ship, the *Lawrence*. The enemy had six vessels, and Perry had nine in his fleet, but a smaller number of guns, and one vessel was not in action. The men aboard these fleets were about equal in number, but about a quarter of Perry's men were sick. One-fourth of his force, let it be remembered, was colored. Give them praise! Perry did one specially daring thing. It was necessary that he should go from one vessel to another, and this he did, standing erect in a boat,



ON THEIR WAY TO A COAL-VEIN.

his pennant and banner half-folded about him. The enemy sent a shower of balls that way, and the oars were splintered, but not the leader. Perry captured the entire British fleet. He sent off a despatch to General Harrison, telling of the victory. This he wrote in pencil on the back of an old letter, using his navy cap as a writing desk. The first part has been popular for quotation:

We have met the enemy, and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. Yours with great respect and esteem,

O. H. PERRY.

Perry was about twenty-eight when he put that feather in his cap."

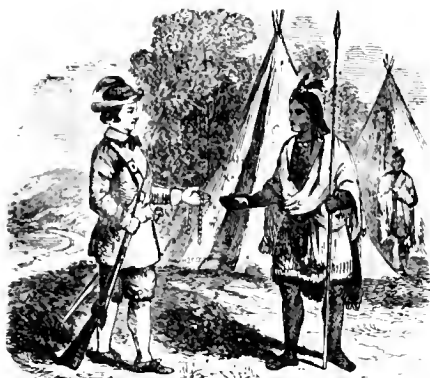
"I have heard one beautiful fact about Perry," added uncle Nat; "that after the battle, he remarked to a friend the first thing on returning to the ship he had left in the fight, 'the prayers of my wife have prevailed in saving me.'"

As the cars took away from Erie the enterprising Guild that had visited it, uncle Nat said: "Of course you know, boys, that we are in a great coal State. We are interested in the Appalachian mountain system. There is the Appalachian coal field, covering about sixty thousand square miles, including parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, going into Tennessee, Eastern Kentucky, and Alabama also. We have a big coal field covering another sixty thousand miles, that stretches into Illinois, Missouri, and other States in that neighborhood. I know of farms in Iowa that are valuable for the crops above, and the coal below. It is the soft coal they dig there. It is an interesting process to my mind how forests wither, leaves and branches fall, and some day they will turn up again as coal."

"Yes," said Rob, looking out of the window and chancing to see a leaf whirling down from a tree, "there is something on its way to a coal vein."

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY DAYS.



EARLY DAYS.

WHEN they reached Detroit, uncle Nat said to the boys :

“We are going to stop here a day, and some time while in the city, we will hear about La Salle, if the secretary is ready.”

Ralph said he was ready.

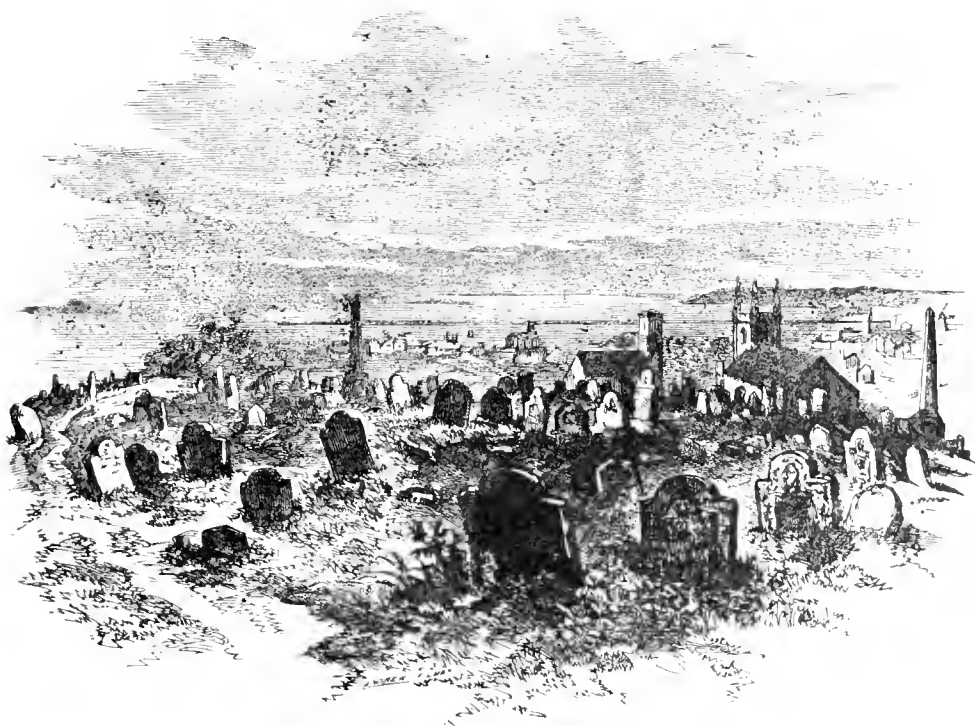
“It is not only well to know about the people here now, but those who first came here. A place I

love to visit, and that ought to be dear to every New Englander especially, is old Burial Hill, at Plymouth, Mass. You look away off upon the sea from that hill, and then as you turn and look at the stones, you look far back into the past history of this country. Settled by the Pilgrims in 1620, Plymouth abounds in interesting associations. Go into Pilgrim Hall and you will see relics telling of those days, the sword of Standish, the Pilgrim captain, among them. From the East we will turn West, and track an early visitor here, especially as his boat moved over the waters of one of these great lakes we are interested in.”

Ralph began :

“Robert Cavalier de la Salle was a Frenchman, born at Rouen,

France, in November, 1643. He came to this country when he was about twenty-four years old, his only companions being 'poverty and a boundless spirit of enterprise.' Bancroft says: 'After various experiences, he obtained from France the grant of Fort Frontenac, provided he maintained the fortress.' This is now Kingston, on Lake Ontario, at its outlet. La Salle greatly prospered there in the wilderness, but when stories reached him of wonderful discoveries farther west, he was ambitious to go there and secure what advan-

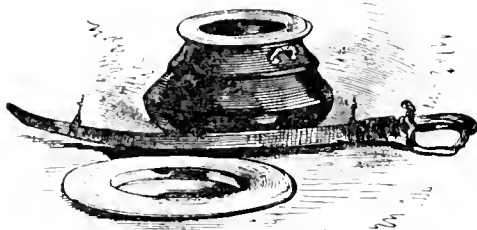


BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH, MASS.

tages he could for France. It was La Salle who first launched a wooden vessel on the upper Niagara River. Of course, there had been many bark ones. In this vessel, of sixty tons, named the *Griffin*, he crossed Lake Erie and came into this river off Detroit.

When we looked at it to-day, I imagined how the *Griffin* may have appeared sailing along in the style of those days, passing through Detroit River, through Lake St. Clair, which La Salle named,

Nyles Standish



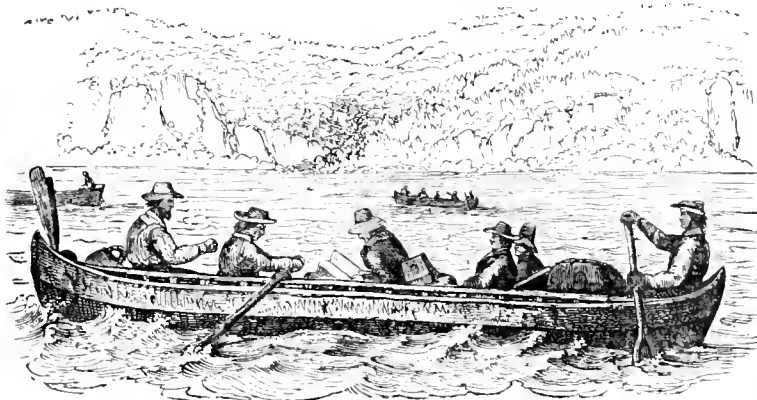
KETTLE, SWORD AND FISH IN PILGRIM HALL.

finally crossing Lake Huron. The *Griffin* was sent home with a cargo of furs, but La Salle and his companions, in bark canoes, pushed to the head of Lake Michigan. It must have been very different then from now. Only forsaken waters, then, save where some Indian paddled his canoe of birch bark across the glassy waters, and only Indian wigwams on any shore! La Salle made

his headquarters at the mouth of the St. Joseph's River, but he did not stay there. He eventually explored south of his fort and began to build a fort on the Illinois River. He had a very rough time. The *Griffin*, he had reason to believe, was wrecked. His men were discouraged. There La Salle was, fifteen hundred miles from the nearest French settlement, shut up among savages. He gave his fort a touching name, Fort Crevecoeur, which means Fort Heart-sore, or Heart-break. La Salle and three men set out for Fort Frontenac, to walk all that rough, weary way, their only food what powder and shot might bring them.

"La Salle secured help and returned to build a vessel, in which he embarked on the Mississippi in 1682. It was he that near the Gulf of Mexico claimed the country for France, calling it Louisiana. What proud dreams for the glory of France, La Salle must have cherished, especially when he went to Paris, and there in his

native land gathered a colony for far-off Louisiana! One disaster after another befell this band. They did not find the Mississippi, but went to the Bay of Matagorda beyond. A storeship was wrecked. La Salle hunted for the Mississippi, but could not find it. His hopes for the colony were not realized. A little bark they had, was wrecked. He determined to go on foot to Canada, if possible, and there get help, and set off with sixteen men, tramping in shoes made of green buffalo hides. They pushed north, starting in January, 1687. In March, two of La Salle's men murdered a third,



LA SALLE'S CANOES ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

with whom they had a quarrel, and when La Salle went out to search for the missing man, and chanced to meet his murderers, one of these shot La Salle as he waited to get an answer to his inquiries about the missing man. La Salle fell dead.

“Had he lived, his great will and his ability to plan and execute, might have made a French colony a success. It is said that his manner aroused enmity among his followers in the South, and this may have been true; but I should say it turned out that in some there was a good deal that was bad to be aroused.”

The boys were deeply interested in the early history of Detroit.

Uncle Nat found for them an account of the siege of the place by that famous Indian chief, Pontiac.



RICK IN DEER SKIN
BREECHES.

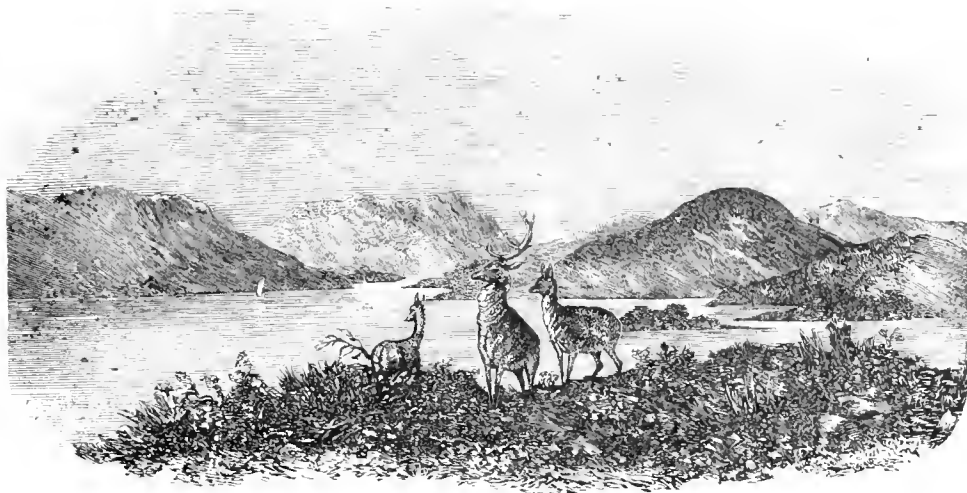
"It is Indian. Indian. Indian," said Ralph. "I almost feel as if I were one, living in a wigwam, starting a fire in the Indian fashion, living on game shot by an Indian bow and arrows."

"And I feel," said Rick, "as if I had gone into deerskin breeches and might take my gun or bow, any time, for a hunt."

But Rob asserted that his thoughts were on another subject.

"I am thinking of those who were inhabitants here before the Indians. They are the four-legged people, and not the two, and go in thick skins, but they are skins of their own.

If I had a gun, and could have a crack at some of those aborigines!"



ROB'S ABORIGINES.

CHAPTER IX.

BIG CITY AND BIG LAKE.

AT Chicago, uncle Nat made a three days' stop, and these were packed days. The quick movement of the city's life seemed to be communicated to the Guild, and their sight-seeing was a constant "*drive, DRIVE.*"

"There, boys," said uncle Nat, the evening of the third day, "it is time that we pulled up and rested. We will have a quiet time this evening, and if Rick has possibly had time to tell us about Chicago, we will hear the paper that he was to give us."

Rick's eyes snapped. He said he "felt full of steam," and he would like to read what he had been writing down when he had had a chance the past few days:

"Chicago is a big city. That is my honest opinion. Just think of this place! A Fort Dearborn was built here in 1804. The

Indians killed its soldiers at one time. Chicago was really settled in 1831. In 1833, August, it had twenty-eight voters. Now it has over half a million people. Everything is on a big scale. One thing is the way it gets its water. There are two tunnels, one being five feet in diameter and the other ten, and these run



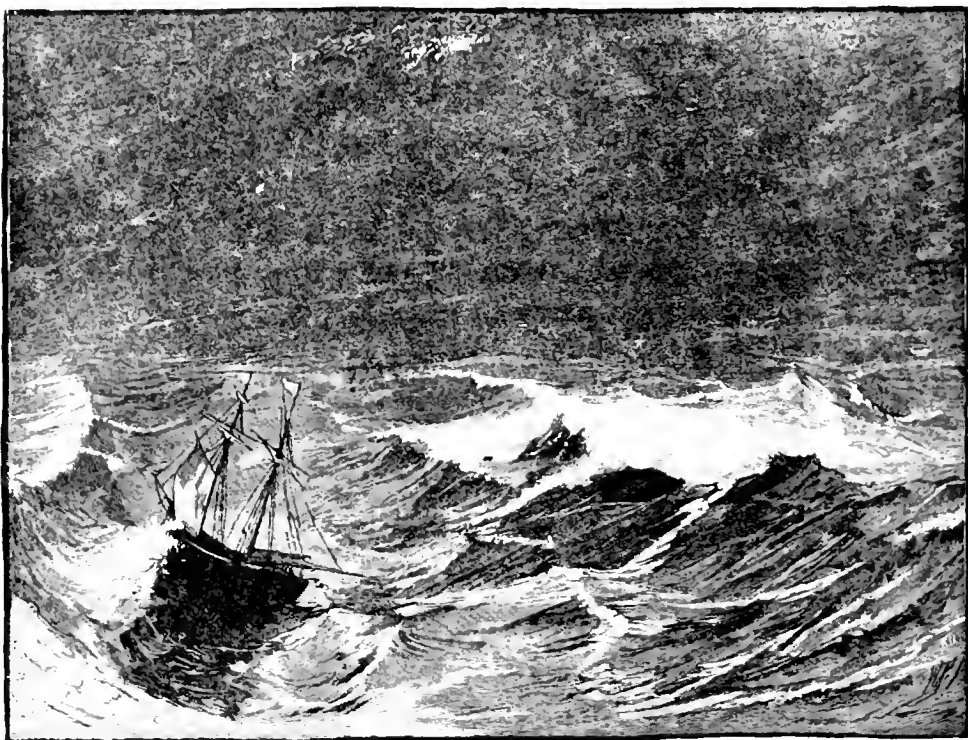
A LAKE IN PICNIC WEATHER.

out into the lake, where, two miles out, a "crib" was built of iron and wood, and in the centre is an iron cylinder that was sunk sixty-four feet. There are engines for pumping, and the water can be pumped to the tune of eighty million gallons in a day. Chicago has a big grain trade. There are grain elevators, and these are big buildings where the grain can be lifted out of vessels and cars, stored according to grades, then poured out again into other vessels and cars. They sell a good deal of lumber, and they pack a good many hogs here; a lot of beef too. A man told me he knew over two million of hogs were packed one year, and I don't dare say how many will go off this year. Chicago has stock-yards, and the Guild had the pleasure of seeing a big

train of cattle that arrived in cars and were then marched into pens (the cattle also had the honor of seeing the Guild). Chicago has artesian wells. We found an artesian well about seven hundred feet deep. Good water we saw on its way to the thirsty cattle. It had not travelled as far as the cattle, but had come quite a distance. Chicago has very handsome business quarters, nice churches and parks. They say you can go from park to park in one long drive over the avenues that connect them, and ride thirty-five miles in this way. Uncle Nat, I know, wants me to say something about the shipping, for Chicago is on Lake Michigan. It is oftentimes hard to get a good harbor at the mouths of the lake-rivers, because the sand piles up there. Artificial harbors have been made in many places, piers being run out into the lake from the mouth of a river. At Chicago, long piers were built. They say the sand does not gather in such quantities where the piers have been built. The shipping of Chicago is immense, and Chicago River is a great help to it by its docks and ships. The river is connected with the Illinois and Michigan canal that runs into the Illinois River and that flows into the Mississippi. Everything is very big in Chicago, even its great fire in 1871, that burned out of doors about a hundred thousand people and burned up two hundred million dollars' worth of property. One must almost fear to hear a fire alarm here, lest it turn out the biggest thing of the kind yet in all America."

Uncle Nat said, "I want you to try to realize, boys, what a great headquarters for navigation Chicago has already become. I was here in 1875, and that year ten thousand four hundred and eighty-eight vessels arrived, and ten thousand six hundred and seven vessels cleared. The shipping of the city will increase rapidly. Think what a vast country the Lakes lead to, and this

lake, Michigan, and the others also, will be bordered with a vast population. Look out then for a multitude of steam and sailing vessels! The importance of lake navigation is proved by the United States Life Saving Service. The last report I saw, was for 1881. That gave one hundred and forty-nine stations on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and on the Lakes thirty-four. Lake Michigan alone had



A LAKE IN STORMY WEATHER.

sixteen stations. This shows how much shipping there is to meet the rough weather on the Lakes."

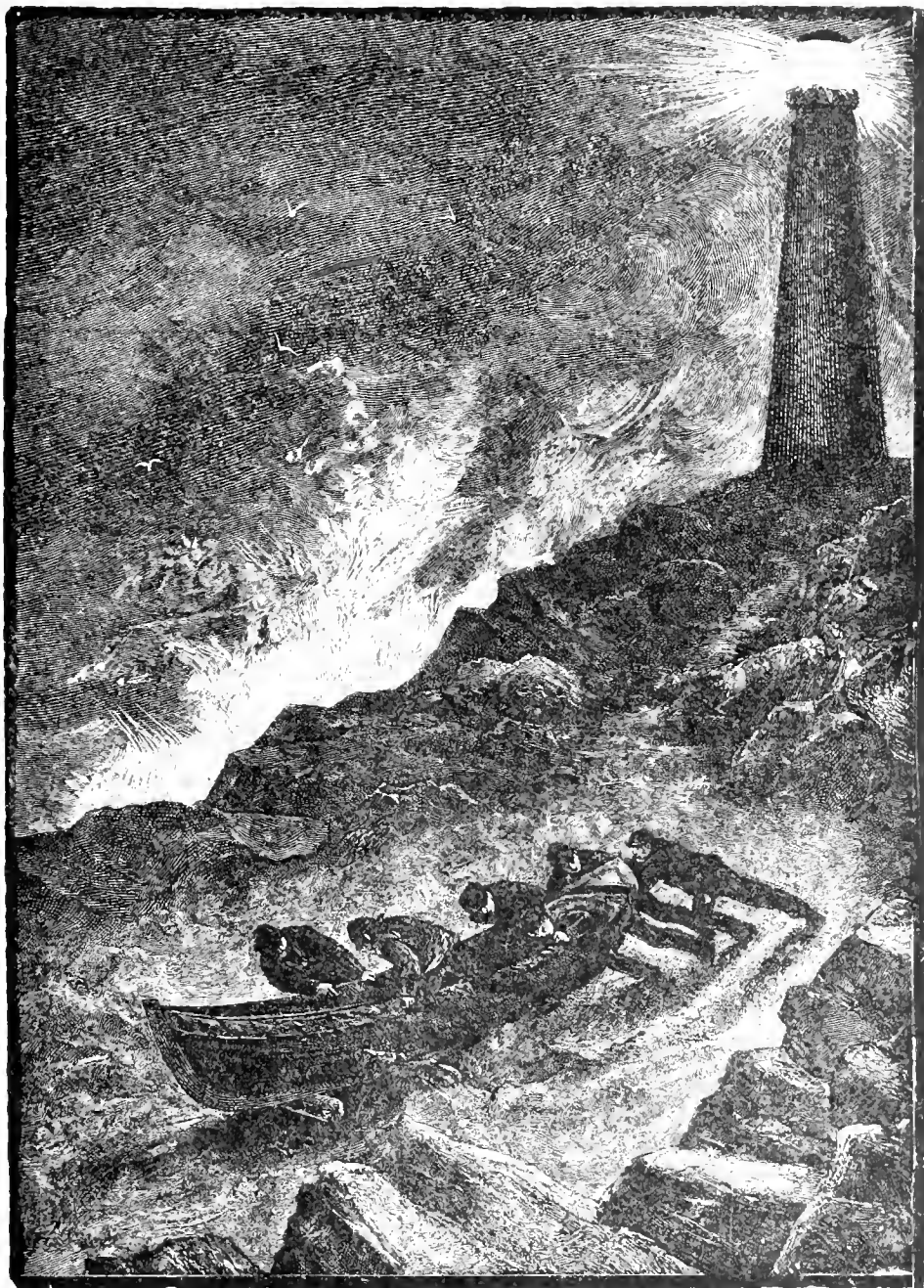
Uncle Nat might have added that of two hundred and fifty disasters reported by the Service, ninety-four were on the Lakes. Because a lake is not an ocean, it need not be supposed that its

waves are ripples and its storms only puffs of wind. Lake-gales are sometimes terrible battles of gust and billow. In winter, if we take Lake Michigan, we find that its great depth forbids extensive freezing, but the ice gathers in large quantities in the shoal water along the shore, and the wind forces it into the mouths of the rivers. It is a kind of cramming not at all agreeable to mariners who are driven on these cold, rugged masses. How hard it may be also for the brave crew at a Life Saving Station, we will show by this disaster on Lake Huron:

The twentieth of November, 1880, across Thunder Bay, in the State of Michigan, a terrible gale was blowing as the dark came on. The mercury stood only ten degrees above zero. The ice was piled up in hard, cruel banks, seven to ten feet high, while the loose, soft ice reached out from the shore ten to fifty rods. The beach in the neighborhood of a station is traversed by a man called the patrol. He goes to the limits of his beat, and there meets the patrolman from the next station, if there be one, and the two exchange "patrol checks." The latter "bear the several crew numbers and station designations of the respective patrolmen," and are interchanged by them, "thus furnishing to the keeper of each station a record of the patrol meetings." The patrolman has a red Coston signal which he fires, should he notice any intimation of a vessel in distress, and he then warns the crew at the station.

That night of the twentieth of November, at ten o'clock, the crew of the Life Saving Station, No. Six, on Thunder Bay Island, Tenth District, heard in their cots a shrill whistle of distress, routing them at once, and at the same time the patrolman rushed into the station, crying that a tug was ashore about fifty yards away. Every station has its life-saving apparatus, a boat among them, but it was impossible to launch the life-boat over the rough

accumulations of ice on Thunder Bay Island. Keeper Persons had a skiff, though, half a mile away, and this was pulled over the ice and driftwood, launched, and the tug was reached. What a sight it was, the *Aimée*, of Alpena, Michigan! The water dashing against and across it had quickly congealed, casing it with ice. The pilot house was so ice-covered that it was necessary to hew a way into this glistening, arctic prison, and extricate the captain. He had been patiently sitting in this cold, terrible dungeon, and was almost frozen to death. He was rescued, taken ashore, and made comfortable, and the tug was finally anchored off the station. About four in the morning, a new chapter of disasters began. How the wind blew! as if it were the shout of ten thousand demons. And the cold, how stinging and pitiless it was! The tug, to escape a crash on that icy shore, was steaming off, when the captain found that the rudder had been torn away. As daylight whitened the sky and revealed the wild, wrathful surface of the lake, the angry swoop of its billows, the ice walls along the shore, there was the tug drifting helplessly away out into a sea of death. On board were the captain, engineer, and a surfman from the station, who had gone to the tug with them. How the life savers fought to reach the tug! And hark! The tug whistle is screaming for help. And look! The imprisoned men are making piteous signals for aid. It is now a desperate battle that is waged with ice and flood, wood and surf, by the station men, and at last the boat reaches the tug, and the men are rescued. In the breakers, a vicious wave crashes against the boat, it is capsized in about four feet of water, and as it is whirled over, it shuts down like a death cap on the captain of the tug, and two of the station men. It is a horrible incarceration in that freezing, whirling surf. Two of the brave surfmen seize and right the frantic boat



LAUNCHING A BOAT.

that knocks one of them over in return, and somehow, pushing, lifting, dragging one another, they scale the horrid ice-banks. One of the surfmen from the station was so long exposed and so battered in the breakers, that in his weak, frozen condition, he would have been drowned had it not been for timely help. With clothes stiff and icy, so that the men looked like big, walking icicles, they reached the station, glad to get into warm, dry clothes, and glad also to get something warm into them. Such is sometimes the terrible winter exposure of our hardy mariners and their brave saviors on the Lakes. One case has been reported of a disaster in connection with an early morning rescue on Lake Huron. A boat was upset. It came ashore with a single survivor, the keeper of the life-saving station. The six men in the boat's crew were buoyed up by their life belts, but they were chilled to death by the arctic water. What a spectacle, those six drifting corpses! Sometimes the boat cannot be used in rescuing the crew of a wrecked vessel. They must then be reached, if reached at all, in some other way. To the wreck, there goes whizzing a shot carrying a line not heavy, but strong. By means of this, the castaways haul on board a larger line "doubled through a single pulley block," and the line is attached to the wreck. This gives an endless line going through the block on the wreck, and another on shore, and by this, the sailors pull out a stouter and yet single line to be made fast above the other. Along the single line, by means of the endless line labeled "a whip," a life-car may be run to the wreck. A breeches-buoy may be used instead, and the rescued get into it, one by one, as into a pair of breeches, and are carried ashore. The life-car holds several persons at a time—three or four—who enter it by a small man-hole, are shut in, and so go ashore in safety, even if the surf may try to spill them out.

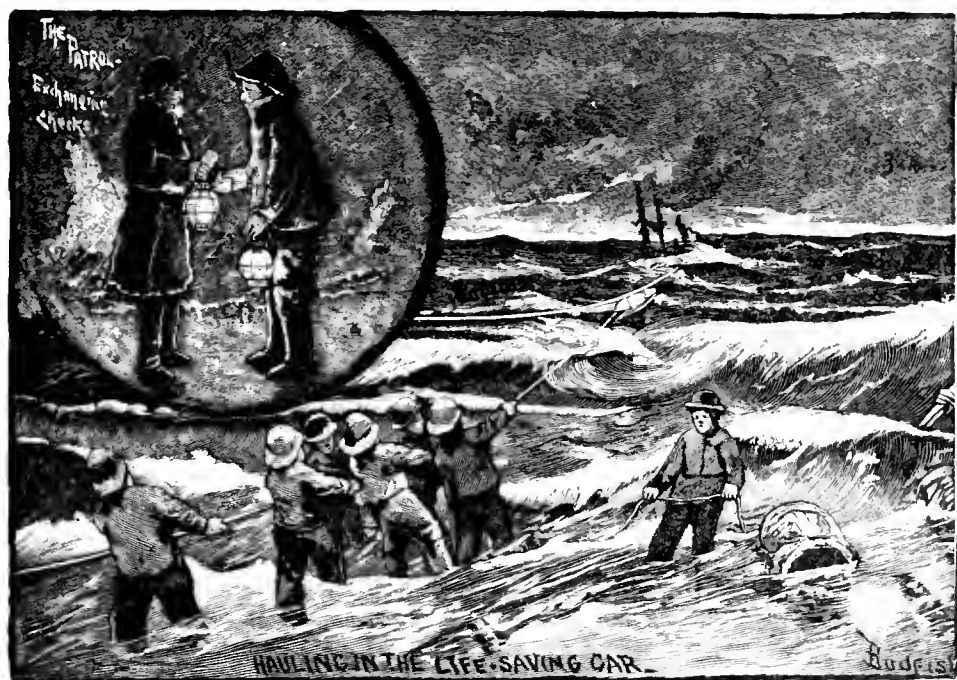
For rescuing the young, the old, and the weak, it is very helpful.

October 16, 1880, the schooner *J. H. Hartzell* was wrecked about a mile from the harbor of Frankfort, Lake Michigan. The wind and sea were furious, the weather having suddenly changed, and the vessel waiting only for daylight to slip into harbor, and anticipating no trouble, was caught in the jaws of a tempest that developed a violence in an hour sufficient to send her on to a sandy bar. The captain slipped her anchors after she had struck, and she turned about, or as seamen would say, "swung around, bow to the shore." She was in an awful, driving, raging, mad whirl of waters. The breakers thundering upon her, began—true to their name—to break into and destroy her. She commenced to founder, and the crew went for refuge up into the rigging. Some one on shore chanced to pierce the veil of slanting, driving rain with which the storm was trying to hide that angry, destroying sea and the victims of its wrath. The alarm was given in the village of South Frankfort. People began to gather. A fire was built. Against the light ground of a bluff fronting the sea, pieces of driftwood were laid, and in big, black characters, these words were framed, —

LIFE BOAT COMING!

Signals from the wreck showed that this ingenious message had been read and welcomed. Ten miles away was a life-saving station, and Keeper Matthews was notified as soon as possible. He ordered out the mortar cart. A horse was attached, and away went the cart, containing a Lyle gun, breeches-buoy, lawser, hauling lines, and other beach apparatus. It was a long, tiresome journey through the woods, up steep sand hills, amid a wild storm that seemed

more like a hurricane. Help appearing on the way to the shore, a team went back to the station for the life-car, and the mortar cart was forced ahead through the forest, where willing hands hewed down the trees in the way, and reached the top of a bluff almost three hundred feet above the sea. What a scene it was that the



band of rescuers looked upon—the turmoil of the autumn storm, the sea broken everywhere into frothing mouths, and that wreck in the midst of the maelstrom! What must have been the feelings of those on the shattered, trembling, groaning, half-submerged vessel? A few feet above the water, in the lower rigging, was the captain, to whom snow and rain had given a chilling wintry coat. Forty feet higher up, in the cross-trees, were the forms of six seamen, crouching there before the storm howling so violently that

one could speak to his neighbor only by shouting through a trumpet formed with the hands and held up to that neighbor's ear. With her head on the knees of a sailor who shielded her face from the storm, her lower limbs hanging through the opening in the deck of the cross-trees and wrapped in a fold of canvas cut by a seaman out of the gaff-topsail above, lay a woman, the cook, sick, chilled, benumbed, at first delirious and then insensible. She was dying. What a position, up in those cross-trees, the mast swaying with the swaying wreck, and threatening to plunge down into that foaming gulf, yawning every second to receive its coveted prey! Keeper Matthews saw two hundred and fifty feet down the sandy bluff, a shelf ten or twelve feet wide. He determined to lower the cart there, and after almost incredible efforts by the station crew, and the people helping them, the purpose was successful. There on the broad, sandy shelf, the surf roaring and shattering into foam below, gathered the rescuers of the poor souls in the rigging of the wreck. The gun was aimed and fired, the shot carrying a line to the captain, but it could not be successfully handled. The second shot carried a line directly across the fore-rigging, where the men in the cross-trees seized it. The wind above, the sea below, the storm everywhere, interposed obstacles that the work of three hours alone could offset, and then the breeches-buoy was run out to the wreck. A man was seen to get into the buoy, and was hauled ashore after a difficult passage of seventeen minutes. It was the first mate who came, with eyes staring and with stiffened jaws. "Save the others," was his first appeal when revived. The life-car was substituted for the buoy, and this went to the wreck. Two men were lowered from the cross-trees by ropes around their bodies, and went into the car. A third man was lowered in that way, who fastened the

door, and then up to the cross-trees his companions pulled him. The car reached the shore, and the men within were released. But where was the woman? The car again went to the wreck slowly overcoming the opposing obstacles. Wind and rain, snow and hail, now and then swept over the wild waters. It was now afternoon, the day wasting away. The second mate and captain next entered the life-car and were drawn ashore. But where was the woman? Why was not that chilled, silent sufferer sent where medicines, fire and clothing would bring some measure of comfort if they could not renew life's lease? The crowd on the shore was indignant. The car again started on its journey amid a fast deepening twilight. At the stroke of the first breaker, the car was upset, but it moved on to the wreck. The gloom of the autumn night was thickening around the mast-head, and the keeper's glasses could only make out dim, misty objects shifting their places; and were they sailors about to lower that poor, imperiled woman? A long time for preparation was allowed the sailors, and when the keeper gave the signal to haul, the car was shrouded in the night. The line of brave helpers on the shore pulled vigorously on the rope, and through the shadows the life-car moved rapidly. It struck the beach and the surf rushed, and eddied, and frothed about it as if reluctant to yield the prize snatched from the sea.

"Now, boys," shouted the keeper, "jump down and roll that car over and get that woman out as soon as you can."

The car was quickly dragged out of the surf, righted, and the hatch removed. Two sailors came out of the man-hole. Where was the woman? The crowd was angry at the delay.

"Why didn't you bring that woman?" demanded the keeper.

"The woman is dead!" was the answer.

Dead, and in that awful isolation of the storm! Confined there in the cross-trees, the mast reeling amid the blows of the tempest, the body remained without a watcher during the night, but in the morning it was gone! The mast had fallen, and the sea claimed its own.

Uncle Nat gave the above story in his own words, adding, "A service that puts forth such splendid efforts to rescue life, deserves to be gratefully remembered. In ten years, from 1871 to 1881, the number of persons rescued from vessels was eleven thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and the property saved was worth about fifteen millions of dollars. Some not on board of vessels have been rescued. The energetic gentleman at its head, Honorable Sumner I. Kimball, is determined to make the service as efficient as possible. This cause, in behalf of the sailor, is a great one, and good people ought to give it their sympathy and prayer."

"And lend a hand at pulling on the rope," said Rob Merry, "to bring the life-car ashore."

"People that pray will do that. We have over ten thousand miles of coast-line in this country, and there are many bad places on our oceans and lakes."

The Guild took a walk to the lake and looked off upon its wide, mist-fringed waters. The sun had gone down in peace. Across the purple folds of curtain-like cloud, went loops of crimson and gold. The waters were at rest. And yet what a sullen gateway of storm those clouds might become, and the placid lake roll up its heavy billows and send them landward, thundering and battering!



CHAPTER X.

THE TRACK-LAYERS.

CHICAGO was left behind the next day, and the Guild went rapidly westward in the rumbling cars.

“Look at that, Rick!” said Rob Merry. “Quick!” Rick’s eyes were always open, or else could be opened at very short notice. Ahead, was a row of men busy in laying a side track. Some were carrying the heavy rails. One man was swinging a ponderous hammer and driving spikes into the sleepers, while a neighbor was measuring accurately the distance between rail and rail. Uncle Nat also looked out of the window, but the view was momentary, and the track-layers soon were hidden. Still uncle Nat continued to look out of the window, absorbed in the gaze, as if out of the earth, some of those fabulous creatures, the gnomes, had quickly sprung, bringing rails, and hammers, and spikes, and swinging their hammers with their grimy hands, had nimbly gone to work, track-laying.

“What do you see?” asked Ralph.

“Track-layers,” responded uncle Nat dreamily.

“Where?”

“Oh,” said uncle Nat, “I was thinking of those who laid

tracks years ago—the early explorers of our country. Some of them died like La Salle, in apparent ill-success, and yet the people following found that after all the old explorers had laid some kind of a track for them. Ponce de Leon, Ferdinand de Soto, and

Marquette were track-layers. So was La Salle, that we heard about the other day.”

“Ponce de Leon,” said Rob, “was the man who thought that somewhere was the Fountain of Youth. Drink of its waters and you would live forever.”

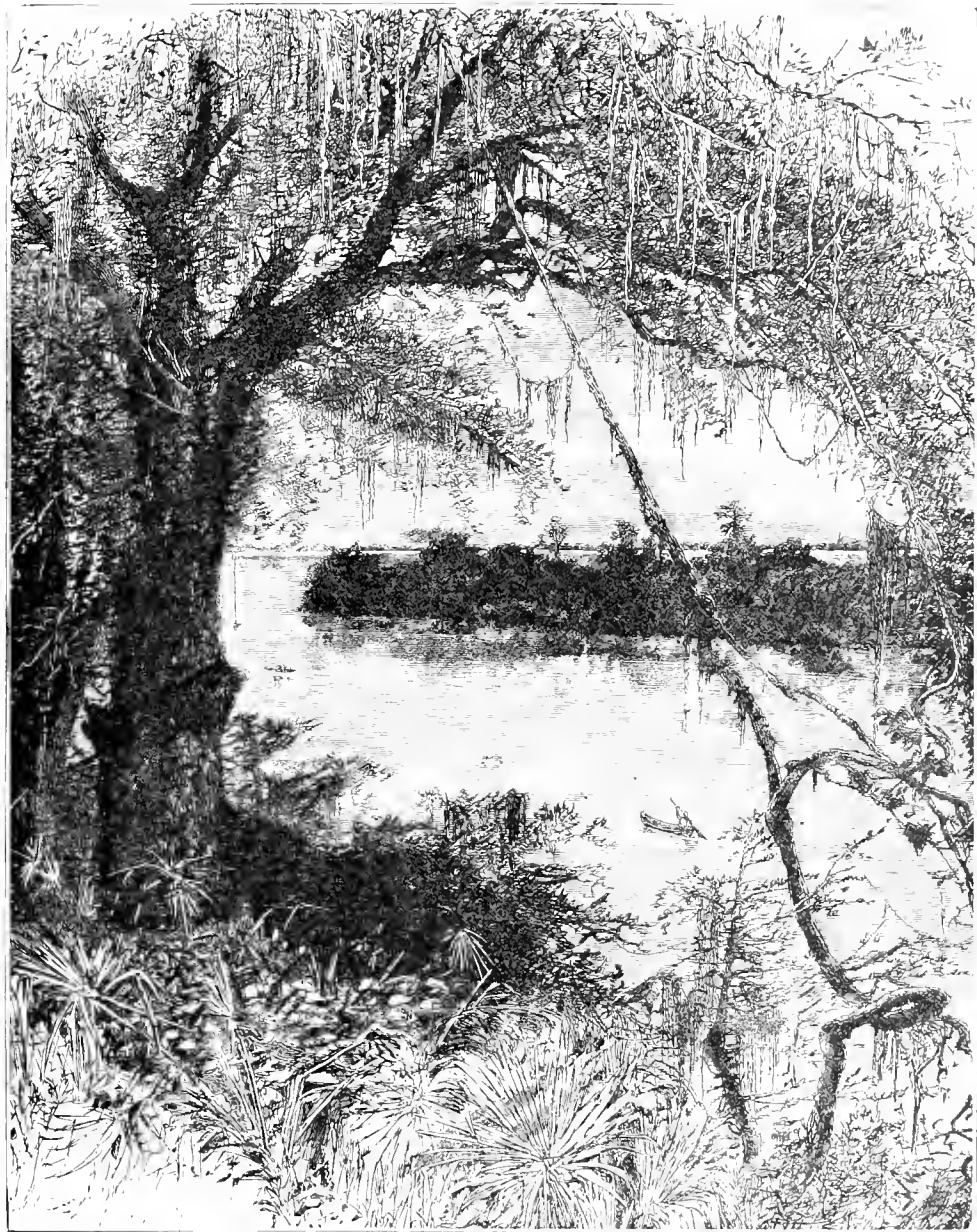
“Yes,” said uncle Nat, “and it must have been a touching sight to see Ponce de Leon, no longer a young man, sailing away with his three ships, on the hunt for eternal youth.”

It was a “touching sight” indeed. Juan Ponce de Leon had such faith in his project that, at his own expense, he fitted out three ships, sailing from Porto Rico. And when he reached a



LOOKING WESTWARD.

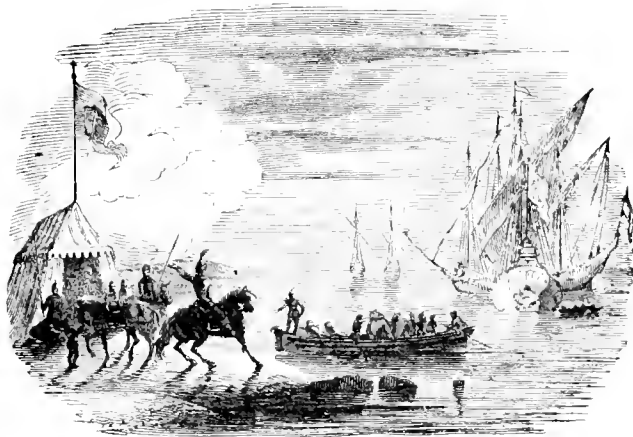
land of flowers, which he called Florida, commemorating Easter Sunday the day it was discovered, and a day called by the Spaniards Pascua Florida, and remembering also the flowers growing there, it may have seemed as if the fount of youth were in this land. But though there were fair waters amid luxuriant for-



FAIR WATERS AMID LUXURIANT FORESTS.

ests thus richly nourished, no fount of youth could be found. The discoverer of the country left Florida only to return and attempt its colonization. The Indians attacked the company of Ponce de Leon, and among the slain was the veteran leader. His fount of eternal youth was a fable, but the story of his romantic search will live. A good deed will survive our stay on the earth, and show that its doer found some waters from which he drank strength and won for his good doing a lasting memory.

Ferdinand de Soto's dreams were less romantic and benevolent than Ponce de Leon's. De Soto had fought in Peru by the side of the bloody Pizarro, and took to Spain some of the golden spoils. It was thought that farther north, hid away in the heart of the continent, were cities and temples as worthy of plunder as those south. De Soto went out to explore and conquer a vast, wealthy, indefinite land titled Florida. How eager people were to go! Houses were sold that their owners might raise money equal to the cost of an equipment for this quixotic expedition. Candidates for glory were so numerous that De Soto made a selection from them, and with this picked force, sailed jubilantly away. It was noticeable when they disembarked in Florida and began their venturous march, they took blood-hounds and chains for captives with which to make a peace-movement against the na-



DE SOTO LANDING IN FLORIDA.

tives! And yet apparently, viewed on one side, it was a very religious retinue. There were priests with shaven heads, crosses lifted and planted, and the swarthy spectators that peeped from the depths of the southern forests saw solemn processions winding along, and humble worshippers bowing on their knees for a blessing. In those scenes we do not discover any one bowing for a blessing

on bloodhounds and captives' chains. What wonder if the hunt for gold, the chase for power, ended in repeated disappointments! The Indians were inimical. Their guides misled the invaders. March, 1540, an Indian guide told them of a land governed by a woman, where gold abounded, and the art of melting and refining it was said to be understood there. "He must have seen it," said the Spaniards of the man who gave the process of ore-purifying so accurately, "or the Devil has been his teacher." The adventurers continued the chase for the goose that laid the



DE SOTO'S BAND WORSHIPPING.

golden eggs, but the goose proved to be a wild one that refused

to be caught. How far they travelled, hungry, tired, sick, fighting with the Indians, and then troubled by worse savages in their own hearts, their cupidity and cruelty! One Indian captive very frankly said he knew of no such country as that which they described. The governor, though, had such faith in this land of golden geese that he ordered the captive to be burnt for what was regarded as a lying tongue. In one place, the soldiers were willing to settle, the land was so fertile. If that had only been done! The refusal of the governor to settle was no more foolish than that of



FIRING DE SOTO'S CANNON.

men who quit to-day corn-raising on a farm and go to the Rockies to pick for gold. In the earlier part of the year 1541, the fire dragon with which they had destroyed the Indian captive, turned its hot, fatal breath toward them. The Spaniards were camping at night in a village of the Chickasaws, of whom they had made a comforting requisition for two hundred men to carry their loads. In the dead of night the Indians set fire to their own homes, and eleven Spaniards followed the burnt guide by a roadway of flame into the next world, or parted with life in some other violent form that horrid night. No fire, though, had reached the purpose of the leader of the Spaniards. He was resolved to find yet the golden land. If Mexico had only been reached, that land where Spanish conquerors had been so enriched! It did not reveal itself, though, to this band.

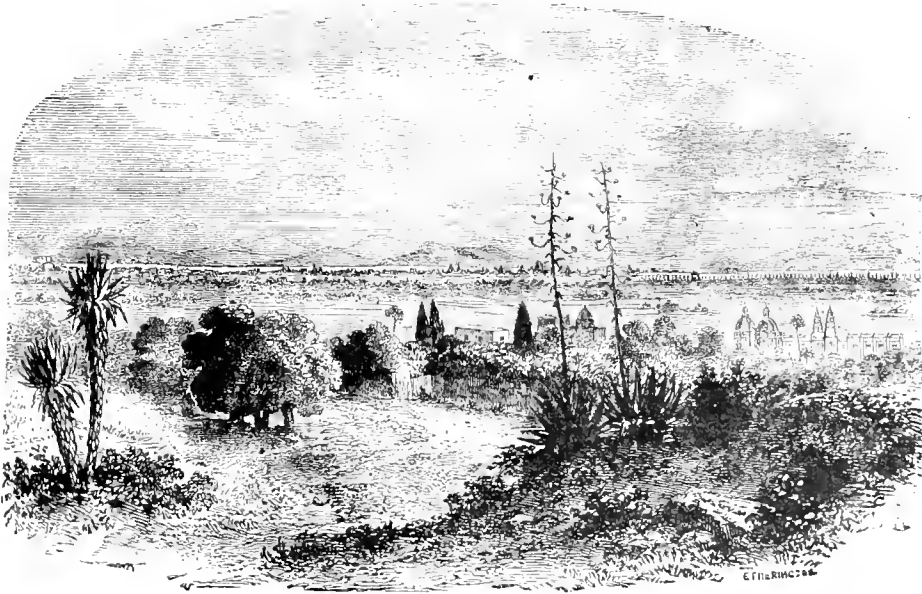
The Mississippi was reached and crossed. Two hundred canoes of savages, a gayly decorated retinue, came down the river to see the strangers. De Soto found no gold, only heartache and wear-



EARLY SETTLERS MEETING INDIANS.

ness. Another spring came and De Soto determined now to get to the sea by the Mississippi, but never got there. Men were sent to go down its banks and explore the country. Forests, matted cane-breaks, and bayous turned them back. De Soto was disappointed. His men were dying. The natives grew strong as he grew weak. He endeavored to bend to his will a tribe near the Mississippi, and he claimed to be of more than human birth. "You say you are the child of the sun," said the chief. "Dry up the river, and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit

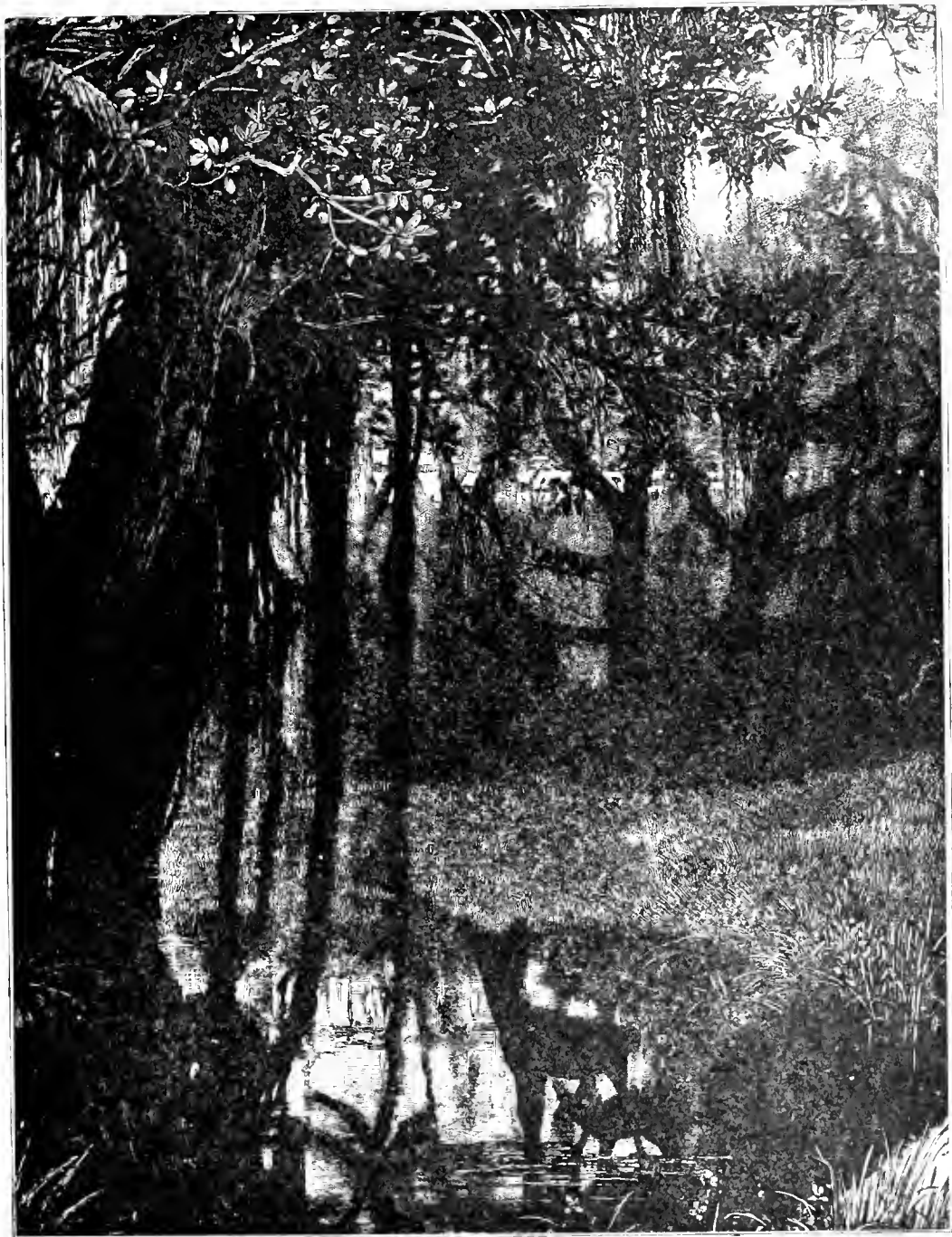
the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you with special good-will; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back." De Soto was in a position to be humbled. He became the victim of melancholy. Fever set in and fatally terminated. At the dead of night, his followers stole out with his body upon the shadowy surface of the Mississippi, and there, under the glossy lid of the waters which became his casket, all trace of De Soto was covered up from friend and foe. His followers going west, after various adventures resolved to return to the Mississippi and go down the stream to the sea. What a mountain-



A MEXICAN LANDSCAPE.

effort they made in the building of brigantines! They did a sensible thing. Erecting a forge, they knocked off the fetters of their slaves. Scraping up every bit of iron in camp, they made it over into nails. They used a hemp-like weed for calking. They

killed even their horses for food. Somehow, — anyhow, — seven pitiable brigantines, without decks, were launched and filled, and so De Soto's band floated out of a land that threatened to become a hopeless prison. Very different from De Soto's band in size, spirit, and methods, was the company that went in the next century, with Joliet of Quebec and Marquette, a missionary of the Roman Catholic Church. Their aim was to find the Mississippi, and follow it in the interests of France. Two canoes held this memorable band that, turning west sailed down the Wisconsin River. Such a silent land! They may have passed some forest, in whose shadowy depths the deer stood in the cool, hidden pools, or some prairie stretching away to the sky that met and girdled it with azure. In seven days the two canoes floated on new waters. "They entered happily the Great River," it is said of the voyagers, "with a joy that could not be expressed." About one hundred and eighty miles below the mouth of the Wisconsin, what was it they saw on the shore? Footprints? A beaten foot-path struck off into a prairie. Marquette and Joliet went off to hunt up the owners of the foot-path. They found villages; and how did they meet the dusky proprietors of these? Did they go back, rally any armed followers, and browbeat those they chanced to meet? "Commending themselves to God," says Bancroft, "they uttered a loud cry." The Indians heard the cry, and came out in peace. And what a poetic welcome the explorers received! An old chieftain met them at his door, and lifting his hands, exclaimed: "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us! Our whole village awaits thee. Thou shalt enter in peace into all our dwellings." It was a triumphant as well as a hospitable reception Joliet and Marquette received. When they went on, Marquette said: "I did not fear death. I



THE DEER STOOD IN THE COOL, HIDDEN POOLS.

should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God." At one point it seemed as if such death might be imminent. What a crowd of savages pushed off from the shore! They were in huge canoes made out of the trunks of hollow trees. Ugly clubs, sharp arrows, strong bows, and various interesting implements of war came with these whooping demons. At sight, though, of the peace-pipe lifted high, the old men were affected, and they restrained the younger warriors. They threw their bows and arrows into the canoes as a peace-sign, and welcomed the discoverers. The next day the Indians sent them an escort of ten men, who conducted them to the end of their voyage. Having found at least what the Mississippi did *not* do, that it did not go to the Gulf of California, nor to the ocean east of Florida, the explorers began the journey homeward. Joilet went to Quebec. Marquette stayed with his beloved Indians. His health failed him, but still he continued his work for souls. He was on a journey when the summons to go hence was given. He entered a little river in Michigan to die. There upon the ground, after his devotions and after an interview with his companions, he begged to be left alone. Returning near the water that carries his name, they found his soul was breaking away from the bonds that held it. The body was not buried deep in the river, concealed there, but high up on a lofty bank his grave was dug in the sand. Put side by side De Soto's ponderous heavily-armed columns and Marquette's humble forces. Contrast their methods, and in the light of the contrast, decide whether the power that tramples, or the love that persuades, is to be king.

Uncle Nat and the boys had much to say about the early explorers of America. And as the sea-captain spoke of the navi-

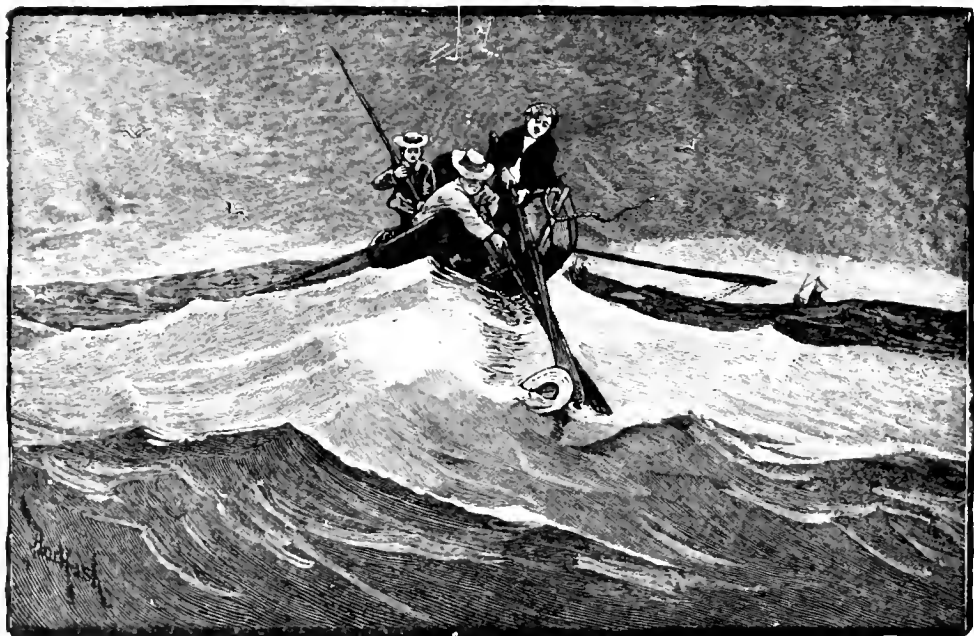
gation of river and ocean, his interest in his subject rapidly increased. Off from the reel of his sea stories, he let run yarn after yarn about wrecks, cyclones, voyages and ships.

"Sailors must stand some heavy blows," continued uncle Nat. "Men who are on the water learn something."

"And don't boys?" asked Rick.

"Boys!" replied uncle Nat, with his tone rather than with any word expressing dissent.

"Yes, uncle Nat, *boys*. I guess they find out something. Rick



THE UNFORTUNATE 'ZEKIEL'S HAT.

and the rest of us had a boat when down at the salt water last summer, and didn't we have a time of it, one day, trying with our oars to fish 'Zekiel Toby's hat out of the water? I guess we did. And didn't it make us late for the tide, and we

couldn't row against it, and had to walk home four miles? I guess so."

"'Zekiel Toby!" continued uncle Nat in the same tone, unmoved by the pathos of 'Zekiel's misfortunes.

But when Rick remarked that some boys had sailed in the *Antelope*, and therefore had found out something, uncle Nat conceded the point. To him, any connection with the *Antelope* exalted one to a place among the sea-kings of the world.



WESTWARD BOUND, IN FORMER DAYS.

CHAPTER XI.

TO YELLOWSTONE PARK.

UNCLE NAT and his young companions were in a train shooting along the iron rails stretching Westward from Chicago.

"A few things I want you to see out in California and Wyoming," said Uncle Nat modestly.

"A few things!" whispered Ralph to Rich. "That means something big." The cars sped away at an exhilarating rate.



THE FUTURE PRESIDENT.

"Boys, this is somewhat different from the old style of going West when the emigrant teams would jolt and rumble along, halting at night to build a fire for supper and compelling the oxen to graze for a meal. Perhaps the good woman in the wagon would treat her clothes to a wash, and they would flutter about the wagon."

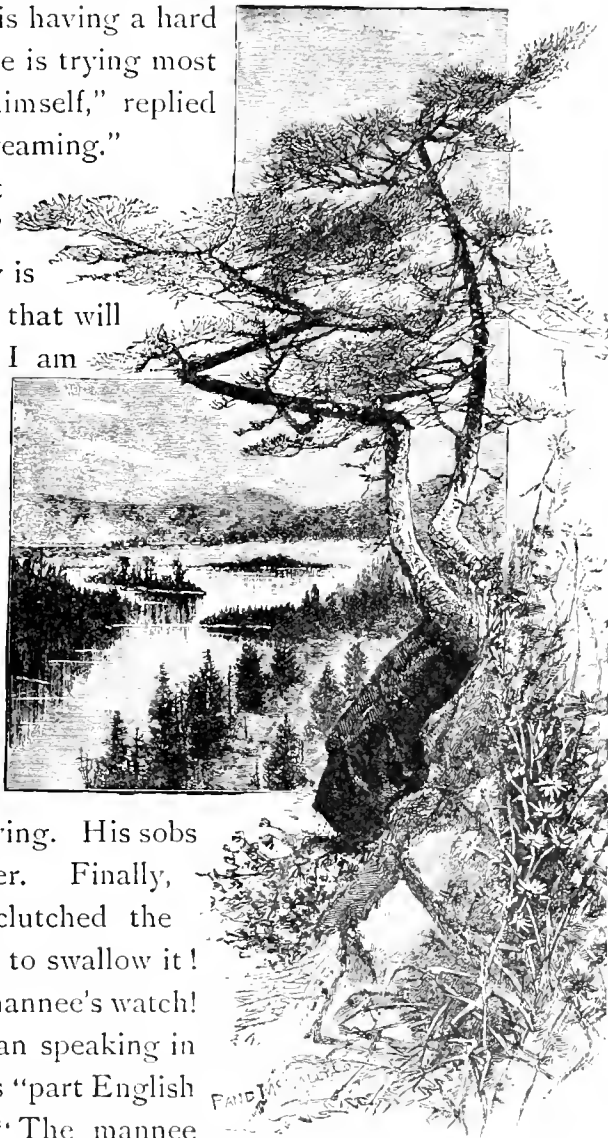
"All sorts of people in the cars," remarked Rob Merry.

"Yes, good many distinguished people in the train, I expect. That woman in the cars is having a hard time with that baby. He is trying most earnestly to distinguish himself," replied Rich laughing, "by screaming."

"No telling, Rich, what that baby may become," said Ralph. "The baby is now kicking and yelling, that will be President some day. I am going up to speak to the future President."

Here, Ralph went forward with a benevolent air and dangled his gold watch before the "President's" watery eyes. This great being in a baby's dress was pleased to notice the appeasing object, and ceased his crying. His sobs grew shorter and shorter. Finally, with two fat hands, he clutched the beloved object and tried to swallow it!

"Musn't do so to the mannee's watch! Noee, no," said the woman speaking in nursery language which is "part English and mostly Chinese." "The mannee isee very kind to zoo, yezee he isee!"

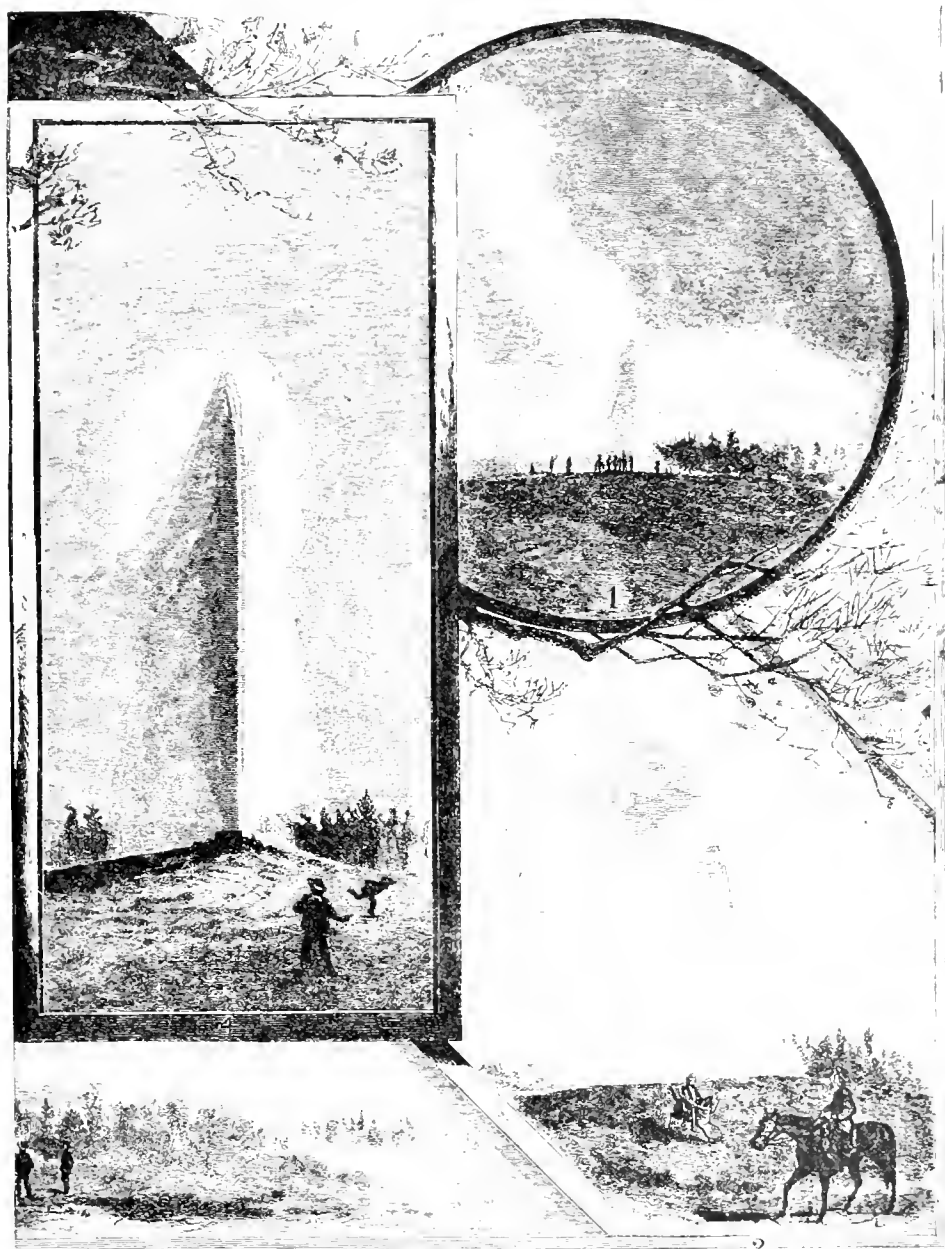


YELLOWSTONE RIVER, NEAR LIVINGSTON

Ralph went back to his seat, feeling that he had developed sudden powers of a magical nature, for the infantile President was soon fast asleep, a fat fist having taken the place of the watch, and threatening to disappear down his voracious and elastic throat. At last — the party reached Livingston Station on the Northern Pacific Railroad. From this point they journeyed with a large party of tourists to Yellowstone Park. In the northwestern corner of Wyoming, is a tract of land that can count up wonderful attractions. Canyons and waterfalls might naturally be expected. As it was a land of great volcanic activity in a geological period not so very distant, all the country heaving with fierce energy, it is not surprising if traces of this disturbance, certain shivers, still exist. These shivers take the form of geysers. The hot springs may also be included as volcanic shivers. As it is a land of great beauty in addition to these torrid attractions, Congress in 1872 set apart a district of three thousand five hundred and seventy five square miles as a public park, and the Secretary of the Interior, is the official expected to provide for its supervision and care. Here is land extensive enough for all of Uncle Sam's great family who wish to come this way "picnicking." How lovely are certain sections of the landscape! Through some valley pours the Yellowstone, its sparkling crystal reflecting the graceful forms of the trees, or vainly endeavoring to preserve the image of the delicate, evanescent cloud-tufts. There were three features especially interesting to the guild, the geysers including the hot springs, the waterfalls, and Yellowstone Lake.

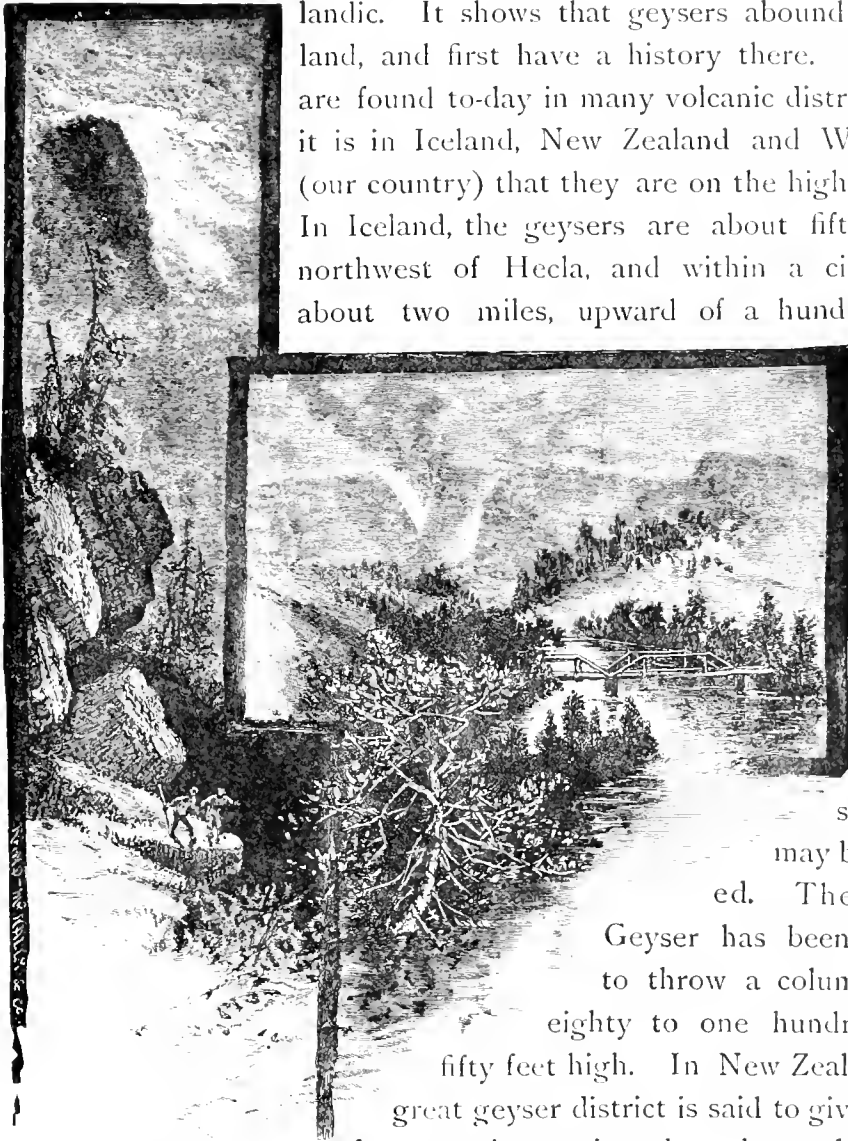
Uncle Nat had already said, "Ralph, we shall rely on you for an account of geysers," and Ralph was ready with his description.

"Words not only stand for objects, but they may tell where those objects are specially to be found. The word geyser signifying fountains that shoot up into the air columns of hot water, steam and mud, not only comes from a word meaning to gush, but this word is Ice-



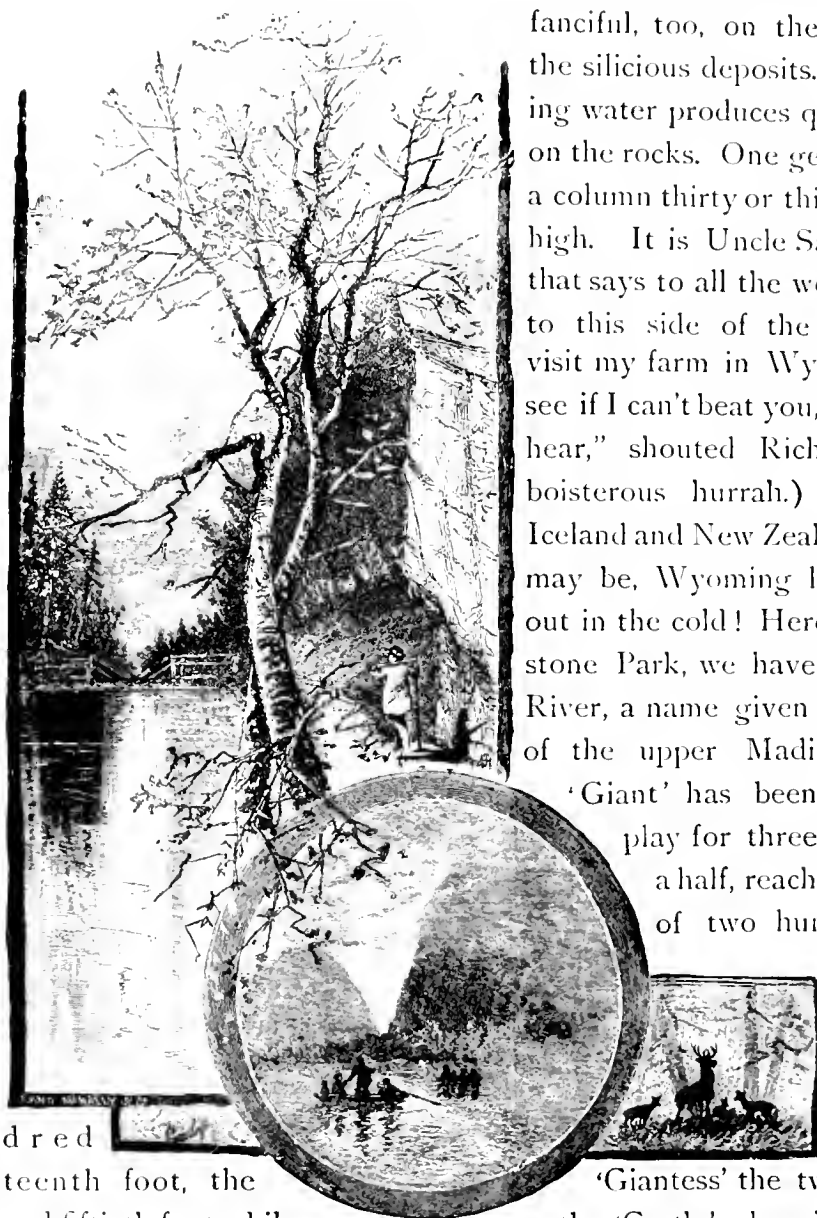
THE "OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER, YELLOW STONE PARK.

landic. It shows that geysers abound in Iceland, and first have a history there. Geysers are found to-day in many volcanic districts, but it is in Iceland, New Zealand and Wyoming (our country) that they are on the higher scale. In Iceland, the geysers are about fifty miles northwest of Hecla, and within a circuit of about two miles, upward of a hundred hot



YELLOWSTONE RIVER IN THE PARK.

springs may be counted. The Great Geyser has been known to throw a column from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet high. In New Zealand, the great geyser district is said to give effects far more interesting than those of Iceland, but it is owing not so much to the grandeur of the geysers as the quantity of steam-jets, mud volcanoes, and boiling springs, and very



dred
teenth foot, the

and fiftieth foot, while

of the ground, can not only jump two hundred and fifty feet high, but

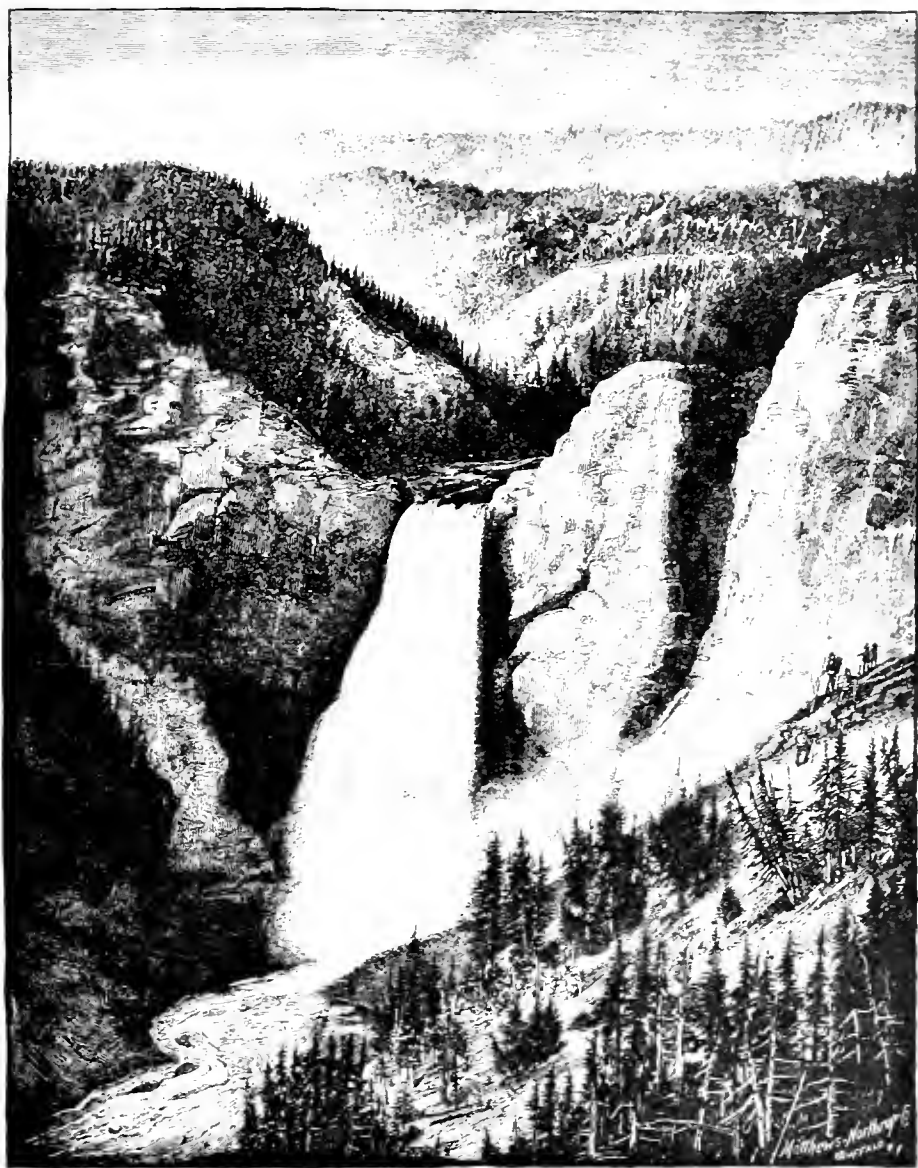
YELLOWSTONE LAKE SCENERY.

fanciful, too, on the rocks are the silicious deposits. The boiling water produces queer effects on the rocks. One geyser throws a column thirty or thirty-five feet high. It is Uncle Sam, though, that says to all the world, 'Come to this side of the water and visit my farm in Wyoming, and see if I can't beat you,' ("Hear, hear," shouted Rich, adding a boisterous hurrah.) "Hot as Iceland and New Zealand springs may be, Wyoming leaves them out in the cold! Here in Yellowstone Park, we have Fire Hole River, a name given to a branch of the upper Madison. The 'Giant' has been known to play for three hours and a half, reaching a height of two hundred feet.

The 'Beehive' can touch the two hundred and nine-

'Giantess' the two hundred

the 'Castle' when it steps out



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

makes the ground tremble as in an earthquake. It is 'Old Faithful' that is famous for its regularity. This fire-engine plays every three-quarters of an hour. Rich won't forget one occasion when he ran from it."

No, Rich never forgot, when hissing, spluttering, fuming, gushing, up, up, rose that magnificent column curving in beauty far overhead, and then tumultuously falling.

The Yellowstone River is a child of the Yellowstone Lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water, over twenty miles by fifteen. It has picturesque islands gemming its surface. Leafy groves fringe its shores. Mountains in majesty rise above it and extend to it the benediction of their long shadows.

On its way to the far off sea, what a magic land the Yellowstone River glides through. There is the Grand Canyon with its profound gorges, its hoary crags, its hissing springs. And there are the Great Falls that go down, down, three hundred and fifty feet! With what grace and majesty does our Queen of this magic-land drop from the edge of her rocky throne in the wilderness her broad, snowy robes, hiding her feet forever in billowy, massive folds of vapor-drapery!

"Our next destination boys, is San Francisco," said Uncle Nat, as they took the cars again. "We will make as good time as we can." Their stay in San Francisco was short, and they were off again. About a hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco, in an easterly direction, is a wonderful treasure-box; its sides are the mountains, its blue lid the sky. For many years the Indians alone had the key to this treasure-box. No white man knew of it. Savages held it as a rallying place, but they were driven from it, and then Uncle Sam very gracefully gave the key of it to California and empowered the State to hold and improve the valley as a public park. To take a

look under its blue lid into this treasure-box, is now popular everywhere. "Bound for Yosemite, boys," said Uncle Nat, as they left San Francisco. "Tell me what you think it will look like."

Rob Merry and Ralph prudently gave up the attempt to guess. No challenge ever intimidated Rich.

"I guess it is a valley of course, and there is a river, and there are rocks either side of the valley ; say five times as high as Bunker Hill Monument, and there are waterfalls, Uncle Nat."

"We shall see, boys."

When they reached the valley, they gained an elevated point and looked off upon the wonders of Yosemite. They saw a deep, long valley scooped out of the mountain edges. The waters of the Merced flashed like one glittering layer of jewels at the bottom of this treasure-box. On either hand the mountains towered in a grandeur that made everything human seem ant-like and mean.

At the right, a waterfall came tumbling into the valley, marking the face of the cliffs with a white snow-line. Mountains finally rose up, swinging their rocky gate across the valley and stopping the view.

"What do you think of it?" asked Uncle Nat.

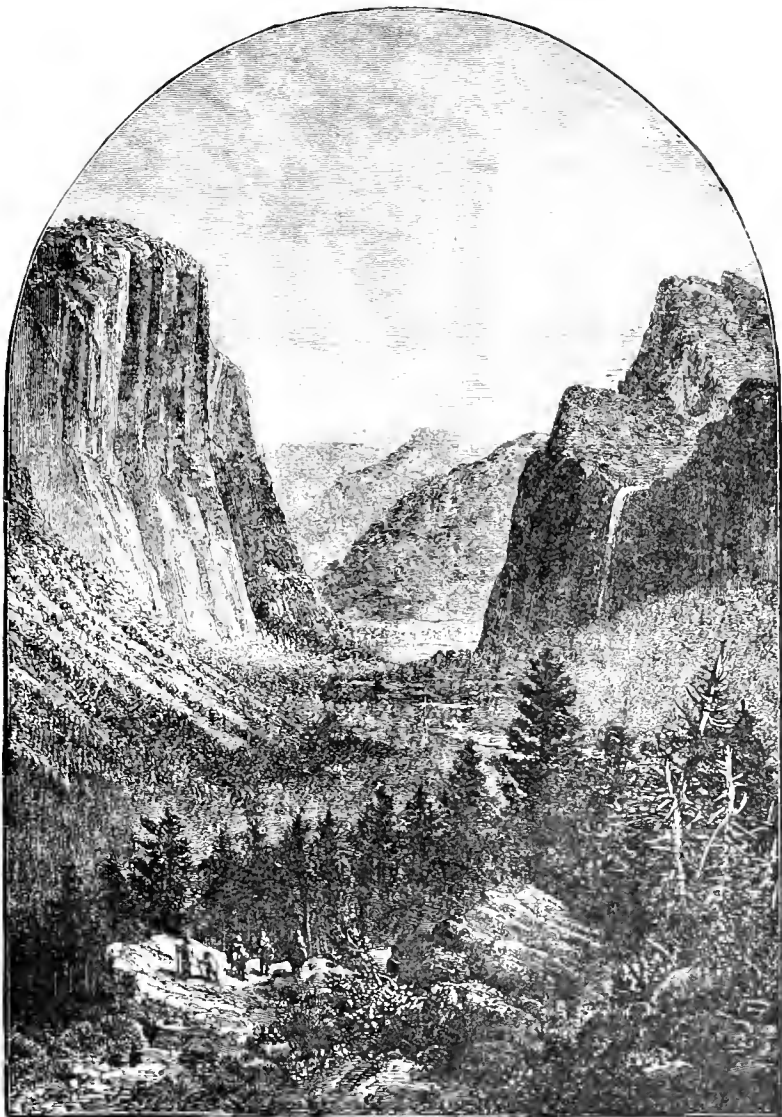
"Glorious!" affirmed Rob.

"Don't feel like talking," replied Ralph.

As for Rich, he was capering about, stick in hand, with eyes and mouth shaped into continual interjections of wonder.

"Ralph's silence," thought Uncle Nat, "is the best compliment that could be paid this place."

The Yosemite Valley is near the head waters of the Merced River in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Through the valley, from east to west, flashes the Merced. Yosemite is about a mile wide, and its length is variously estimated from six to eight miles, while mountains rise above it from two to four thousand feet. It is long enough and



LOOKING DOWN INTO YOSEMITE.

wide enough and deep enough to have capacity for attractions that are also wonders.

As they journeyed through the valley, Uncle Nat said, "Don't forget, boys, that we are four thousand feet above the level of the sea when we stand on the floor of the valley. There's El Capitan."



"OH — OH!"

At the left was an immense mountain cliff of stone at which various enthusiastic tourists were gazing, one enraptured lady exclaiming, "Oh — oh!"

"That is only thirty-three hundred feet higher than we are."

"Only!" exclaimed Ralph. "That means over half a mile."

"See what a solid look it has, and what a magnificent front! 'The Captain' is no mean character."

On the opposite side of the valley, was Bridal Veil Falls with its sonorous Indian name, Po ho no.

"There is a tumble of water, boys, for nine hundred feet. Its name Po ho no is said to mean 'Spirit of the Evil Wind.' There's music in the name, but not in the meaning."

They watched a long while the exquisite, fluttering veil that dropped its lace-like, snowy folds down the side of the rocky steep. There was Cathedral Rock with its lofty granite wall and towers suggesting a cathedral front. There were the "Three Brothers," that one writer has described as "three lofty peaks" above the valley, "and each leans his head toward it as if looking in." What wonder if they lean! Their height is over thirty-eight hundred feet, and dizziness may well be pardoned.

"You see how those peaks seem to lean over," said Uncle Nat. "The Indian imagination works more quickly than ours, and they saw these three mountains playing leap-frog! so they called the



SENTINEL ROCK, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

group Pom-pom-parus. I think that beats 'Three Brothers.' It is a pity the name was changed."

"I would like to be up there and try a game of leap frog with you, Rob and Ralph," siad Rich, his eyes sparkling. Rob was willign. Ralphs' thoughts were on that more dignified subject, the glories of Yosemite, and he made no reply. When he reached Sentinel Rock, on the side of the valley opposite "El Capitan," and be yond it, Ralph said he would like to climb *that*.

What a towering mass of granite, shooting up three thousand feet above the valley's bed!

One bold, frowning, almost perpendicular ledge, terminating in a sharp peak, that sentinel-like overlooked the valley!

"A picnic party!" cried Rich.

Looking up, they saw near a scraggy pine a party of sight-seers with shawls, sticks, lunch bags and opera-glasses. Several ladies were in the party.

"They won't climb very far," said Uncle Nat. "I was reading of a party that reached the highest peak of the Sentinel, but one in climbing, grew dizzy. He fell backward, but fortunately his feet caught between two rocks, and these gripped and held him till he could be relieved."

Among the grand magnets in the valley, were the Yosemite Falls.

"There," said Uncle Nat, "I am glad they kept the name of that tumble of water. Yosemite means 'Large Grizzly Bear.' Some English names that they give to places when they have robbed them of their Indian titles, are weak as toast-water."

The entire plunge is about twenty-five hundred feet, but in three divisions; the first measuring fifteen hundred feet, the second six hundred and the third four hundred.

"Large Grizzly Bear!" that mass of water, springing like an animal down into the abyss, a great, shaggy whiteness, angry, growling, splashing and dashing, restless, foaming, leaping from point to point in immense, furious leaps—is it named inappropriately, "Large Grizzly Bear?"

Other objects of large interest kept our party busy for a week in the valley.

"When I travel," said Uncle Nat, "I am not only interested in nature but humanity. Look at that!"

He pointed out a specimen traveler whose great aim in life seemed to be the propelling of a cigar and the swaying of a cane.



LOOK AT THAT.

"I found an old acquaintance," said Ralph. "I got lost, when I saw at the foot of a tree a baby, that one we saw before we reached Livingstone. It was lying fast asleep at the foot of a tree. I went up to it, and then there came the woman we met with it in the cars. How she smiled! She knew me at once. I told her I was off the path. She righted me quickly and said I was not far from the right way. She and the baby and other friends are visiting here."

"All this proves, young man," said Rich, "that it is well to make friends as you go through life."

From the Yosemite they went to inspect some of California's Big Trees.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Ralph!

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Rich!

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Rob.

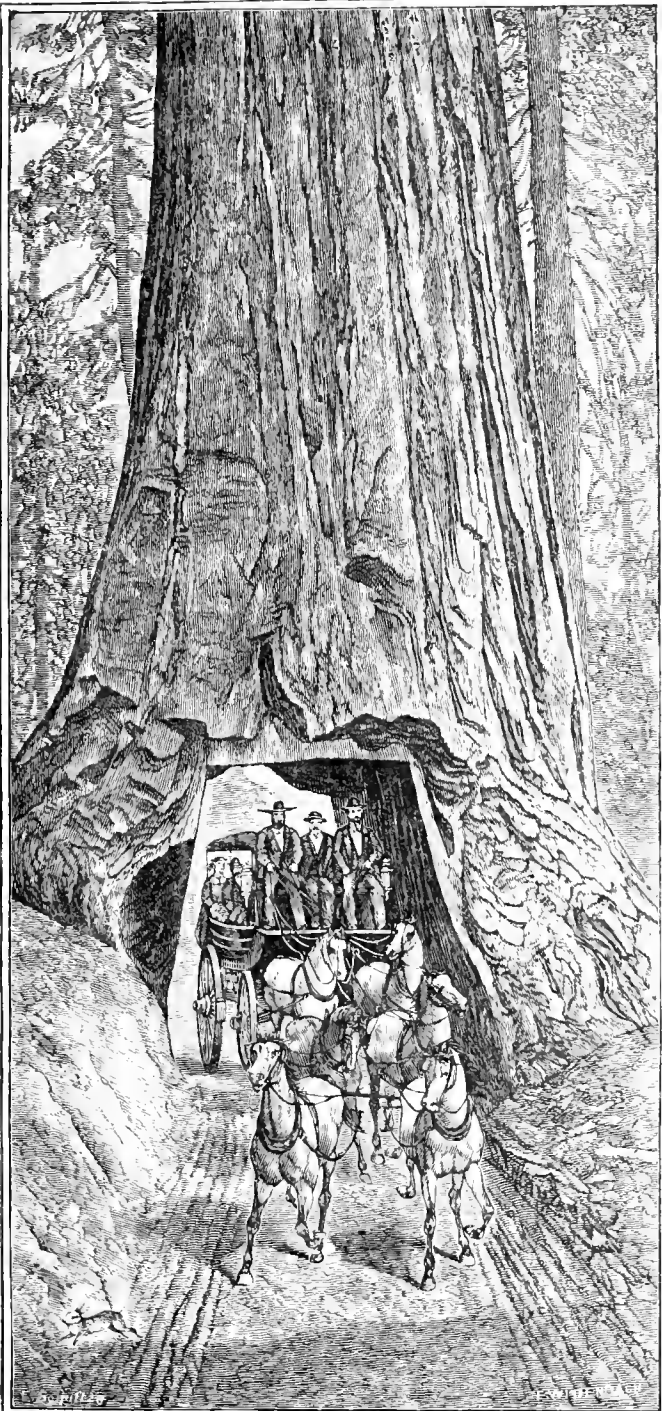
"I declare," said Uncle Nat, thrusting his hands into his pockets and puckering up his mouth into a whistle, "if those trees are not busters, as nurse Fennel would say!"

They were mighty trees indeed, before which Uncle Nat and the boys stood. California's "Big Trees" are famous all the world over. These inhabited the Calaveras Grove.

"That kind we are looking at is known by botanists as *Sequoia gigantea*," remarked Uncle Nat.

"Where did that name come from?" asked Ralph.

"Gigantea of course means gigantic. Sequoia or Sequoyah, that is the name, they tell me, of a Cherokee Indian in whose veins was mixed blood. His English name was George Guess. He is thought to have been born about 1770, and his home was in a northerly corner of Alabama. Sequoyah was a man of much ability. He strung together an alphabet for his tribe, and there were eighty-six characters



THE RIDE THROUGH THE BIG TREES.

in it, each character standing for a syllable. When the Cherokees went westward, Sequoyah followed them and died in New Mexico, about forty years ago. He gave a name—or rather the botanists have taken it for this tree, so that its title is the Gigantic Sequoyah or putting it into more Latin dress, Sequoia.

"Well," said Rich, "I should like to know how much those trees would measure."

They stood wondering before a mammoth tree titled "Pluto's Chimney," and what a chimney! The workman that did this work for Pluto was a fire and

it hollowed out a recess on the north side of the tree, ninety feet high! A fireplace measuring ninety feet from the hearth to the roof!

"How high I would like to know is the whole thing?" asked Rich.

"The tree!" said Uncle Nat. "Two hundred and eighty feet, one account says, and seventeen feet in diameter. That means between fifty and sixty feet in circumference. However, there are bigger trees than this. Let's move along."

They found "Starr King," towering up to the magnificent altitude of three hundred and sixty-six feet. And there was the "Father of the Forest," fallen now, and yet a tape string to clasp the trunk at the base must be one hundred and twelve feet long! when he stood erect, he must have been four hundred and fifty feet high! What an awful uproar there must have been in the forest when he bowed his head and came crashing to the ground! In the trunk is a cavity two hundred feet long. The fire one day took its yellow auger and tried its hand at boring, and the hole was large enough to allow a person to ride through on horseback.

"Now boys," said Uncle Nat, "we must see the Mariposa Grove."

Off they were driven to this group of giants, a ride of about sixteen miles from Yosemite Valley. What scarred and rugged mammoths they found here. How they went up, up, toward the sky, stretching out their monstrous arms, their proud leafy tops looking down in scorn on the pigmy men crawling about their trunks far below.

Rob, Ralph and Rich were riding on the outside of the stage that carried them,

"Oh, see that tree with a big hole in it, Ralph," said Rob.

"Yes, and I heard a man tell uncle at the hotel a story about a tree that had a big hole in it; somebody was going through it, riding on a mule. He had a companion—"

"What, the mule had?"

"No, no, the man had, and it wasn't the mule, either. Looking ahead, they saw two men on horseback coming the other way. "How shall we pass?" said the companion, because you know, he was puzzled to think of a way for getting round those people on horseback. 'I will show you,' said the man, and what did he do but slip off his mule and climbed through a knot-hole, pulling his mule after him."

"I would like to go through a hole somewhere, Ralph," declared Rich. "Look, look, see that big hole in the tree before us, and our road goes through it! Oh, jolly, we are going to ride through a Sq-Squire!"

"Sequoia," said Ralph with complacency.

Ride they did, through a hole in the base of the trunk of the tree called the "Wawona." The driver cracked his whip. The horses tossed their heads and proudly shook their manes. There was a clapping of hands by the passengers, while Ralph and Rich hurrahed.

When the ride was over and the hotel had been reached again, Uncle Nat and his nephews enthusiastically discussed the merits of the big trees.

"There other great trees in California," said Uncle Nat. "There is the Redwood which botanists call *Sequoia semper virens*, and there are Sugar-pines also, and splendid oaks."

"How old are those monsters we saw to-day?" inquired Ralph.

"Their age is determined by the rings of growth that you see inside the trunks of those which are fallen, and I have heard them classified at various big figures. In the forests we saw to-day, I suppose some would say there were trees a thousand years old, two thousand and more. When you talk of four thousand, as some one has asserted, I want to see proof."



ON THE
ROAD.

From California, Uncle Nat led his companions back over mountains journeying eastward till they reached Denver.



A COOL PLACE.

CHAPTER XII.

NEAR THE ROCKIES.

DENVER! Denver!" shouted the brakeman.
"All right! Come, boys!" exclaimed uncle Nat, looking round after the Guild, whom he seemed to regard as parts of himself; and when one was missing, it was as if uncle Nat had left an arm or a leg somewhere, but could not locate the lost article. After a moment of fluttering, turning this way and that, he said, "Oh, here you are, Rob, Ralph, and Rick! We will take a hack and go directly to our hotel."

As the Guild rode off, uncle Nat put his head out of the window, and said:

"Whew! How Denver grows! In 1859 people came here who were interested in mining, and it was a miner's town, a sort of camp. Look now at its streets and fine buildings. Why, the last United States census gave Denver over thirty-five thousand people. I guess, boys, after we have had a ramble round the city, we will hear some of those essays, brilliant and strong, that you have been preparing."

"All ready when you say, except the 'brilliant and strong' ones," said Rob Merry, "and uncle Nat will furnish those."



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

It was a lively ramble that they enjoyed about Denver that day. They watched the waters of the South Platte River, gliding by the city, rippling in the wind that blew with a refreshing coolness from the snow-banks on the Rocky Mountains. They saw the trains shooting along the network of tracks girdling the city. The churches, the street-cars, the banks, the private residences, the children coming from school, the flow of life along the business streets, they eagerly enjoyed. And the view of the Rocky Mountains, its base line only fifteen miles from the city, who can describe it? That dark, magnificent wall of rock and forest, with its watch towers of eternal snow, who can put it all in words?

The Guild watched the light dying on the mountain-tops. The snowy summits grew dim, as if receding behind a veil that the shadows wove for their shining glory, grew paler, faded, and were gone, gone till the morning sun kindled on them the white lustre of lily beds from the Gardens of Paradise.

Tired and hungry, the Guild came to the hotel. Refreshed by the supper, uncle Nat and the boys went to a room to listen to several papers. Rick began:

"Colorado is a State that has plenty of mountains, very high, and some of them very strange. One of the handsome mountains is the Mount of the Holy Cross, over thirteen thousand feet high. It takes its name from the fact that its ravines, filled with snow, take the form of a cross. Pike's Peak is a famous mountain.

"Colorado not only has some fine mountain scenery, but fine valleys. They are upland valleys, and are called parks. There are four, which are named the North, the Middle, the South and the San Luis; and they go almost in a line from the top to the bottom of the State. These are great places for pasturing sheep and cattle. Colorado is famous for big cañons. But Ralph will tell

about these. What a start the minerals of Colorado gave it! There were only Indians here, when, in 1858, a Mr. Russel found gold on the banks of the Platte River, not far from Denver, or where Denver is. People came pouring in and pouring in. In thirteen years from 1859, Denver being founded that year, the miners took twenty million of dollars worth of gold out of the earth. Colorado had about two hundred thousand people by the last census. One other famous thing about Colorado I would mention, the Colorado tramp. It never has gone very fast, but has made out to travel about a hundred miles a year, and has kept at it, so that starting about the time the gold diggers came, it at last got to our side of the country. It likes rather showy clothes for a tramp, because I suppose it came from a gold country. It wears a yellow coat with dark spots. It is fond of stripes also, but it takes ten black ones to satisfy it. The Colorado tramp is only about half an inch long, so that it does not take much to clothe it, but it has a remarkably good appetite. Travelling, I suppose, makes it hungry, and if it loved pig-weed, and sorrel, and pepper-grass, it wouldn't make so much difference, but as it goes along, it likes to lunch on the potato plant, and that is bad for the farmer. Nurse Fennel, when she knew we were coming here, said it almost 'gin her a spite ag'in Colorado for sendin' such a crittur to Concord as that ere bug.'"

From the Guild a ready murmur of approbation greeted this opinion that Nurse Fennel cherished so warmly.

"Does not Colorado mine a good deal of silver?" inquired Rob.

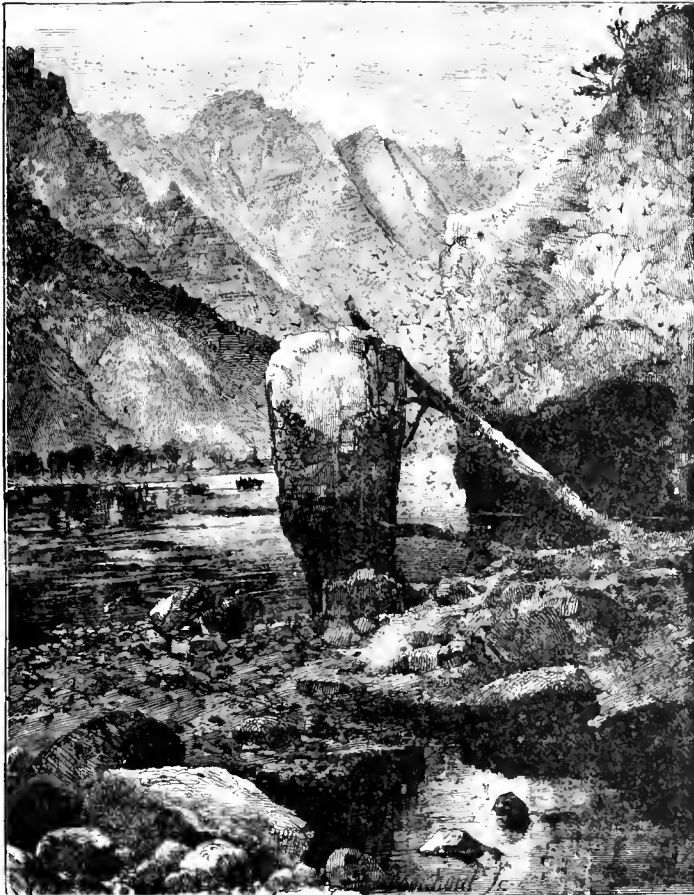
"Oh, yes; I forgot that," said the essayist. "And there is iron, too — zinc and copper, and a good deal of coal."

It was Ralph's turn to tell about the Colorado River and its cañons:

GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO, SHOWING AMPHITHEATRE AND SCULPTURED BUTTES.



"The Colorado is a large river, making its way into the Gulf of California. The Rocky Mountains supply it with water, and several contributions are sent from Colorado. That which makes this river one of special interest is the existence of vast ravines,



SWALLOW COVE.

called cañons, through which its waters are poured. There is one cañon, the Black, which is twenty-five miles long. It is one thousand or fifteen hundred feet high or deep, just as you may



WATER AS A CARVER IN MU-KOON-TU-WEAP CANON.

be pleased to put it. If we had this at the East, we should think it a world's wonder; but there is another cañon still more marvellous, the Grand Cañon, and grand it is. Its walls almost shoot up from the water's brink to a vast height of perhaps four thou-

sand and even seven thousand feet. In length, it is about two hundred miles.

"We also have lines of cliffs that have great length and great height. These may succeed one another like terraces. Then we find buttes, big masses of rock like domes, or cones. When we were in California, on our way to Japan, we saw a gentleman who told us about cañons,* that they may have been formed through the wrinkling of the earth's surface, rising through some geological change *just* a little, but not enough to stop any river ultimately. The river rubbing against the wrinkle, rubs through it, and if the process of wrinkling goes on, the land rising, and yet the river rubbing and wearing down, by and by a deep cañon must be there. As for the buttes, it is thought that if two side-cañons should meet and the water keep on cutting, it would carve out these tower-like buttes.

"There is something to my mind very strange, something awful when you think of the changes going on in these dismal cañons through the long ages, the water has been so long rushing there, and so long cutting its way steadily on! And to-day this work is continued, unnoticed, save as a bird flies over the chasm, or an Indian steals down into it."

Ralph was right in that character of strangeness, that aspect of awe, which he claimed for this cañon-work. But is it noticed only by the sharp eyes of the little birds? Does only the Indian see it, chancing to plash with his paddle the water in the cañon's trough? Stand where you can look along the jagged lines of the Grand Cañon, where you can see the projecting summits of its buttes rising like the domes and pinnacles of some deserted, silent city. Is there not an Infinite Eye all the time watching the slow process of change going on down in the cañon's dismal depths or around the majestic tops of the buttes?

* See "All Aboard for Sunrise Lands," pp. 38, 39.

Is not he the architect supervising the work of the water that he has commissioned to carve and cut far down in the cañon, or the work of the cloud, and the rain, and the wind, and the



MARY'S VEIL, THE UPPER FALL ON P. C. A
SMALL TRIBUTARY OF THE SEVIER.

sun that he has ordained to shape these buttes into the patterns he gives? There is something impressive in the steadfast, man-isolated fashioning of the rocks going on from age to age, where drops of water are the stone cutters, and vapor and wind are the polishers. But it is not a fashioning isolated from all supervision. The Divine Eye seems to be looking down in the sun, the Divine Voice speaking in the thunder. Certainly the Divine Presence is there. This great workshop has a Master.

The boys were discussing Ralph's paper, when Rick asked, "And of course there are waterfalls in Colorado?"

"Ob, yes," replied uncle Nat. "There are very few things but what Colorado can furnish them somewhere."

Rob was ready with his paper on the Rocky Mountains: "If

I were obliged to climb one to-night, I should not be so cheer-

ful. Only think of it, peaks running up eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, almost fifteen thousand feet high; and if we go up into British America, there is Mount St. Elias almost twenty thousand feet up toward the moon! And such a long stretch of rock through the United States, British America, and Alaska! We might add also the mountains in Mexico and Central America to this system, but we have enough to climb without them, and will speak of mountains north. Where is our little Appalachian system? It seems humble enough. 'Rocky' is a good name for these mountains, so many bare, craggy ledges are there. There have been a good many volcanoes sputtering here and there along this line, and they have torn and shattered the rocks. There are various ranges in the United States, like the Desert Park, Sierra Nevada coast, and others. It is in the Sierra Nevada that we find Mount Shasta running up its proud head over fourteen thousand feet. The Rocky Mountains are of great importance in this country. They start the rivers that go east or west. They keep down the temperature with their snow-refrigerators on their summits and can supply ice for the continent. They have depths packed with minerals. They have natural scenery enough to delight everybody that will come. In the future, when people crowd this way, the 'Rockies' will have much to say about the political history of this country. Neither now are they, or have they been in the past, humbled into a do-nothing part in the geological history of our continent. Of what consequence have they been in the past!

"A writer on the subject of the Yale College expedition of 1870, to the neighborhood of these mountains, says, 'The peaks of the Rocky Mountains once projected as islands from a vast inland sea,

whose waves swept from the Gulf of Mexico to the polar ocean. In this era of the world, a tropical climate extended far beyond the Arctic Circle, and the tepid waters swarmed with sea-serpents and other reptilian monsters. At the close of this period, known to geologists as the cretaceous, a slow upheaval drained this ocean



THE GRAND CANON OF THE SIERRAS. (*Painting by Thomas Hill.*)

from the continent, and left behind great lakes, whose shores and waters teemed again in tertiary time with new forms of tropical life. The rhinoceros, crocodile, and huge tortoise basked upon the banks, or lay beneath the shade of gigantic palms, and as the ages rolled away, prolific nature brought upon the scene the mammoth the mastodon and horse. During the tertiary period, mud

and sand accumulated in the lakes to the depth of many hundred feet, and entombed the bones of all these animals. Then came a time when all was dry, and torrents from the mountains wore through the deep accumulations. Ages have passed since then, while rains and streams have toiled to wash away the work of all the prior years ; and in the crumbling bluffs that now survive as memorials of the past, the patient geologist may find the petrified remains of all the forms of life belonging to that early time.' The results of the expedition proved the above. At the mouth of one cañon opening on a plain of Northern Colorado, they found, among other things, a fossil rhinoceros. A vast creature was found having a lower jaw that measured over four feet in length. At the North Platte, from a gulley, a member of the party brought a welcome relic. for on the back of his horse was lashed an immense petrified turtle. Near the Green River, in Wyoming, some petrified fishes were found, and also some fossil insects, a gigantic mosquito among them. That shows what a long-lived pest this last race is. Along the Smoky River, starting from Fort Wallace, in Kansas the expedition also searched, and one trophy was the skeleton of a sea-serpent nearly complete, and so large that they spent four days in



MOUNT SHASTA, FROM THE NORTH.

digging it out and removing it to camp. This monster when alive could not have been less than sixty feet in length.' It is said that he had a mouth like that of the boa-constrictor, and could easily have disposed of the largest of the reptiles and fishes living in his day. I pity the creature that was a resident in his neighborhood."

CHAPTER XIII.

A MUTUAL FIND.

JOE PIGTAIL, I do believe!"

"Joe Pigtail, I do not believe!"

"Why, yes, it is, Ralph."

"Why, no, it isn't, Rick."

"He has got Joe's walk."

"Got Joe's fiddlesticks! How do you remember how he walked?"

"Remember? Didn't I see him enough times on board the steamer when we went to Japan!"

"But that was—let me see how long ago?"

"Oh, what a short memory, if you can't remember Joe Pigtail!"

Ralph now turned away, saying, "I must be looking after my supper."

He went toward the dining-room, whistling Yankee Doodle. There was an endless programme of tunes in Rick's music-box, but he did not execute response. In silence he sat down to look out of a window that all day long directed its glassy eye toward the street.

"That is Joe!" murmured Rick, as he watched a young Chinaman, little-eyed, blue-bloused, and scuffling along the street in his wooden shoes. Whisking his cap off from a hook, Rick hur-

ried away, and stopping at the dining-room door, sent to Ralph a half-suppressed announcement of his departure:

“Going, Ralph!”

“Wh-wh-where?” replied Ralph, who had already seated himself and begun to put away a biscuit.

“Ch-ch—” replied Rick, hurrying off.

Ralph heard no more, but concluded that Rick had said “ch-urch,” and this good boy was therefore going to an evening service in a church they had noticed near by. The good boy, though, had said “Chinaman,” uttering the most of his word out in the entry, while rushing off.

Ralph finished his supper and retired with Rob Merry to their room. Two hours went by. Uncle Nat, who had been calling on a Denver acquaintance, now appeared.

“Where’s Rick?” he asked.

“Gone to church, I think,” replied Ralph.

“Church? Well, he ought to be back by this time, unless it is a church where people take their beds and intend to pass the night.”

“That is what some of them would like to do,” said Rob Merry, “judging by their sleepy looks in church-time.”

“Guess I must look after that boy. I will inquire at the office if they know about him;” and uncle Nat withdrew.

At the office, the clerk said, “I passed a lively boy—and I guess it was yours—and I heard him say something about ‘Chinaman;’ that he wanted to look one up.”

“Deliver us!” cried uncle Nat. “What is that boy up to?”

Returning to Ralph and learning that somebody like the precious Joe Pigtail had been seen by Rick from the window, uncle Nat was starting off to find Rick.

"You might take *him!*" said the hotel-clerk, pointing at a man in citizen's dress. "He is a detective."

Uncle Nat secured his company, as he was familiar with several localities where Joe Pigtail's countrymen were doing business. Long before this, Rick had arrived at such a locality, having eagerly followed the wooden-shoed Celestial and overtaken him at a bright red door.

"Joe!" said Rick.

The Chinaman turned. Was it Joe? He did look something like the Joe of other days, and yet the resemblance was not close. The Joe of to-day grinned and said, "Come in!" Rick entered and sharply inspected the Celestial's saffron features.

"I guess you are not Joe," said Rick, in disappointed tones. "And yet you look like him. Perhaps you are Joe's brother."

"Me? Me washee-man."

"And not Joe's brother? I mean"—

Rick halted. He was about saying "Joe Pigtail," but how would this saffron-man know about the owner of that fanciful name, "Joe Pigtail?" The Chinaman, though, had caught the word "brother," which he had heard before, and knew that the Americans applied it to the members of that firm to which he belonged. He and a brother made the firm. Guessing that Rick wanted to see the brother, he remarked, "He outee. You—you—!"

Here he pulled forward a red, sunrise kind of a chair and motioned to Rick to sit down. "Do you mean that your brother is out and you want me to wait? Well, I guess I will. It won't do any harm, and if either of you know Joe's folks, I should like to know it."

The Chinaman seemed to be very much pleased with Rick's

decision to occupy the chair. He smiled at Rick, bowed, rubbed his hands together as if washing a very promising piece of cloth,

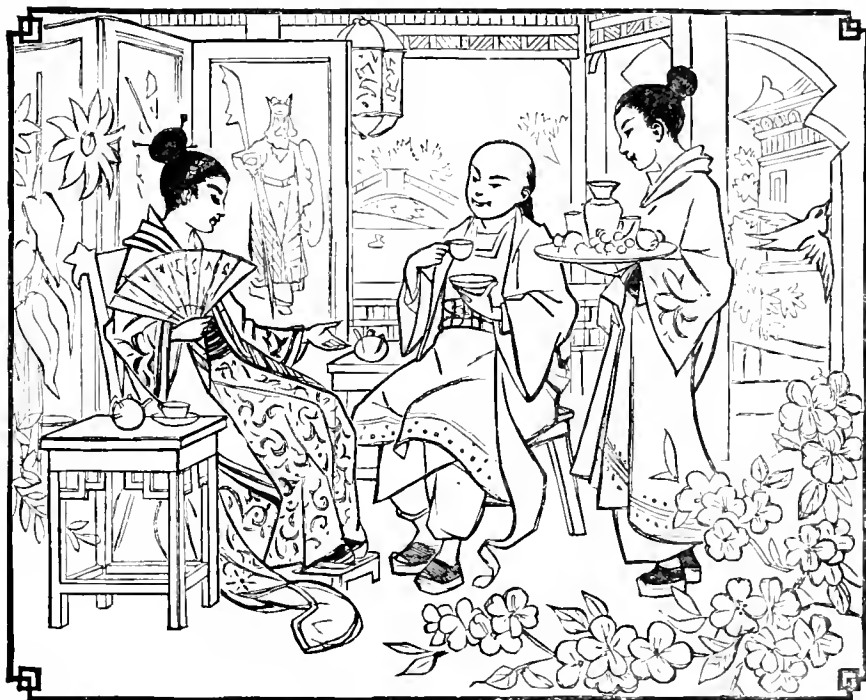


ENTRANCE TO PA-RU-NU-WESP.

and then retired to an inner room where Rick heard at once the sounds of an actual rubbing.

“Plash, plash, plash!” went Joe Pigtail’s countryman at the adjoining washtub. It was not a remarkably musical sound, and yet it was a uniform beat, beat, of the washboard, inclining to greater sleepiness any drowsily disposed person. Rick was that

drowsily disposed individual. He was tired; he thought it would be "so nice to have a cup of tea" to refresh him. He leaned his chair back against the wall, and rested his head upon a flaming scarlet panel that sustained a toothless, clawless, motionless, harmless dragon. The boy was fast asleep. How long he slept, how many clothes the Chinaman washed, Rick could not say. He was



"SO NICE TO HAVE A CUP OF TEA."

aroused by the sound of voices. Opening his eyes, he saw four other eyes looking at him; two yellow faces were bending over him.

"Wantee to see me?"

It was not the first Chinaman speaking, and Rick concluded at once that it was the brother who looked still more unlike the much desired Joseph.

"Me washee you?" said the grinning Celestial.

"Oh, no!" replied Rick, who shrank from such contact with the suds of the washtub. What did this young American want?

"Me — you — him — washee — you — for me?" asked Celestial No. Two, pointing hysterically at himself, then at Rick, next at his brother, fourthly at Rick, and finally at himself.

"Washee — you — for — me?" Rick turn laundryman? Impossible! He now rose from his chair, bowed politely (Nurse Fennel always said that "perliteness with the Rogerses was a nat'ral born gift") and then remarked, "I am afraid, gentlemen, there is some mistake, and I am sorry I have made you so much trouble. Neither of you is my friend that I wanted to find, but I am much obliged to you. Good evening!"

All this Chin Sing and his brother Ping interpreted as a determination to patronize Nong Tong or some other Tong. They looked sorry, and Rick certainly felt sorry to think he could not find Joe Pigtail. He returned in a melancholy frame of mind to the hotel, there to be startled by the discovery of the fact that uncle Nat had gone off to hunt him up.

"Yes," said his informant, the patronizing hotel clerk, "that is what he is up to. He told the boys up-stairs to go to bed and get some sleep, and he would hunt for you, and my advice to you, young man"—here this disagreeable clerk, so Rick thought, eyed him very sharply, as if his eyes were a gimlet and Rick was so much bad, knotty wood to be bored through and through—"my advice to you is to go to bed early like the chaps up-stairs, and not keep your poor old father tramping round for you."

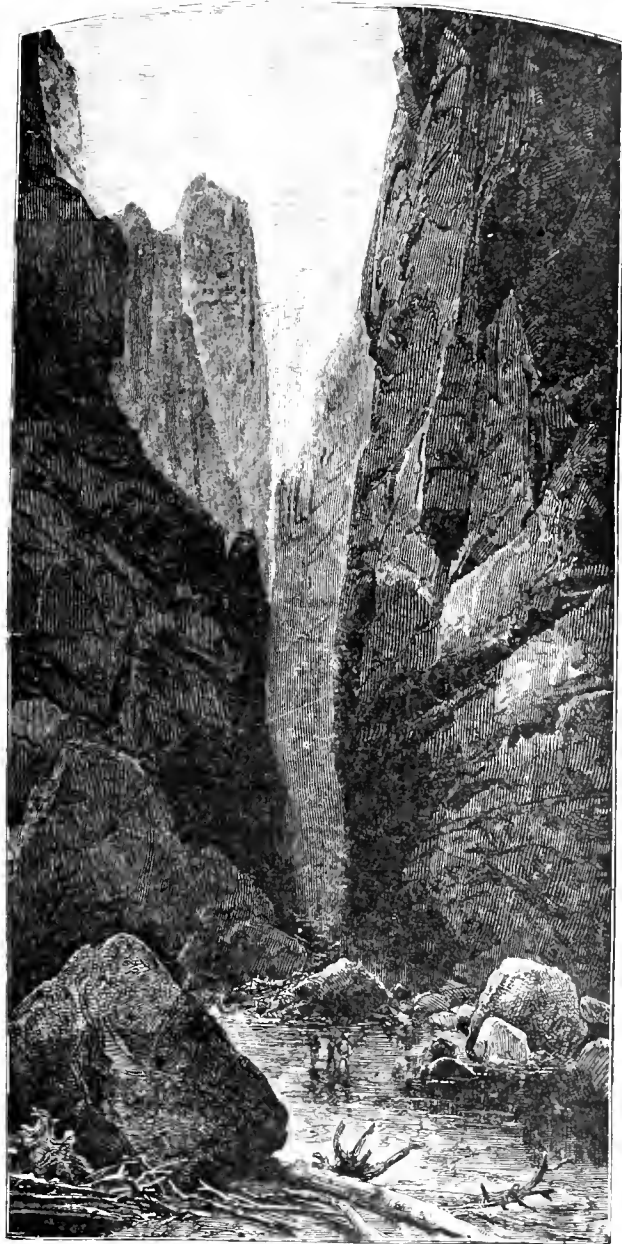
"My poor old father!" replied Rick. "He is neither poor, nor old, nor my father. And when I want advice, I sha'n't ask it of you."

What would Nurse Femmel have said?

"I don't believe Rob and Ralph have gone to bed," muttered Rick, moving off. No, they had not gone to bed, for uncle Nat had not given them any such orders; but were they in? Rick opened the door. The gas was burning, but the room was empty.

"Looking for those boys?" asked a lodger in a room opposite, who chanced to be passing along the entry. "If you are, they are hunting up somebody who is missing."

"Hunting up somebody," thought Rick. "That is Rick Rogers." The thought startled him. He concluded that *he* would start off and "hunt up somebody," and tell them that the



A DEEP COLORADO RAVINE.

"missing one" had arrived. He hurried down-stairs, stepped out-doors, and then stood on the sidewalk, looking with sharp eyes into the night to see if he could detect any one resembling uncle Nat, or Rob, or Ralph.

"Hallo, Sonny! what's up?"

Rick turned his eyes in the direction of this voice, and there between him and the street-lamp, stood a policeman.

"What's up?" the Denver Dogberry asked again.

"I was looking for my uncle."

"He got lost?"

Rick was ashamed to acknowledge the exact situation of affairs. He simply remarked,

"He's gone off somewhere."

"Is he apt to go?"

Rick did not hear this question. He was rather absent-minded at times, and just now reflecting on his solitary state, he murmured, "Lonely!"

"Luny!" exclaimed the Denver Dogberry, catching at the word, and all the more readily because he prided himself on the possession of certain unusually fine qualities as a detective. "Luny! Ah, that is the matter! The man ought to be looked up. Straying off! He will get into difficulty," reflected the Denver Dogberry. The possibility that there might be a reward for bringing uncle Nat back to his friends, quickened the policeman's sense of duty toward this lunatic at large.

"Sonny!"

This startled Rick out of his reverie.

"Walk down a piece, and we may see your uncle," said the man.

The two went off together, and now who should start on the hunt but the clerk!



HORSESHOE CANON.

"That little nuisance has gone off once more! He is making his friends trouble enough, but I will stop it. Porter," he said, "tend here, please, for me."

He put on his hat and rushed off, not only stirred by the convictions of duty, but by the thought that the "poor old father" might "fee" him.

"There he is!" exclaimed Rick, suddenly spying by the light of a store window the coat-tails of uncle Nat going round a corner. Apparently the lunatic was alone, but the attendant he took with him was close at hand, astride a fence, and looking into an alley.

Why he should look there, it would be hard to explain, unless on the principle that when one does not know exactly where to search for missing goods, he is sure to look in the most unlikely places. He was therefore inspecting this alley.

"Ho! Is that he?" asked Rick's Dogberry, only seeing a citizen on the fence. "Just let me go for him! Softly, now!"

While he was fiercely gripping the supposed lunatic on the fence, Ralph and Rick from an opposite quarter were bearing down on uncle Nat whom they had just detected in the gas-light.

"Ho, uncle Nat!" they shouted.

"The little villain!" called out another voice. It was the clerk, now seizing Rick in the interests of his friends, while Rick had just fastened his grip on uncle Nat's coat-tails.

"See here! What are you doing? Do you know whom you are handling?" growled the detective in citizen's dress to the officious policeman.

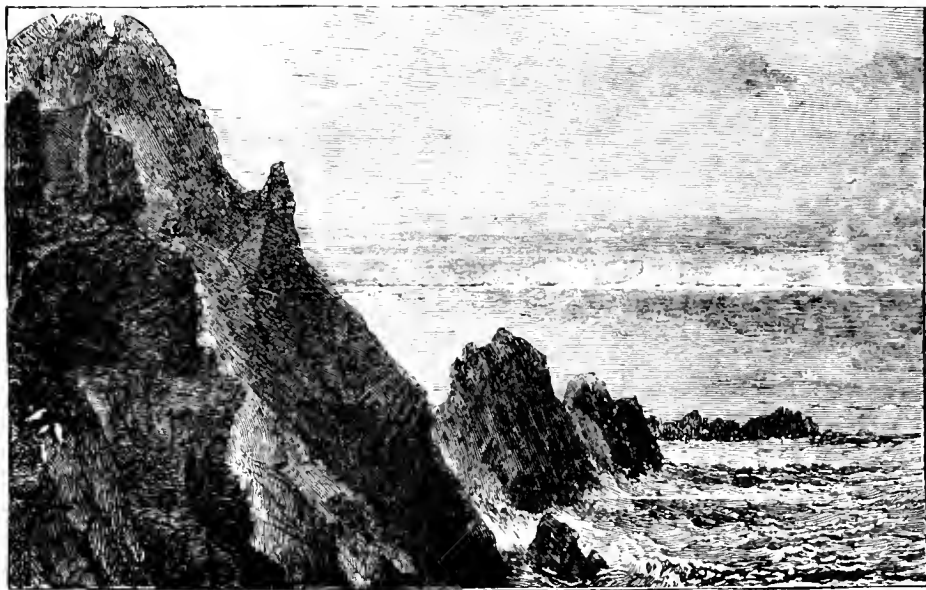
"Lemme go!" yelled Rick at the same time, conscious of that vigorous clutch on his collar, to which Ralph and Rob Merry responded with a shout to the clerk as they rushed forward, "Stop that!"

There they were in a snarl, the two representatives of the law squabbling at the fence, the clerk pulling at Rick who was bawling in return, while Rob Merry and Ralph were crying to the clerk, "Stop that!" It was a very interesting mixture of police, and Rick, and clerk, and uncle Nat, and Rob and Ralph.

"What does all this mean?" asked uncle Nat.

"Jones, don't you know me?" the citizen detective was saying to his assailant.

"Oh, that you, Simes?" said Rick's constabulary force in a mor-



THE LAND'S END, COAST OF CORNWALL, ENG.

tified tone. "I was helping a little fellow hunt up his relative, a sort of lunny who has strayed off."

"He is right in his mind," whispered Simes.

"He is here," called out uncle Nat, and he laughed at the oddity of the situation. "Gentlemen, there is some mistake."

"Well, I guess — guess — there is," said the mortified Jones.

“But — but — don’t say anything about it. Don’t tell!” and he was glad to run off and help extend an alarm of fire opportunely given just then. One by one they all laughed over the affair of the evening — all but the clerk, who felt that his plans for a “fee” had been suddenly interrupted. Rick received what he deserved and expected, a good scolding. There was only one comforting thing about it. In the course of uncle Nat’s reproof, he confessed that though Rick’s wandering might trouble him, still he would follow Dick to the Land’s End.

That was a little solace to know that uncle Nat cared so much for Rick as that. And Rick had another solace; he knew where Land’s End was.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAND OF THE CELESTIALS.



CHINESE SCENE.

THE Guild looked leisurely at various Colorado attractions, making an excursion into the country, and then packed their trunks once more for a long journey. The packing completed, the journey began, it was Rick who soon exclaimed :

“He’s off. Rob, Ralph !”

Rick was pointing at uncle Nat, who, with his young relatives, occupied luxurious quarters in a Pullman eastward bound.

Uncle Nat, like the rest of Father Adam’s numerous family, had a peculiarity. Missing that beloved element, salt water, he would sometimes be found by the Guild in a dreamy reverie, his head thrown back and resting against the wall, his hat pulled down over his forehead, his eyes half-closed, his hands stowed away in his pockets. Several times, he had confessed, “Oh, I have been dreaming, boys! The fact is, I sometimes miss the *Antelope* and just imagine I am on board the old ship again.”

ITS FACE WHITE WITH RAGE.



The boys charged him with a nap on all such occasions, and it looked like it one time when uncle Nat who was "dreaming" near a car window, gave a bow with his head and bobbed a nice straw hat out of the window. That time uncle Nat at first said, "Oh, oh! I wasn't asleep, boys. Just — just dreaming, you know!" But when he realized that a fine manilla was now a quarter of a mile back on the track, and "the afternoon express" was every second rushing him farther and farther away from it, he acknowledged that "a little drowsiness" had captured him. When Rick now said that uncle Nat was "off," the boys concluded it must be a nap, but this was only a reverie. The captain thought he was on the water, crossing the Pacific. Now he was in a fair-weather sea, under swollen canvas. Then he dreamed of stormy waters, of a wild, wrecking ocean, its surface white with rage. He called at the Sandwich Islands, skimmed the waters of the Suwo Nada — Japan's inland sea — and anchored at last in Pearl River, that runs past Canton, China. Rick's exclamation aroused uncle Nat and brought him from Pearl River to a Pullman, in the United States. The consciousness that six sharp, merry eyes were directed toward him, still more fully transported him from China to America.

"Ha, ha, boys! I'm not asleep!" sang out uncle Nat. "You didn't catch me."

"Came pretty near it, uncle Nat," said Ralph.

"Oh, no; only been in China."

"Rick is interested in China," said Rob. "He is very fond of its inhabitants."

Rob and Ralph laughed at Rick's recent experience in Denver, but uncle Nat pretended not to hear. One of uncle Nat's sayings ran this way: "When anything is over, that you think may be unpleasant to another, don't keep harping on it." He therefore

merely remarked, at this time, "Come here, boys, and let's talk about China. Do you remember your visit there, Ralph?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Strange people, those Chinese. I had got fairly among them when you woke"—

"Ah, uncle Nat! Who was asleep?" asked Rick.

"I mean when you just gave me a start. Catch an old



FISHING BY PROXY.

sailor asleep! Well, I was right among a lot of Chinese fishermen, on Pearl River. Now that is a queer way they do, or it seems so to me. There was a bare-legged Chinaman on a raft, with a basket for his fish, with a net in his hands, and yet he was fishing by proxy."

"With birds?" asked Riek.

"That's what he was doing. As I looked at him, I thought of something else. He stood with his bare feet on the raft, feet natural and well-formed, and I said, "What a shame it is that they cramp a woman's feet as they do, instead of allowing them to grow as God meant they should."

"How is it the women get such paws as they walk on?" asked Rob.

"How? Easily told how. They take a baby's foot, that is, the foot of a girl baby, and when very young, they tie a piece of cloth, perhaps five feet long and three inches wide, tightly around the foot, first turning the four small toes under the sole. This tight bandage is repeated as often as the foot is washed. It is a very painful process, and the foot grows in that shape after awhile, the instep arching like a ball, and the toes cramped far under the foot. Instead of a human foot, you get what has been called a goat's foot, and the poor child must toddle all through life best as she can. The Tartar women don't murder their feet that way; only the Chinese of the better classes."

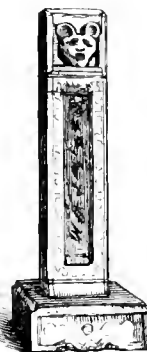
"Why do the Chinese?" asked Rob.

"Fashion, Rob. It is said that it was an empress's whim, centuries ago, that set the fashion, and the Chinese are very pig-gish in following a custom. That is why they are so slow to adopt a new idea."

"That is why they have pig-tails," remarked Rob.

"They are not so quick to see a hint as the Japanese," said Ralph.

"They may be as quick to see it, but not to take it. They have their good points, though. They are industrious, and they



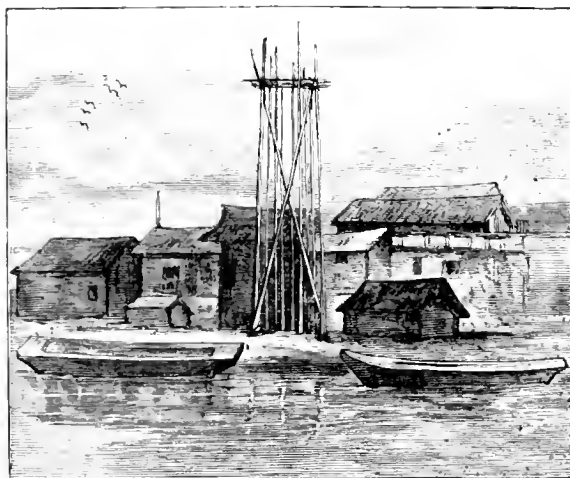
A TABLET.

have great respect for their ancestors. We will suppose that a father has died. They set up a wooden tablet in his house, and before it they put things they think he might need, or they take them to the grave. To supply him with various necessities, they make paper images of these and set them on fire, fancying, I suppose, they will reach the spirit if they go by a road of fire. These presents are very filial, but cheap also. The Chinese think there are not only good, but bad spirits about, and to keep the bad spirits in their place, once a year they make a feast to them. They erect several poles about twelve feet apart; and twenty feet high, say, they build a platform. On this platform they put various goodies for the spirits, baskets of boiled rice among them.

Finally the presents are distributed. How much the spirits get, it is not difficult to imagine. The crowd present is generously remembered, for various acceptable eatables are pitched among them, and uproariously grabbed."

"Don't they think a good deal of having a nice coffin?" asked Rob.

"Oh, yes; and to give one to a parent is not considered a hint from a child that it is time to go, but as doing a very nice and courteous thing.



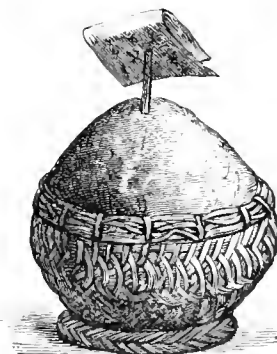
THE SPIRIT'S TABLET.

The Chinese say, 'To be happy on earth, one must be born in Su-Chow, live in Canton, and die in Lianchau.' What recommends

Lian-Choo is the fact that there you get the best wood for coffins. They are a very curious people. They are strange in a great many ways."

"Don't you think they would more readily drop some of their strange ideas and come under foreign influence if they hadn't had reason to dislike the English?" asked Rob. "The English forced opium on China, and that must give the Chinese a poor idea of foreign influence."

"I don't doubt it, while it is true that the Chinese naturally are very much opposed to change. English merchants persisted in shipping their opium into China, and the Chinese were naturally indignant, the drug made so much trouble. Finally, it was agreed that all the opium in English hands should be given up to the Chinese authorities. Over twenty thousand chests were thus surrendered, and the Chinese fathers did not smoke the drug, but destroyed it. They took it to the water, and before spilling it, mixed it with water. It is said that many fish were killed by the poison. Well, things did not improve. The weather was decidedly squally, and in 1840, war broke out between the English and Chinese. The English finally won, and compelled China to hand over the island of Hong-Kong, open several other ports, and give them a long purse, filled with hard cash. At the final settlement, China agreed to pay over twenty-one million dollars.



A SPIRIT'S MEAL.

"Of course she kept on swallowing the poison that England would cram into her throat. What wonder if the Chinese have labelled outsiders 'foreign devils?' No wonder."

“What they needed in China,” said Rick, who was an ardent temperance champion, “was a good strong dose of prohibition, and England ought to have granted it when China wanted it.”

“That is it,” replied uncle Nat, “and it is needed in some other places besides China.”





MOONLIGHT ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

CHAPTER XV.

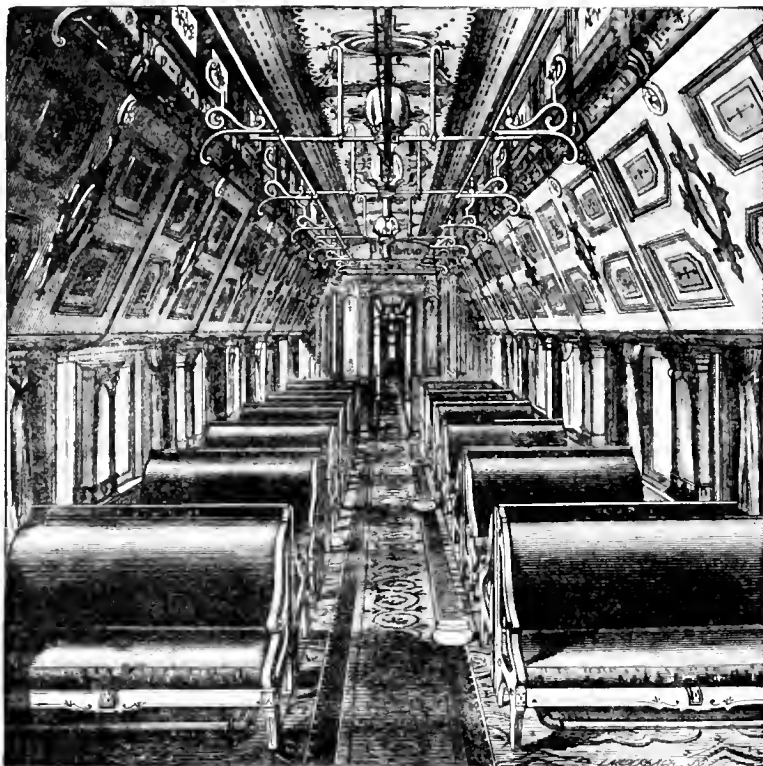
IN THE KEYSTONE STATE.

IRON, iron, iron!

How it has been melted, and pounded, and rolled, and twisted, and worked into every shape! Go among old Assyrian relics and we find saws, knives, and other tools, and some are not very unlike those the carpenter of to-day handles. Look at Egyptian stone-work, and there, older than a thousand years before Christ, is a kind of bellows which it is thought may have blown into a more intense heat the coals on the forge. Homer speaks of the shaping of iron. Aristotle (born 384 B. C.) tells of a species of steely iron. Our British ancestors knew about iron probably before the Roman irruption. And so around the world, for centuries, men have been handling that tough, hard, modest-colored ore we know as iron.

The Guild was now in Ohio, moving eastward.

"We must see, boys, how iron is worked up," said uncle Nat. "When I was a little shaver, some folks said cotton was king. But now the country has some other kings. There are the



A GOOD CHANCE TO REST.

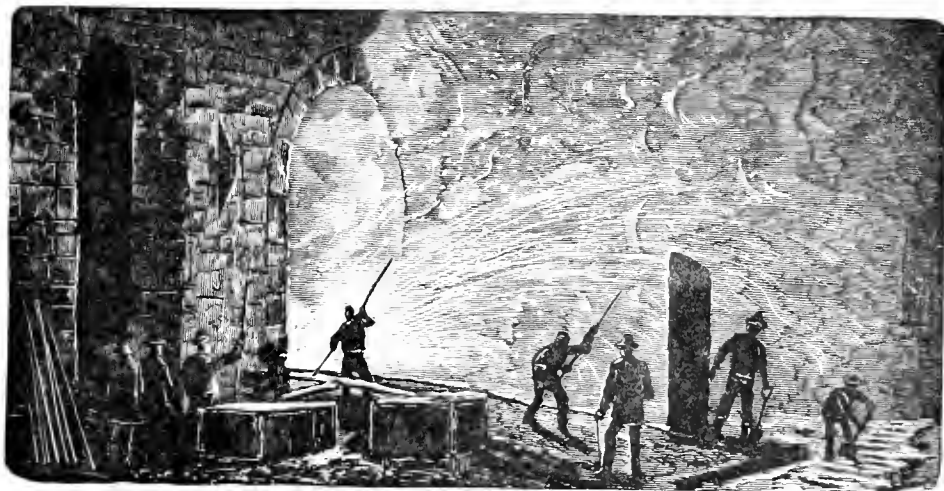
corn and wheat king, the shoe king, the coal king, and you and I must throw up caps for iron king. We will see Ironton, in Ohio, and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania."

At these two places of flame and smoke, of coal and iron, they wandered among the furnaces, visiting them by day, and then watching them by night, when the white molten metal came

running out, sputtering and sizzling, shooting up in showers of sparks, or flowing down in burning, dazzling streams.

"Strange," said uncle Nat, kicking at a bar of iron with his foot, "how the quiet shining of the sun will affect that! The statement is that half an hour of sunshine will be felt more powerfully by the tubes of the famous Britannia Bridge, over the Menai Straits than the most powerful winds or the heaviest loads."

If uncle Nat had been moralizing at the close of a speech or an article, he might have added that the above fact illustrated the influence of a right character, quietly, steadily doing its daily

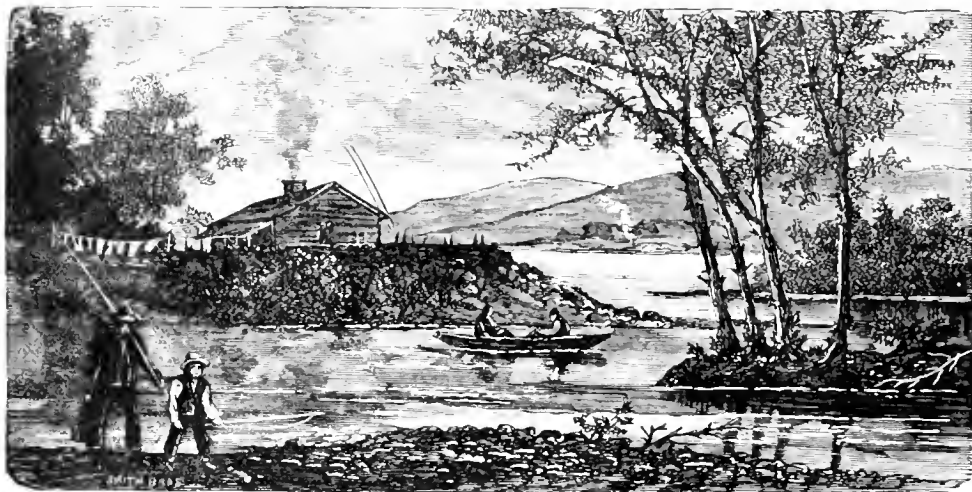


NIGHT-SCENE AT A FURNACE ROLLING MILL.

work, more effective in its influence than some conspicuous and intermittent goodness. But uncle Nat, as Rick said, "didn't talk so much about those things as he lived them out, and we all know where uncle Nat stands every time."

They continued their journey eastward at easy stages, now and then stopping to enjoy various water or mountain views. One enjoyable river they found to be the Susquehanna and its branches.

It noisily gathers up streams in New York and Pennsylvania, carrying its waters down into Maryland, and then this bucket of crystal from far-away mountain and valley is poured out at Havre de Grace. Whether it plays with the moonbeams at night, rocking them in the cradle of its ripples, or in the sunshine, flows



THE SUSQUEHANNA FROM CATAWISSA.

in broadening surfaces of silver, the Susquehanna is always beautiful. Rare corners of scenery do its tributary streams make in their windings, like the Tioga, Catawissa, Juniata, and others.

One evening, after a boat-ride on the Susquehanna, the Antelope Guild, in a room at a Catawissa hotel, talked about the Indians. They spoke of savage customs, of their dwellings, of their war-dances, and of the pipe of peace.

"Not so pleasant to be out in the woods," suggested Rick. "and have some of those fellers come all of a sudden behind you, say when you were getting your supper at a camp-fire."

"No; good many knew in those days how an Indian could surprise the white man," said uncle Nat.

The conversation turned upon the subject of towns and villages that were attacked by Indians. Wyoming was mentioned. Sad was its fate. Down through the valley of Wyoming flows the Susquehanna. The valley is twenty miles long, and has a width averaging three miles. Lofty hills are the western and eastern walls of this river-garden, which hides in the loamy beds of soil along the Susquehanna the secret of its fertility.



PIPE OF PEACE.

It was in the year 1778.

The fires of the Revolutionary War still were burning. The British had formed an alliance with the Indians known as the Six

Nations, and the settlers in the valley of Wyoming did not forget this. Ten stout forts were built by the settlers in anticipation of the hour of invasion. It was summer. The birds in the valley sang sweetly; as if no war-whoop from a dusky savage could possibly be a response. The farmer, looking up from the rich lands by the Susquehan-

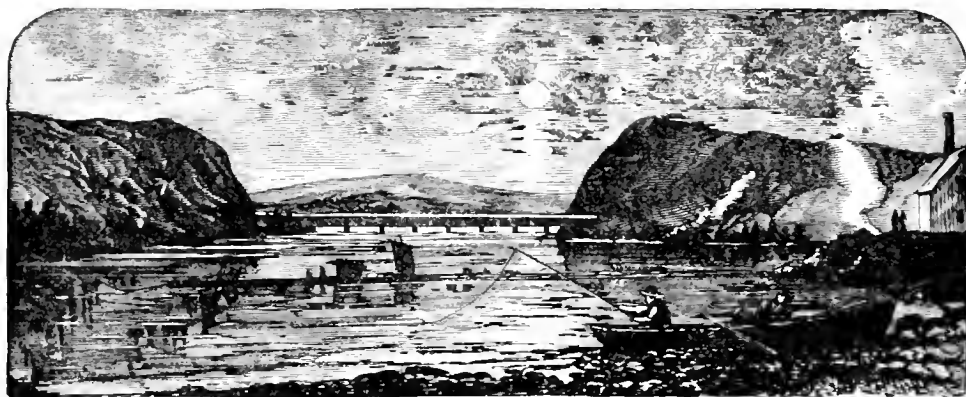


INDIAN SURPRISE.

na, saw the sun go down peacefully, but knew that the harmless fire in the west might be anticipative of the conflagration that

would ravage his house and barns. The red man's war-whoop was sounded at last in beautiful Wyoming, and his torch kindled into flames the accumulations of the industrious settlers. It was a mistaken, as well as a cruel policy, that ever induced white men to employ savages as allies.

The British flag was raised among the Seneca Indians, and they were persuaded to accompany a force of Tory Rangers on a raid into Pennsylvania. It was the last day in June, and through the shadowing forests bordering Wyoming, stole this hostile, mur-



MOUTH OF THE CATAWISSA.

derous band. The first of July two of the ten forts built by the settlers, surrendered. The news of the invasion went quickly through that peaceful valley of the summer, startling the heart of the mother rocking the cradle of her helpless babe, and bringing back to his lonely farmhouse the father who had started for field or pasture. The men were in anxious, hurried consultation about the future. Although vastly inferior in numbers, they resolved to attack the invaders. It was the third of July, and from the homes of Wyoming, a hastily gathered company, estimated to number four hundred, went out to die for their households. Led by Colonel

Zebulon Butler, they marched up the valley. It is said the enemy feigned a retreat. It could only have been to lure the settlers into a death-trap. But whether a feigned or forced retreat, the men of Wyoming were soon surrounded, and what a hellish enclosure it was! The Indians knew no mercy, and in less than thirty minutes their tomahawks had mutilated two hundred and twenty-five victims. Only five of their captives did the Tory Rangers permit to live. The results of this bloody slaughter can be anticipated. The remaining forts of the settlers surrendered, and were fired. And then the torch was waved everywhere, the flames of burning buildings lighting up the valley at night, their glare bringing no welcome guidance to the helpless fugitives fleeing from the valley. Wyoming



INDIAN ATTACK.

was deserted. The beautiful valley had become a cruel tomb. In a great swamp, that the Indians called Towamnesing, and which the Moravian missionary, Count Zinzendorf, named St. Anthony's Wilderness, many women and children from Wyoming perished. It is no wonder that fugitives from the massacre called it the Shades of Death.

Uncle Nat took the Guild through the Wyoming Valley, along

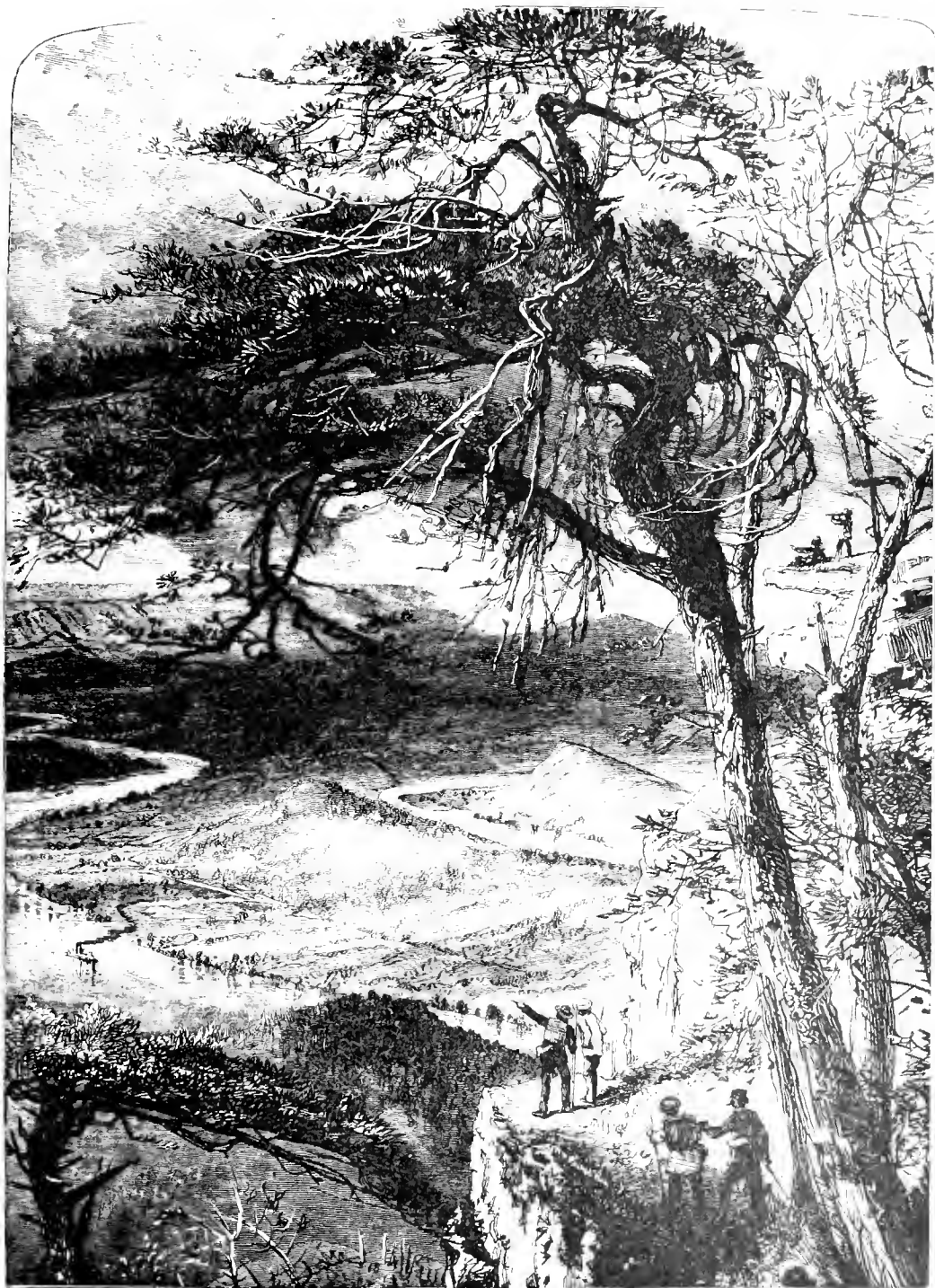
whose length such a hum of industry is now heard. They visited Wilkesbarre.

"Here, boys," said uncle Nat, "you can have your choice, go about and enjoy fine scenery by daylight, or go *under* and see the coal fields by lamplight. Here is a coal field in this neighborhood that, I am told, stretches off until it covers seventy-seven square miles, and they think over two billion of tons of coal are here. The Wyoming veins are rich, and average a thickness of eighty feet in the aggregate. Think of owning an acre and getting out eighty thousand tons of coal!"

The Guild visited other points in Wyoming Valley, and Ashley among them. They diverged to Solomon's Gap, and there uncle Nat said, "Boys, having struck the famous coal region, we will take a hasty run across it." They visited Scranton, Carbondale, and Mauch Chunk.

"Such a queer place!" said Ralph. And Mauch Chunk is a singular place, its buildings crowding into a ravine which has depth and not breadth, and above it are the hills which seem to be looking down in a constant frown on the town for venturing into their neighborhood. Here Rob Merry read a paper on coal.

"The Lehigh River Valley in which we are, is a famous coal district, but what a hard time hard coal had in getting into the good graces of people! It is said that a hunter, about ninety years ago, was out hunting one day. Where towns now are, were only forests then, and the ponds and streams were lonely places, their visitors being stags challenging one another. This hunter did not take home any stag that day, but he did find some strange black stones. He picked them up, and wondered what they were. He carried them away, these queer pieces of black



NOT THEN AS NOW.

stones. By and by they were sent to Philadelphia and experts looked at them. But what did they amount to? They were pronounced to be stone coal, only this, and it was besides so hard, that of course it would not burn. However, some people were interested, and a company went to work on Sharp Mountain — close by us — owning there twelve thousand acres of land.



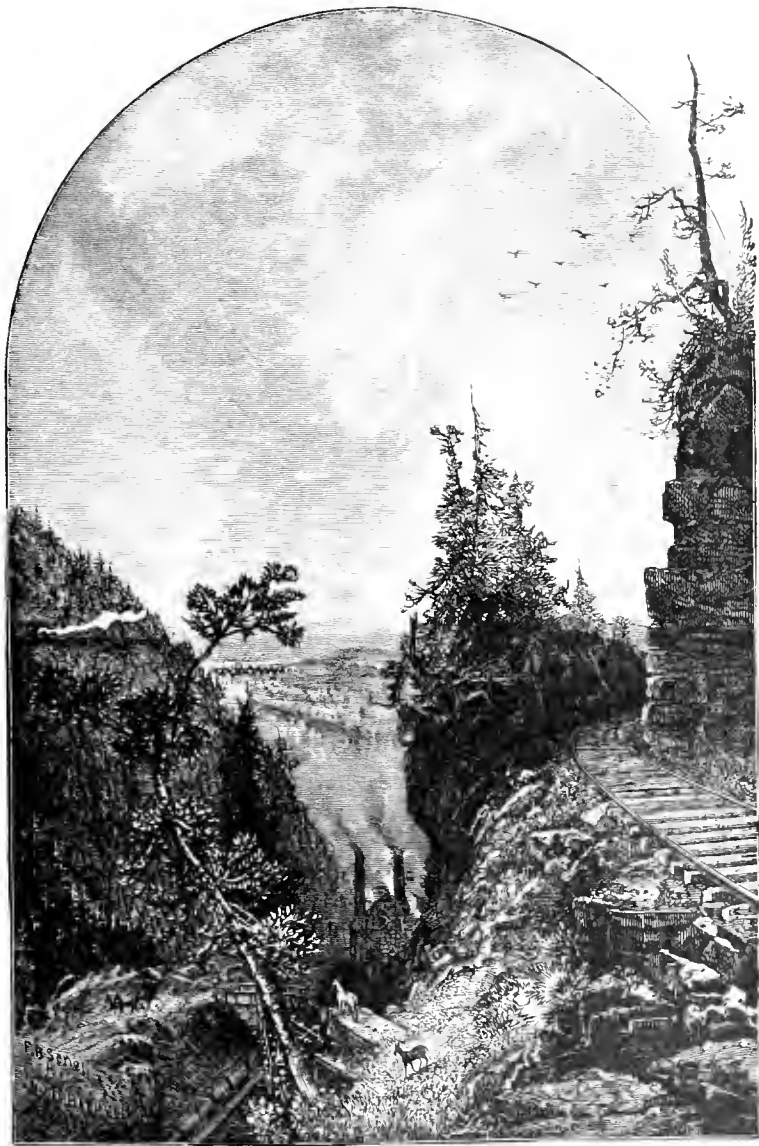
INDIAN DANCE.

There were two difficulties, though, in the way of the success of these tough old black rocks as fuel. People did not want the hard stuff, and if they did, it was very hard to get it to them. Why, they would hire mechanics to use it, and when they tried to use the new fuel at the Philadelphia water-works, the report was that it put out the fires! They took what was left of the useless rock, broke it up and shoveled it out on the sidewalks. It was impossible to destroy it, for fire would not trouble it, and

certainly nothing else could. It was hoped that it would behave itself out-doors and make a good walk for people on foot. Over twenty years after the finding of the stone coal, it only needed three hundred and sixty-five tons to fill all the coal bins of Philadelphia for a year's supply. Then they had a hard time getting this hard coal to market. They would send the coal down the river to Philadelphia, in arks of wood. When they reached the city, they would be broken up for lumber, but their iron work would be lugged back by the boatmen who went on foot. Then into new arks would the old iron be built, and down the river these relics of Noah would be floated. That style was kept up year after year. As late as 1841, only forty-one thousand tons of coal went to Philadelphia. Then they had a hard time on the very first division of the route to a market, getting the coal away from the mines. They first carted it over the hills. That was a slow process. Then they built a railroad, and made the mules serve as locomotives. The funny thing was that the locomotives had a ride in their own trains one way. The mules would ride down with the coal, but were expected to pull the empty cars up hill again. All these days of hard luck passed away. Improvements were made in every direction. People now are very glad to have this stone-coal, or anthracite, and it takes vast quantities to satisfy the appetite of our stoves and furnaces. It is said that the coal bed on Mauch Chunk Mountain is over fifty feet thick, and that there is nothing thicker or harder. At one time it was, and may be now, without a known rival."

The Guild went down the valley of the Lehigh to that of the great river it joins, the Delaware.

"We shall find that this Delaware River cuts boldly across our

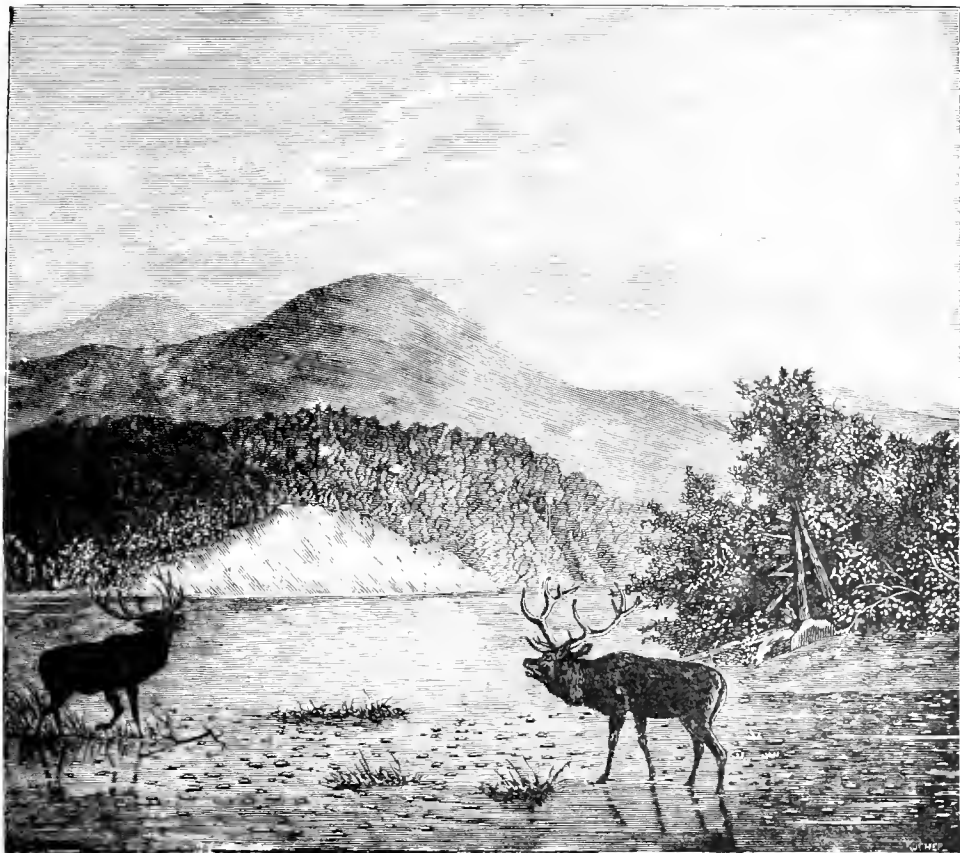


SOLOMON'S GAP AND ASHLEY IN THE DISTANCE.

old friend the Appalachian mountain-system," said uncle Nat, good-naturedly.

"At the Delaware Water Gap?" asked Rob.

"Yes; the Kittatiny Mountains are there. Mount Tammany is



"OH, FOR A TENT!" EXCLAIMED THIS EAGER CAMPER.

on the New Jersey side of the Gap, and Mount Minsi on the Pennsylvania."

"That sounds natural, Tammany," said Ralph. "It makes you think of that New York society."

“Tammany was an old Delaware Indian, supposed to be very wise and very good. May day was his festival, and societies named after the old wigwam king, celebrated the day.”

Varied was the Delaware River scenery, with its frowning, overhanging crags, its forests, its nooks of emerald verdure along the shores, its outlook on still homes in the country or busy city streets. Rob admired the forest scenery. He declared that only one thing was wanting in the emerald depths of the woods where echoed the song of some forest birds, or by the banks of a lily-starred pond that at night carried in its bosom the reflected forms of fairer flowers in the gardens of the sky.

“Oh, for a tent!” exclaimed this eager camper.

The Guild tracked the flow of the bright, strong Delaware “purposely,” as uncle Nat said. He wanted to lead them to a neighborhood made famous in Revolutionary annals. Its story **we** will give.

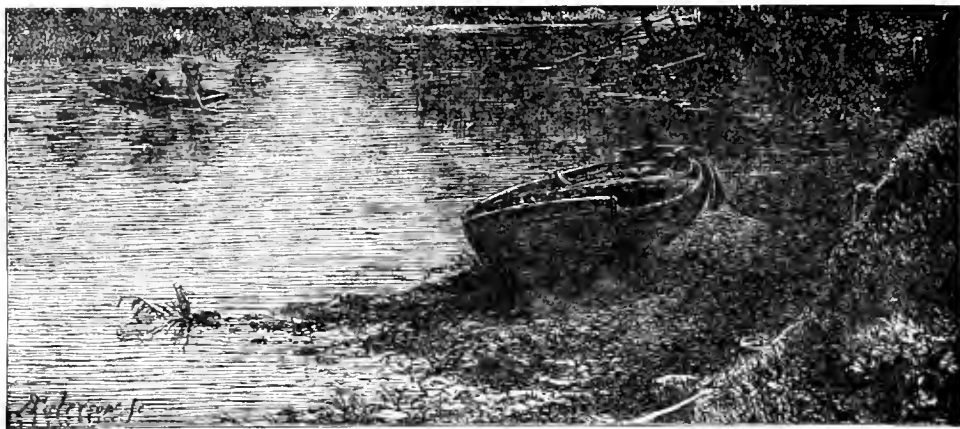
CHAPTER XVI.

HOW THEY CROSSED THE DELAWARE.

DECEMBER, 1776, what a dark month in the history of the American struggle for Independence! Snow was on the hilltops, and snow was on the hearts of the Americans. It was a cold, dark, wintry hour for our country's cause. Our army had not been successful in New York, and it had been forced to retreat into New Jersey. Washington was our General-in-chief, but he could not do everything. Like a wave rolling shoreward to bury the sands and the rocks, the British power was sweeping on, threatening to carry everything in New Jersey before it, and menacing Philadelphia. British officers sent word home from New York, "Lord Cornwallis is carrying all right before him in the Jerseys. It is impossible but that peace must soon be the consequence of our success." There were American troops also whose time of service had almost expired. The British General Howe confidently expected that the American army would pass away like a summer brook when their term of enlistment expired. Leaving a force of Hessians and Highlanders in New Jersey, to hold the line from Trenton to Burlington, he returned to New York, where he found exceedingly comfortable winter quarters.

At Trenton, were Hessian troops commanded by one Rall. Was there snow on the hearts of the Americans? Winter had not chilled everybody. The interest of Sam Adams of Massachusetts

was ardent. He said at this time, "I do not regret the part I have taken in a cause so just and interesting to mankind. The people of Pennsylvania and the Jerseys seem determined to give it up, but I trust that my dear New England will maintain it at the expense of everything dear to them in this life; they know how to prize their liberties." There was another heart where the sunshine of faith in God and humanity melted away any snow of despondency that might fall, and it was the heart of Washington. Although on the twelfth of December he spoke



WAITING FOR A PASSENGER.

of the army in this style, "Our little handful is daily decreasing by sickness and other causes," he did not despair. The twenty-fourth of December, he said, "The last of this month, I shall be left with from fourteen to fifteen hundred effective men in the whole. This handful, and such militia as may choose to join me, will then compose our army." Notwithstanding these numbers, the day before Washington had penned these words: "VICTORY OR DEATH!"

That was significant. It was the watchword for an attack

planned upon the British. The latter heard of it, but it was treated with little respect. The idea that Washington was coming — coming, too, across the ice-strown Delaware! “Why, the running ice would make the return desperate or impracticable,” said the British commander in New Jersey. Then he wrote, “Besides, Washington’s men have neither shoes nor stockings, nor blankets; are almost naked, and dying of cold and want of food.” But one wintry afternoon, the twenty-fifth of December, those barefoot men who loved liberty better than they loved shoes and stockings, marched out from winter quarters. It was Christmas day, but I imagine there had been no picking of turkey-bones, and if there were, it must have been an early dinner,



TORY UNPOPULARITY.

for all preparations for a forward movement were made in season to march by three. Did the drums beat, or did they steal away in silence? What matter? Their hearts were beating to the music of that sentiment, “VICTORY OR DEATH!”

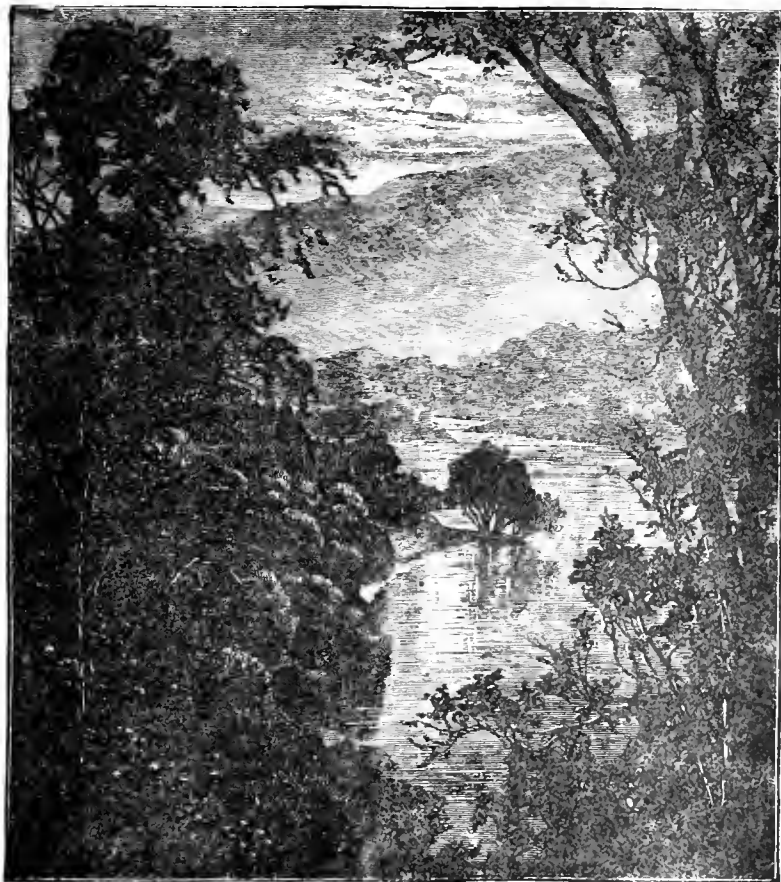
The army had been divided, as the movement was to be a divided one, and with Washington went twenty-four hundred men of the American army. The mark at which he aimed was Trenton, where Rall and his Hessian troops were. By three, the Americans were off. Each soldier took his forty rounds and three days’ rations. With the army, rumbled along eighteen pieces of artillery.

As the shadows fell across the forests, the Delaware was reached. The waters swept onward in a strong, chilling current, checkered with masses of drifting ice. The soldiers gathered on the banks. It could have been no easy march that afternoon. There were soldiers who walked with broken shoes, and broken feet also, for the snow was stained red as the sunset with the blood that oozed out. Difficult as the march may have been, the passage of the river was also to be a difficult one.

“Who will lead us on?” Washington asked on the icy shores, where were chafing the boats gathered for the passage. The brave, plucky seamen of Marblehead came forward and volunteered their services. The boats began to push off. It was a sharp, arctic night. The flow of the river was impetuous. The ice went drifting by in larger fleets. The wind protested against this brave attempt of the soldiers, and dashed in furious gusts upon the rocking boats. The Delaware was no calm river in the summer night, but a wintry, turbulent flow. We seem to see Washington in his boat, his men huddled about him. One lifts the gathered, yet fluttering folds of the flag. Others pull with their oars, or push away the white, jagged masses of ice that retard the passage of the army. Some are there, folding closely around them the thin overcoats through which the wind shoots its keen arrows. Amid all, rises the form of the leader, looking ahead with keen, anxious eye to the shore they are approaching. He may be wondering if any enemy would be there to oppose the landing. The only enemy was the wind. That raved and cried aloud, and, in addition, at eleven o’clock, snow fell. It was three o’clock, the morning of the twenty-sixth, before men and artillery had crossed. Four o’clock came by the time that the Americans had formed their columns for the march to Trenton, nine miles away. At

that hour, a northeast storm had mustered its forces of hail, sleet and gust, and hurled all against the patient columns of Liberty. Nine miles to Trenton over a hard road, nine miles too, of northeast storm!

One of Washington's officers, Sullivan, reported that the arms



"NO CALM RIVER IN THE SUMMER NIGHT."

of his men were wet. "Then tell your general," was his message by an aid, "to use the bayonet, and penetrate into the town; for the town must be taken, and I am resolved to take it."

When this message was carried to General Sullivan, it is said that the soldiers heard its delivery, and so aroused was their enthusiasm that they did not delay for the transmission of an order, but grimly fixed their bayonets — those that chanced to be rich enough to own both gun and bayonet. On to Trenton! — "VICTORY OR DEATH!" The thin gray light of a stormy morning was now making its way through the clouds.

The tempest rudely flapped its cold wings in the faces of



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

the men who chilled and weary had forced their way ahead in that winter night-march of fifteen miles. But where were the Hessians? The twenty-fifth they had been startled by a slight attack of a reconnoitering party, but through the night, their sentinels had paced their rounds, bringing in no report of any enemy out in the storm. All was quiet along the British lines at Trenton. But

looking up in the morning, through the charge of the hail and the wind, an outer picket saw the Continentals charging also!

Hurrah! On they moved with shouts, brave Stark of New Hampshire leading. A company that came out of the barracks to support the guard, saw the steel lines of this unexpected northeast storm of fixed bayonets, and retreated in haste. Quickly Trenton town was in confusion, the Americans charging along its frozen streets. The Hessians who had been alarmed the day before, as already told, by that slight attack of the American reconnoitring party had recovered their equanimity. It is said that their commander continued his customary "revels" into the night, and all the while the men with holes in their shoes were moving on Trenton. And there they were, the storm clashing against their cold bayonets!

Rall, the officer in command at Trenton, tried to recover the ground that had been lost. I see him riding here and there, rallying his men that unlucky, dreary morning, only retreating to an orchard east of the town. Unwilling to yield up the American plunder they had accumulated in the town, the Hessians filed past the gaunt, leafless trees, and rushed on Trenton again. But there advanced once more the men with holes in their shoes, charging furiously through the cold storm, and, driving the Hessians still farther away, forcing them into a position where they became demoralized, confused, and a prey! As a body, they were bagged as nicely as ever any bird brought down by a sportsman's gun.

A hundred and sixty-two escaped, but nine hundred and forty-six were taken prisoners. The Americans did not lose a man, and besides the prisoners, captured all the brigade standards, six pieces of artillery, and twelve hundred muskets. Santa Claus was



HOW, WAVING HIS SWORD, CAPTAIN ROB MERRY WOULD HAVE LED THEM ON.

rather late in making his Christmas presents along the line of the Delaware, but when he did come, he certainly remembered the Americans in a very generous style. The truth is, that Santa Claus helps those who help themselves.

This dash of the Continentals on Trenton had a marked influence on America and England. "All our hopes," said Lord George Germain, "were blasted by the unhappy affair at Trenton." On the other hand, Bancroft says that the praeses of the Pennsylvania German Lutherans wrote: "But the Lord of hosts heard the cries of the distressed, and sent an angel for their deliverance."

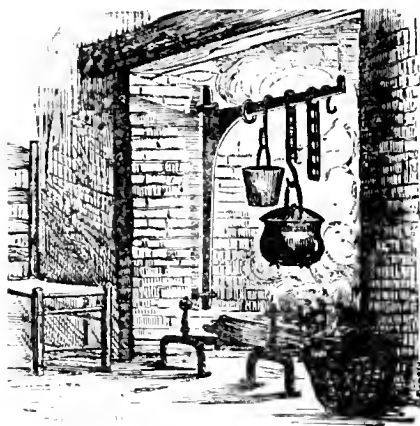
In the same direction Washington gratefully looked in acknowl-

edging the source of this help to the American cause. "Sir, the Hessians have surrendered," was the report brought to him. And it is said that the brave commander looked to Heaven with grateful eyes, joining his hands in the attitude of thanksgiving. The men that could pray as well as march, carried the country through the perils of the Revolution.

The Guild, by the side of the blue waters of the Delaware, went over the details of this story. The boys' patriotism became very fervid. Ralph thought how patiently he would have marched, had he been in Washington's army. Gallantly waving a very bright sword, Captain Rob Merry dreamed how he would have led the Americans on. Riek was very glad to find a very small hole in the toe of his shoe, as it was a memorial of the days when perhaps his own great grandfather walked behind Washington, his shoes very much the worse for wear.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON TO BOSTON.



POT-HOOKS AND TRAMMELS.

WE are now in the good old land of pot-hooks and trammels," said uncle Nat to the Guild, who had left a Sound steamer and were comfortably seated in an express train bound for Boston.

"You don't see them nowadays," said Ralph.

"No; but New England always suggests them, and Boston could furnish them from its relics. There.

that house looks as if it might have them now, somewhere along the line of that big chimney whose top you see above the roof."

The boys eagerly looked out of the window at a weather-beaten old structure, whose hasty picture was framed by the car-window.

"And that gate near the house, where the rails between the two posts just about touched, made you think of the stocks," said Rob.

"Stocks?" inquired Rick.

"Why, yes; you have seen pictures of them, where a prisoner was required to put his hands or feet, perhaps all of them, through holes in a movable board in a framework, and there he was

obliged to stay until the constable let him out," said uncle Nat.

"Oh, yes; now I remember a picture of one, where a poor tramp is on one side of the stocks, looking gloomy enough, with his feet caught that way, and on the other side is his dog, looking sheepish enough at his master's bad fix."

"In England, once, every parish had its stocks. Then there was the pillory, a stout plank like a sign-board, being set on the top of a pole, and this pole was on a platform. In the sign-board were holes for the neck and wrists. You can imagine how a man must have looked, his head and hands held that way."



PRISONERS IN STOCKS.

"I saw a picture of Titus Oates," said Ralph, "and his head was put through the pillory, and his hands too, and there he stood, this old English character, in the midst of a great crowd that didn't look friendly one bit."

"If a man was popular," remarked uncle Nat, "the pillory did not hurt him. His friends would feed him and shade from the sun his face, but if unpopular, he became a mark at which were sent various disagreeable objects. The pillory and the stocks were brought to this country, and at the time of the Revolution, were in use here."

From the windows of the train the Guild looked out on a strip of water where some men were fishing from a boat.

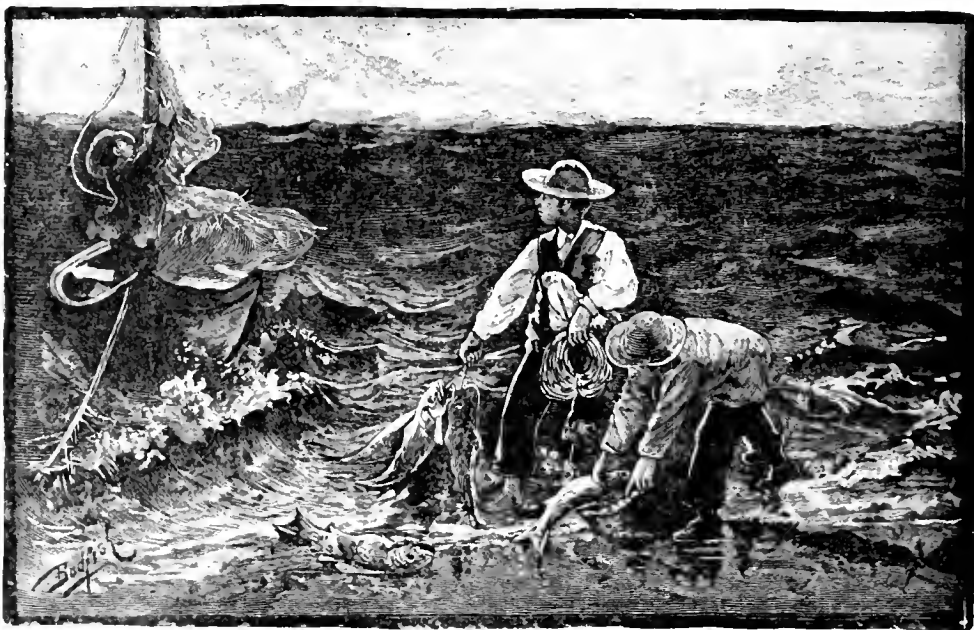
"There's where we can get capital sailors for our navy," said uncle Nat. "Last summer I saw some boys down on the sea-shore handling fish they had caught, and I thought they would make splendid mates and captains some day."

Past strips of emerald meadow, past beds of blossoming plants in a garden, past a thrifty manufacturing village or a lonely farmhouse, the express for Boston rattled on.

"Have you got that paper?" uncle Nat asked of Rick.

"What paper, uncle?"

"About the railroads. We shall soon suspend railroad travel for



THE COMING JACKS OF OUR NAVY.

a little while, and it will be a good time to finish off by reading those facts about railroads I found for you."

"I am ready," said Rick, and he began to read:

"There are, in the United States, over sixteen hundred railroad companies, and they run one hundred and fifteen thousand miles of main line. Counting in what they call sidings, there are one hundred and thirty thousand miles of track. We get



BOSTON IN 1774, FROM DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.

an idea of what has been done in fifty years, from this fact, that up to 1833, all the miles of railroad would not have been enough to make side tracks for one of our smaller trunk lines. It takes twenty-two thousand locomotives to pull seven hundred thousand cars of every kind, freight and others. According to the last census, these roads employed over four hundred thousand men of all grades, and it took about two hundred million dollars to pay them off for one year. They represent — not the hands, but the roads — over five billion of dollars worth of property: about three times as much as our national debt. They carried over two hundred and sixty million of passengers in 1882, and moved about forty billion of tons of goods. There, now I will take a breath, for isn't that enough?"

Uncle Nat laughed, and said, "But you left out one thing."

"What was that?"

"About the Pennsylvania Railroad, which does more business than any other road in the country. It has in all, four thousand miles of main track — and — and — and" —

"Stuck, uncle Nat! You'll have to go down to the foot of the class," said Rick. "Let me tell, for I have the figures on the other side of my paper. It has twelve hundred locomotives, thirty-one thousand passenger cars, and thirty thousand freight cars, earning in all about eighty million of dollars, in 1882, its expenses being fifty million. It's a big road."

"Don't you think, uncle Nat, sometime they will travel in the air?" inquired Ralph.

"Yes, I do."

"How?"

"That I give up. A late invention has been the storing of electricity in a cell that can be carried about. One, weighing about a

hundred pounds, was sent from Paris to Sir William Thompson, an electrician, and it had power to lift a million pounds one foot high. It is called the Faure cell, after its inventor. A small boat was propelled by two cells up and down the Seine, carrying passengers. The inventor hoped to drive a balloon through the air by means of this cell, in which electric power had been stored. If it can only be done, what a nice thing it will be for the Antelope Guild!"

The train was now nearing Boston, thundering through Braintree, Quincy, and Dorchester.

"There's old Dorchester Heights, though they are now in South Boston, the name of the neighborhood having been changed," called out uncle Nat. "See that hill over there, up which the houses mount like stairs, and on top is a leafy crown, a flag-staff in the centre. That is the point our troops occupied in March, 1776, when Boston was held by the British, and wasn't a good work done there?"

"I think so, uncle Nat," said Rick, who knew the story well.

For the sake of all the young people, the story shall have an insertion here.

It was March, 1776. Cold weather, though not severe, still lingered in the blue skies and on the frosty hills of New England. Within Boston, was the British army. In the harbor was the British fleet, and between the fleet and the sea was a crystal roadway that the Americans might covet, but could not obtain. Though the American army was posted about town, their guns did not control it or the watery avenue leading to it. There was the high ground, though, lying in a southerly direction from the town, called Dorchester Heights, which overlooked also the harbor. If Washington could point his guns at the enemy from that elevated point, make Dorchester Heights the carriage on which he mounted

his cannon, and then blaze away, the British army and the British fleet might be glad to run away from Boston. Washington said to himself, "I'll try to occupy Dorchester Heights."

To mislead the enemy, there was a heavy night-cannonade kept up by the Americans, the guns all banging away in the direction of Boston. Through the two nights previous to the occupation of the Heights, the Americans were bombarding the town. The night before the fifth of March, on both sides the firing was so hard and hot that from seven till day-break, it was one constant thunder about the town. Washington's can-



HANCOCK HOUSE, BOSTON, REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

nnon and Washington's men were both in active service, the former roaring and the latter marching. Troops were dispatched to occupy different points, and to General Thomas was given the command of a working party of twelve hundred, who proceeded to the elevated ground Washington had coveted for his redoubts.

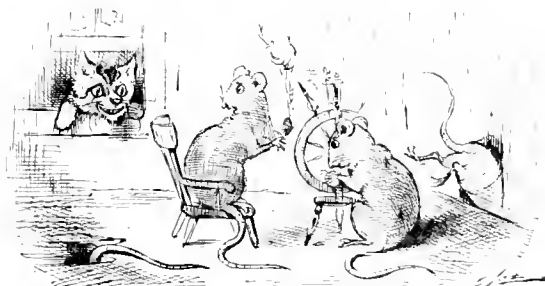
The frost was still too deep in the earth to permit any excavations for trenches or any accumulation into ramparts, but there were Yankee farmers in the neighborhood, and there were Yankee barns, and over three hundred Yankee carts came filled with bundles of screwed hay, for works on Dorchester Neck, and with various materials for the redoubts on the Heights. The moon hung its round, silvery disk in the March sky, its peacefully falling light in strange contrast with the smoky clouds of war arising from the guns incessantly thundering away. The Americans earnestly worked on

the Heights. Trees growing in neighboring orchards were cut down. These were built into an abattis and bristled at the foot of the ridge. Strong, sturdy redoubts were piled up.

The Americans had prepared barrels packed with earth and stones, and these were intended as a welcome for the enemy, should they conclude to assault the works. Very handy to roll down on an approaching and assailing force! The works at last were finished. The sharp light of the morning flashed out of the east, paling the moon to a white, fleecy cloud-tuft in the sky, and there on old Dorchester Heights, ragged, but rugged, frowning, scowling, strong, were — “What?” must have thought the British, looking over from the town through their glasses, and looking up from the decks of their ships in the harbor! “We must go, or we must take the works the saucy Yankees have thrown up,” must have been the thought in the mind of the enemy.

Twenty-four hundred men were marched to the water and embarked in transports under the command of Lord Percy, who was directed to storm and carry the works on Dorchester Heights. The Americans were glad to see them embark, and behind the grim Heights was a strong resolve that the works should not be taken. The transports moved down the harbor, watched by the British fleet, and the Yankees clustered on the Heights like black bunches of bees in swarming time. But the swarm on the Heights was in no danger. The transports went past them to a British fortification in the harbor, Lord Percy purposing to assault the Heights after dark. A rough wind, though, blew in the afternoon, growing to a violence in the night that sent two or three vessels ashore. In the morning, the rain shattered down furiously. The attack was delayed, and was never made, the British deciding to go to a more congenial atmosphere! They began to

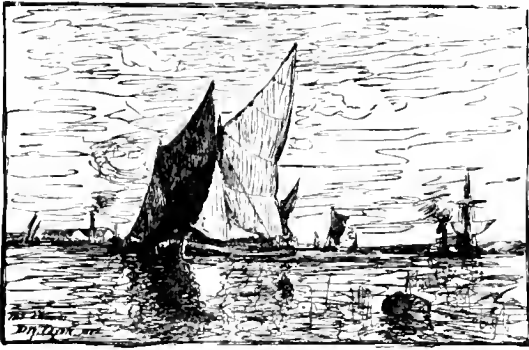
embark at a very early hour one morning, and a long line of ships moved slowly towards the sea, retreating beyond the harbor's mouth, receding, dwindling, the white sails melting like little patches of foam into the ocean. The British had been "caught napping." No cat ever surprised more abruptly a troop of mice at play. Washington in this case was the cat, and the British mice could only run away.



THE BRITISH MICE COULD ONLY RUN AWAY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SALT-WATER SURPRISE.



BOUND FOR BOSTON.

I HAVE got a surprise for you, boys," said uncle Nat an hour after their arrival in Boston. "We were going out to Concord in the next train, you know, but I have been down on State street, and learned something that makes me want

to delay going to Concord." Then Uncle Nat smiled.

"A surprise?" inquired Rob.

"Yes, a salt-water surprise."

"Not a fresh-water one?"

"No, no! We will go down to Lewis Wharf."

It was a mystery to the Guild, this salt-water surprise, but uncle Nat did not let any light fall on this dim and misty subject. At the wharf, they stepped on board a tug that at once began to splash the water with its iron fins and was quickly darting down the harbor. It was a bright, breezy day. The sun was shooting down its golden arrows, and all the little waves were so busy catching them up on their crystal shields, sending them back broken and jagged, but still golden. It was a morn-

ing that suggested life,—movement. There was motion to the wind, the water, and the nimble tug. The spirit of the day was contagious. The boys felt it. Uncle Nat caught it at once. There he stood on the deck of the tug, his face turned toward the open sea, his brown eyes flashing out a fire that responded to the animated play of the sunshine across the water.

“Well, boys, this is good! I like to be on the move,” exclaimed uncle Nat. “Everything seems to be going this morning.”

“Everything except the islands,” added Rick.

“Well, those are good to tie up to. It won’t do to have everything on the go.”

“Where did islands come from?” asked Rick abruptly.

“Come from?” replied uncle Nat.

“Ask that comet we talked about at Concord,” suggested Rob.

“That comet, ha, ha! Where did islands come from? Why, the waters running out from the coast, carried out some of their dirt. The water is constantly at work upon them, taking dirt from them also. There is Nix’s Mate. See it!”

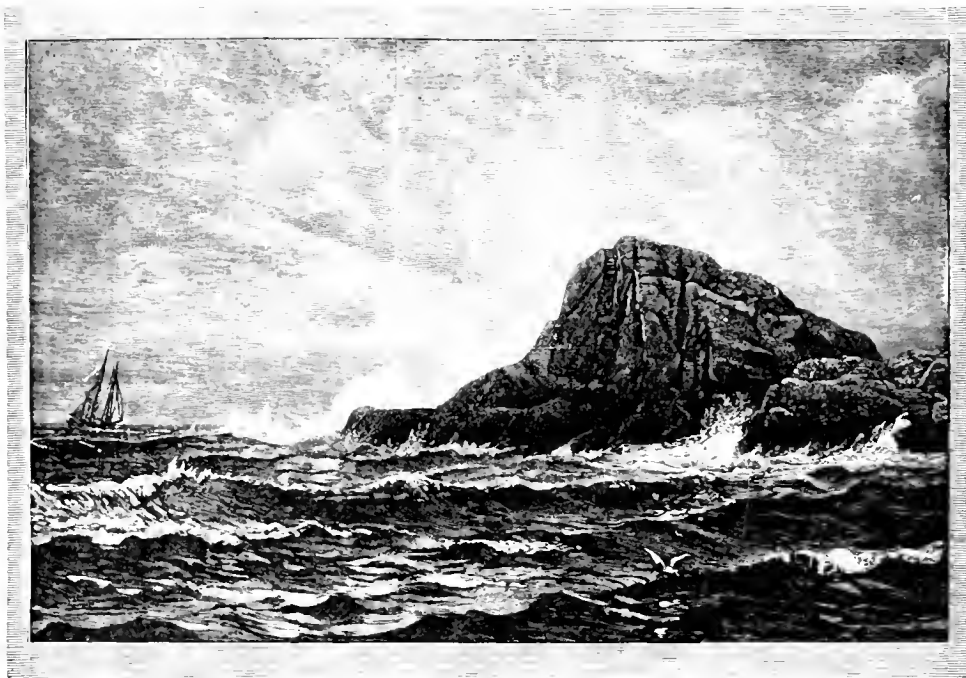
“Where, where?” asked the boys.

“Over there at the right, where that stone beacon is. There is a shoal around that, but once it was quite a good-sized island, and they used to pay off pirates there for the mischief they did. The story runs that the mate of a Captain Nix was charged with the murder of his master. He was taken to that island there to forfeit his life. He declared that he was not guilty of the crime, and told the hangman when about to die, that in proof of his innocence, the island would be washed away. There is certainly little of it left now.”

“Some islands are thrown up by volcanoes,” said Rob. “The Azores are volcanic.”

"Yes; one put its head out of the sea about seventy years ago, and the commander of a British war-ship saw the operation."

"Rock-islands, that the waves thunder at and don't trouble in



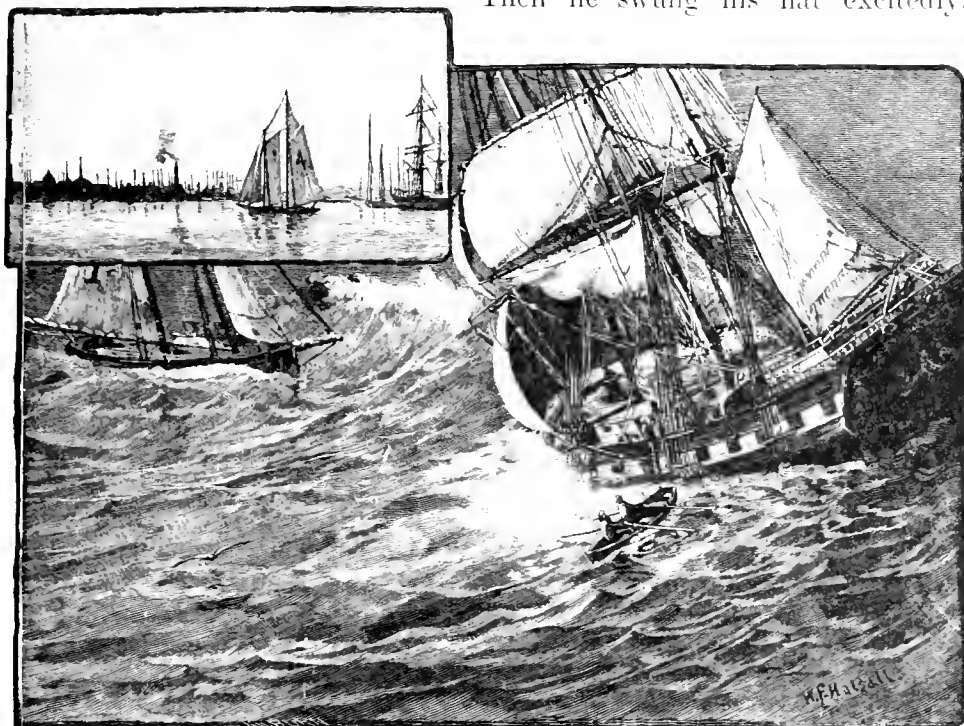
WHITE ISLAND HEAD, ISLES OF SHOALS.

the least," said Ralph, "always seem more interesting than these earth-islands that the water keeps washing away. Do you remember the Isles of Shoals, off Portsmouth, N. H., where we went once, Rick?"

"Guess I do!"

"Those rocks looked solid enough, and didn't the waves march up their sides in a grand way! They had to march down again, though."

The tug boat was now nearing the mouth of Boston Harbor. Uncle Nat had ceased to take part in the conversation, and was silently looking off toward the wide, stretching, sudit sea. He was humming the chorus of a sailor-song, "Oh, poor Reuben Ranzo, Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!" Suddenly his face broke into a smile. He stopped singing and shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Then he swung his hat excitedly.



OFF BOSTON HARBOR. NO. I. SENDING A BOAT.

"What is the matter?" thought Ralph. "Uncle Nat gone mad?"

"There she is, boys, there she is!" cried uncle Nat, swinging his hat still more enthusiastically.

At the left of their course, quietly riding at anchor, was a ship, and "How natural it looks!" thought Rick.

"Oh, I know now! The *Antelope*! The *Antelope*!" he shouted, and began to hurrah.

The enthusiasm became general. Four boys, uncle Nat being a little older and larger than the other youthful members of the Guild, were now hurrahing. The captain of the tug looked out from the cosy little pilot-house, the engineer stuck his head out from the door of his quarters, the "hands" glanced up from their work, all grinning at the enthusiasm of this jolly, rollicking Guild.

"This is your salt water surprise?" asked Ralph.

"Certainly," said uncle Nat. "Now, cap'n," he added, turning to the occupant of the pilot-house, "put us alongside of that craft, clap on your hawser, and whisk about for Boston in less than no time."

"Aye, aye!" was the response.

And in a very little while, if not "less than no time," the tug had been laid aside the *Antelope*, that hawser had been "clapped on," and the *Antelope*, thus triumphantly led, was on her way to Lewis Wharf, taking the Guild with her.

"Isn't this good, boys?" said uncle Nat, who had been talking with the head officer, but now turned to chat with the Guild. "Come into the cabin! Why, where are you?"

"Come!" They had already gone, all of them scattering to different places.

Ralph was now in the after-cabin, looking about. "How natural!" he thought. There was the lamp overhead, swinging from the skylight, and below was the carpet he used to admire, its scarlet and gold shades somewhat faded now. There were the marble-top table and uncle Nat's barometer. Opening out of the cabin was the stateroom, or "clam shell," as uncle Nat labelled it, formerly occupied by the boys. In the forward cabin was the long dining

table of black walnut, and overhead was the rack, with its castors and tumblers.

"Oh, you here, Ralph?" said uncle Nat, looking in at the cabin-door. "You boys made good time getting off. Where's Rick?"

"I know where he is, uncle Nat, about as much, probably, as he knows where I am. As for Rob, I shouldn't wonder if he was on top of the mainmast now."

Rick had gone to the forward house to hunt up the "for'e'stle." He remembered the place, and down into it he went and looked about him.

"There are the three windows," he was saying, "and one, two, three—yes, there are the twelve berths, and there on the wall is the picture I put"—

"Hul-lo, Boson!" said an interrupting voice, and a hand, broad and heavy, something like a whale's fin, was yet kindly laid on Rick's shoulder.

"Jack Bobstay!" screamed Rick. It was Jack, and no one else.

"Oh, good, good!" exclaimed Rick, and wishing to celebrate in some way this unexpected and joyful meeting, he seized the old sailor's hands and began capering round the "for'e'stle." And Jack, he danced! There they went, round and round the "for'e'stle," Jack singing "Reuben Ranzo!"

"What is the racket down here!" called out a voice. It was uncle Nat.

"Beg pardon, cap'n," said Jack, touching his cap. "We was only a-celebratin'."

"Celebrating! I thought Bedlam must have been imported, and the *Antelope* was bringing it to Boston. All right, though! This is a special occasion. We are going to have a special meeting of the Guild in the cabin, and Jack, you are invited to it."

“Thankee, sir.”

There it was on the cabin-door, the notice of a special and social meeting of the Guild, at two o'clock that day.

“We will all go to it,” said Rob, reading the notice.

“Uncle Nat,” asked Ralph, “how did you know the *Antelope* was here?”

“When I left you, this morning, I went to the office of our agents. There I heard that the *Antelope* was below—they can telegraph up from Hull, at the harbor's mouth—and the agents said they were going to send down a tug. So I thought we would come down in it.”

“You don't need a pilot to take her up,” said Ralph.

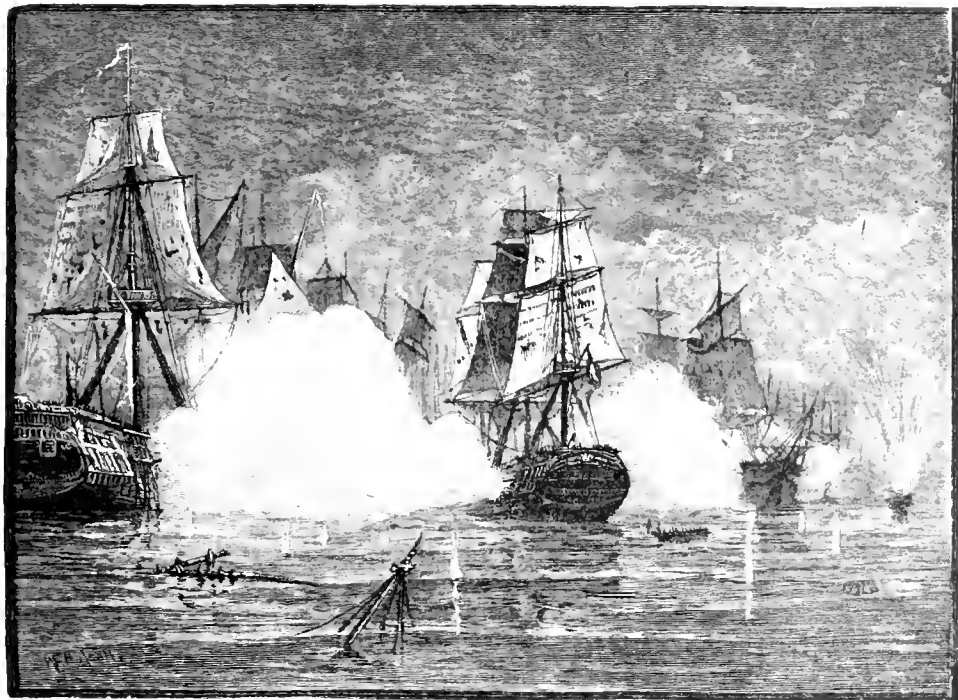
“Not now, with this tug, of course. Glad enough to have a pilot sometimes. There is a pilot-boat now, slipping down the harbor. She has a number on her sail. The pilot-boats are very fast, and they are built strong. New York pilots sometimes venture out two or three hundred miles, I have heard it said, on the watch for ships.”

“Couldn't you take the *Antelope* up Boston harbor?” asked Rick, who thought uncle Nat could do anything with a vessel.

“I should not care to do it. I can handle the *Antelope* in open sea, but then there are peculiarities about a harbor-channel, shoals, and rocks, and points, that a pilot understands better than I. Once, in another vessel nearing Boston Harbor, I remember it was very rough, and No. 1 pilot-boat bore down on us. I did not think she could get a pilot on board very easily, but she sent a boat that brought to us a pilot who was every inch a seaman. But don't forget the social meeting of the Guild, boys, at two.”

It was not forgotten, and the Guild gathered in the forward cabin to enjoy a fine dinner.

"This is not Bumble-bee's cooking," said uncle Nat, "but still we have a good substitute for Solomon. I thought we might see that member of the Guild a second time on our journey, as I think he said something about it, but we have not thus far.



"AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR."

Boys, instead of going to Concord to-night, as you anticipated, would you like to sleep here? I can telegraph that we will not come until to-morrow. I have a little business to look after, which detains me here in the city, and you can stop, too, if you wish."

"Splendid!" was the comment of the Guild on this proposition. The tug had already whisked the *Antelope* to her moorings, and Captain Nat left the ship to send a telegram to Concord.

One pleasant feature of this "land-lubbers' cruise at a wharf,"

as uncle Nat called this evening's experience of the Guild, was a yarn from Jack Bobstay. It was at twilight after supper. Most of the crew had been allowed "a couple of hours off," and had started on a walk to the Common, that green, leafy centre of the universe. Jack took a position by the binnacle, and the boys squatted near him.

"You see, boys," said Jack, "it was in me to go to sea. My father was English, and went to sea. His father before him was a sailor. He, boys, was at the battle of Trafalgar, 1805." Here Jack paused. That famous battle that the English Nelson fought with the united fleets of France and Spain, capturing nineteen ships, but winning a victory at the cost of his life, Jack Bobstay ranked as the greatest marvel of its kind. Jack considered the family as immortalized, because his grandfather was there. True it was that certain envious neighbors declared that Jack's grandfather ran off from ship some time before the battle of Trafalgar, but Jack did not know it, and would not have believed it if he had known of the report. As Ralph said, "Jack looks upon the name of Bobstay as framed in everlasting glory."

Waiting a while, that his audience might uninterruptedly admire a real descendant of a Trafalgar hero, Jack then resumed his talk. "Of course I couldn't be a land-lubber" (said with scorn), "and I went to sea. I remember that in my second voyage, I was off a-fishin' in a New Brunswick schooner. I had come over to this side young, you know. One of the hands on board was John Rodman, but we twisted the Rodman round and made Ramrod of it. He was a queer-lookin', long, lean kind of a man, with a long face, long hair of a brick color, and long nose. He was long every way, and Ramrod was a name fittin' close as my head into my cap, and I think that is a pretty close fit sometimes. He was

an inoffensive sort of a man, and I don't know but that we would have liked him well enough if he hadn't seemin'ly been so stingy with his money. We thought him dreadful close, and sometimes we'd twit him 'bout it. But you couldn't rile him, bless me! no more than you could stir up the ocean by running a shingle nail down into it. We therefore thought he was a feller that did not have much sperrit.

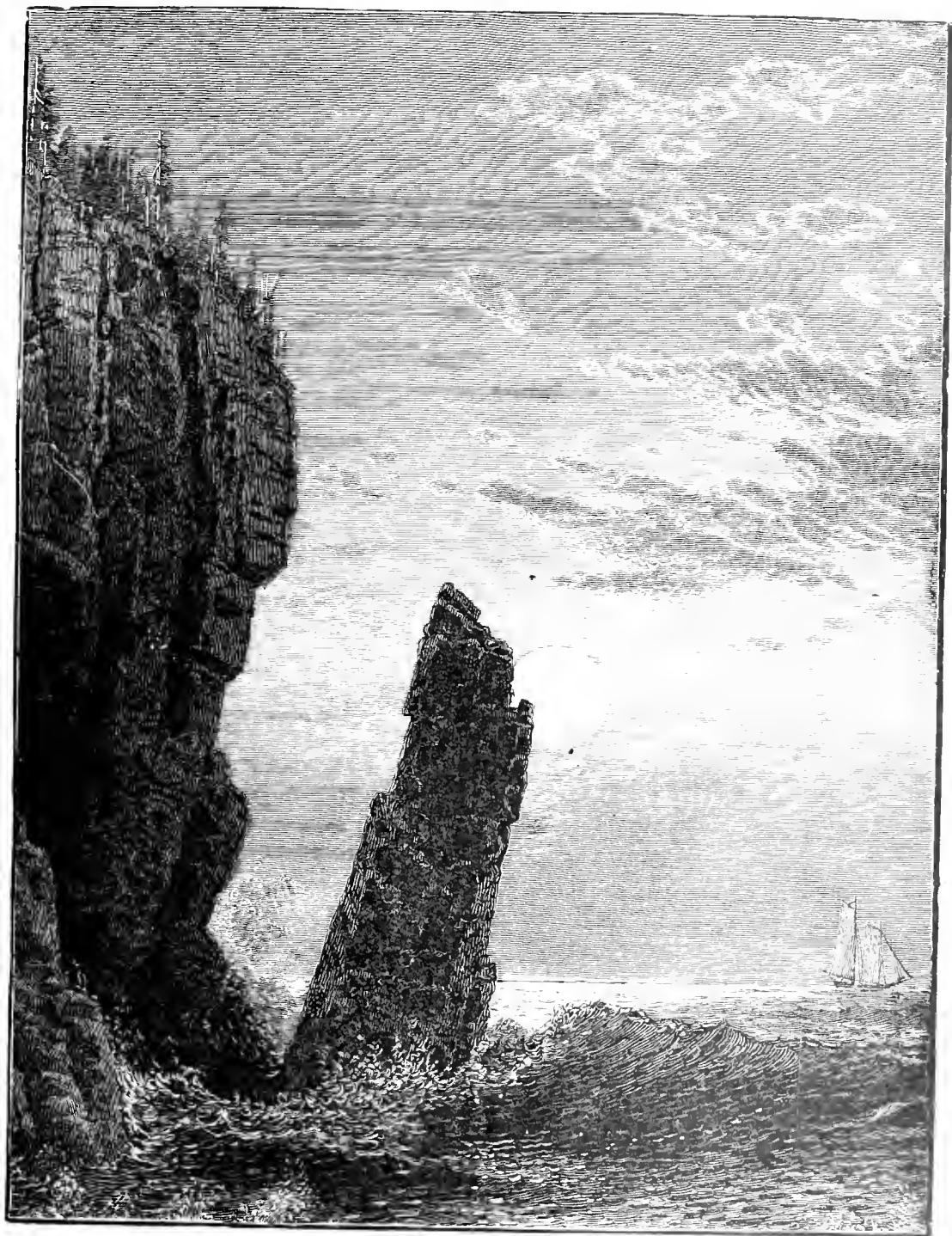
"There was one thing we thought was mean. We had had good luck one day a-fishin', but the deck got fearfully littered, and Sam Crosswell was one of the men whose job it was to clean up. 'There,' said Sam, 'any feller that will take my place, I will give him ten cents.' Up spoke Ramrod, 'I'll do it!' Sam didn't s'pose he would take up the offer, you know, for we thought ten cents a dreadful small sum, but that Ramrod jest got down on his knees and cleaned away as if he were a mop. Well, it made a good deal of fun among the men. Sam give him a ten-cent piece that had a little mark like a cross on it, and Ramrod's eyes really sparkled to get that piece of money. After that, Sam and Ramrod had a fallin' out, and Sam was real sassy. He twitted Ramrod right and left about that ten-cent piece, and any other man on board the ship would have taken him and dipped him into the sea. But Ramrod was cool. He only said that Sam might see some day that he was unfair. 'Ramrod has no sperrit,' we all said. It was not strength he wanted, for he could have taken Sam and pitched him beyond the bowsprit.

"We had started for home, and were off the Bishop's Head, Eel Brook Cove, Menan Island, a wild, rocky place ashore, and on the water it is apt to be foggy and always treacherous. We got caught off there in a fog, and steered for the open sea. The third day it blew heavy guns, and what a mass of foam the

water was churned into! It lifted a leetle, and we ventured the fourth day to carry a bit of sail. That spell didn't last long, and back came the storm, wuss than ever. The schooner had begun to leak a little, and Ramrod's long arms did good service at the pumps. But there was something to be done aloft, as hard a piece of work as could be given a sailor in a storm, and Sam was one of those ordered aloft. Sam was a coward, and didn't want to go, and that we all knew, and what happened then but the feller that Sam had injured and that we thought had no sperrit, insisted that Sam should take his place at the pumps and he'd go aloft.

"I think every man that saw Ramrod start for them shrouds felt like liftin' his hat to him; that is, if we'd had a chance to do much hat liftin'. 'Twas too howly to indulge in that sort of poetry, and we had our hands full to keep our hats on, let alone the tippin' of them. I wish now, though, we had lifted our hats to Ramrod, if we had gone bareheaded for life. 'See here, fellers,' shouted Ramrod to all his mates—so they said—'I'm a-goin' to take that place!' And away he went to the most dangerous spot, and there he worked splendidly. Thanks to him, the cap'n's order was carried out, and the work done. There came, though, a tremendous lurch of the ship. My, I can feel it to this day, for I was at the wheel!" Jack Bobstay involuntarily bowed, as if once more in the old schooner, and feeling the lurch of the sea. He righted himself, and went on:

"When the schooner recovered from that, and we could look round, there was one man less in our crew than before. Somehow Ramrod, who had gone aloft, had been flung into the bilin' sea, and that was the last of him! No boat could go for him. One couldn't have lived two minutes in that sea, and to try to



BISHOP'S HEAD, FLEET BROOK COVE, MENAN ISLAND.

pick up Ramrod would have been like tryin' to fish over the edge of Niagray for a chip that had gone down. Well, everything comes to an end, and that storm did, and somehow we got our leaky schooner into port, and fixed her up again. The cap'n overhauled Ramrod's kid — what you landsmen call a chest, and there he found a little bag of money. Near the top was the ten-cent piece Sam Crosswell gave Ramrod, for that scrubbin' job, you know. In this bag were other little treasures, and among them a pictur' of a little boy with as sweet a face as you ever saw, and the pictur', too, of an old lady. I tell ye, when the cap'n handed them round, there wasn't a dry eye in the ship" — here Jack sympathizingly wiped two big rain-drops away from his "blue lights" and then went on. "The cap'n found a letter also, that Ramrod had half-finished, which began, 'Dear mother,' and spoke about his little boy.

"He told them that he was savin' every cent he could, for he knew they were poor, he said, but when he got home he would bring a bag full of chink. What a mean critter I then felt I was for all my 'spicions! Ramrod said in this letter he had had a very pleasant dream about his wife, who he knew was in Heaven, and he sometimes felt he might not get through the voyage, but then he told them to cheer up, for he thought he should get home sure, and if he did not, he said, 'Why, Heaven is just above the mast-head.' One thing was sart'in, that schooner's crew made up a good purse for Ramrod's boy and mother, and Sam Crosswell gave just about every cent he earned." (Jack did not report that he himself actually gave all his wages for the voyage.) "That affair taught me a lesson; not to judge by 'pearances, and when I do judge, to remember that a man may have some hidden motives, which, if we did know 'em, would

elap a different outside to his life in our 'pinion of it. I think now that homely Ramrod was a handsome feller, and stingy Ramrod was a gen'rous feller, and mean-sperrited Ramrod was a hero."

The Guild canonized Ramrod at once. The boys lingered around Jack Bobstay till the chillness of the evening air forced them



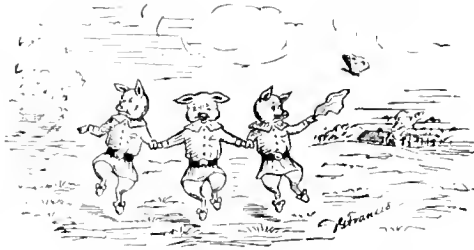
"HE KEPT THRUSTING AN OAR."

into the cabin. There were reminders of bedtime in the city clocks, also, that musically called off the hours, their echoes coming down to the water's edge, and then embarking in the tiny boats of the ripples to be wafted to the South Boston or East Boston flats, and there ignominiously wrecked on the mud. The boys went to their bunks and their dreams. Whether Jack's story influenced

Rick, or whether it was his situation on board the *Antelope*, it would be hard to say. Certain, though, it was, that Rick was dreaming all night of the sea. The most of the time, he was trying to get a drifted boat ashore. He kept thrusting an oar in the direction of the fugitive craft. He might have continued these efforts till morning, had not Ralph interrupted this feat of oar-thrusting by shouting, "There, Rick, stop poking me with your foot!" And Rick stopped, his boat suddenly vanishing on a dark, unknown sea, even as many of our hopes and plans drift away and vanish forever.

CHAPTER XIX.

BOUND FOR CAMBRIDGE.



DESCRIBING RICK'S STATE OF MIND.

RICK felt very happy. Uncle Nat said the next morning, after the visit to the *Antelope*. "I guess, boys, we will go to Concord via Cambridge. Do you remember one day on board the *Antelope* we had a talk

about telescopes?*" I think you can call it to mind."

Ralph and Rick remembered it.

"I said something about observatories also. Well, we have an opportunity to see 'a real live one,' as Rick would have said, when a little fellow. I mean that at Cambridge. But it is a warm day, and perhaps an ice cream would first do us good," said uncle Nat, wiping his face.

"That would be splendid, and we could imitate the example of the abstemious Thoreau, also," said Ralph.

"On a hot day," said the captain. "I am willing to sacrifice my theories for the comfort of the Guild. I am resigned to it."

A like spirit did the others show. Rick was specially pleased, either with the prospect of a scientific tour, or the sight of a large cream ornamented with a single spoon.

* "All Aboard for Sunrise Lands," p. 262.

It was a rare day in June. Cambridge was of a decidedly emerald appearance, streamers of green drooping from its elms and maple, carpets of green expanding on lawn and field, while every shrub seemed to be uplifting a banner of green.

"There is Longfellow's old home," said Ralph, pointing out a large yellow mansion that had a colonial air.

"Sparks and Craigie!" soon shouted out the conductor of the horse-car that had brought the Guild from Boston.

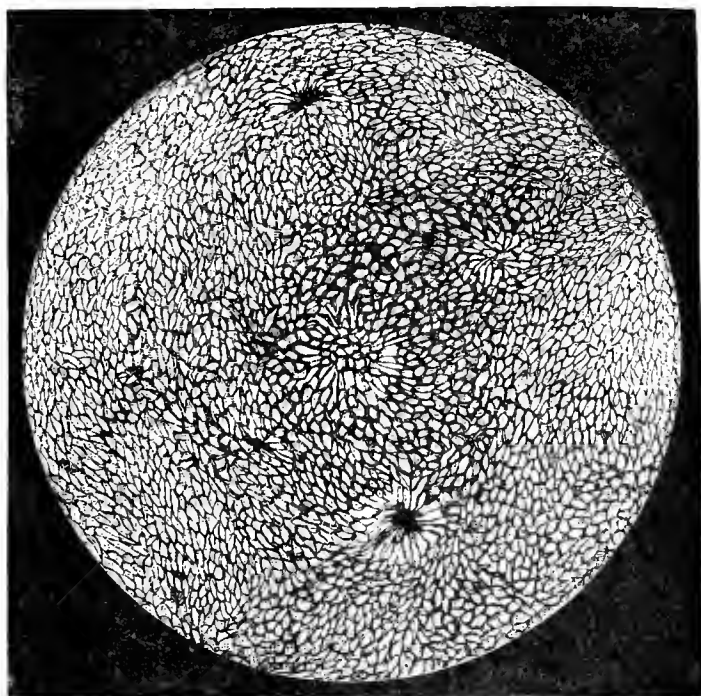
"That means the streets at whose junction we get out," said uncle Nat.

Leaving the car the Guild went off to the right, through a Cambridge section of emerald growth, then ascending a gentle rise of ground, they saw a flight of steps

that divided a row of bushy evergreen trees. A pretty sight!

"There is the entrance to the observatory-grounds, boys," said uncle Nat.

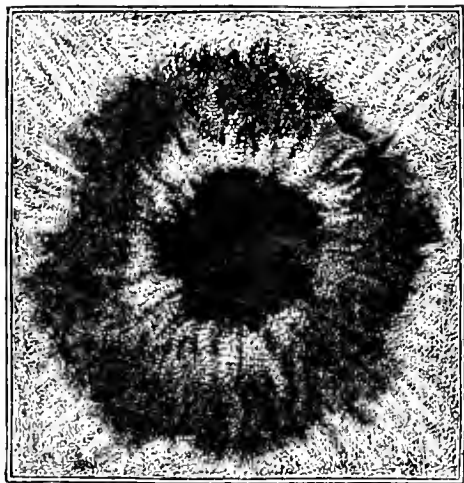
They crossed a tidy lawn to the door of the observatory, a



"A VERY SPOTTED OBJECT."

plain, unpretending building. At its door, they were met by an acquaintance of uncle Nat's, who smiled, and said they could not encourage much visiting, but he would find room for so distinguished a body as the Antelope Guild.

"Ralph, seems as if we had left the earth somewhere behind us to get into this place," whispered Rob to his cousin.



FRONT VIEW OF A SPOT ON THE SUN.

And when one looked at the instruments there, it did seem as if the Guild had gone off mad up among the inhabitants of another sphere. There was the photometer, or light-measurer, for determining the intensity of the light of a heavenly body.

"And there is the spectroscope," said uncle Nat. "Take the sun and it is a very spotted

object seen through a powerful glass. The spectroscope enables us to take the light of the sun, and from it tell something about the make of the sun. We can examine comets and other heavenly bodies."

Rob was looking at a short telescope, whose axis rested on two pillars of marble.

"A transit instrument," he remarked to Rick.

"What for?"

"Well, to go back to the beginning, let me tell you what a meridian is. It is a great circle that goes through the poles of the heavens, the north and south points, and also the point just over our head, or the zenith, as they say. Now when the sun

crosses that circle, it is mid-day, and so the circle is called the mid-day circle, or meridian."

"And that word comes from the Latin in the first place," suggested Ralph.

"Yes. Now, Rick, hold on to that. Transit means crossing over. This instrument is directed toward the meridian, and when a star crosses the circle, that is noted down. Wait, now, till the earth turns over and the star gets to the same place to-morrow night. That would give a star-day, or sidereal, because measured by a star. It is used to tell something else besides time, but this will give you an idea of one thing they do with a transit instrument."

"I should think it would be a pretty hard thing to be sure when a star got twice into the same place," said Rick.

"Well," explained uncle Nat, who had stepped up, "very delicate lines go across the telescope-glass. Sometimes these may be drawn on the glass, or a spider's web may supply the lines. The moment a star gets to a line, that being the place of the meridian, the observer here has in his hand a little apparatus they call a telegraphic key, and there is a wire going to a time-writer or chronograph. You can go to it over there at the left if you



THE MOON ROLLING INTO THE EARTH'S SHADOW.

wish. The observer touches his key, and that chronograph will make a mark for him and keep the mark, and he need not trouble himself to look at it till daylight. The next night, the observer can look out for his star again, and when it crosses the meridian again, he has a day—sidereal day they call it, ‘because measured by a star,’ as Rob was saying.”

“And perhaps the young gentlemen know that a star-day is not so long as a sun-day,” said Mr. Graham, uncle Nat’s friend.

Rick was ignorant, and also impatient to know.

“While the sun moves around from the meridian to the meridian again—or seems to move—the earth has been shifting its place among the stars, and that shifting it transfers to the sun, so that it takes the sun four minutes longer to get to the meridian,” explained Mr. Graham. “Our clocks and watches we adapt to solar time, or what is called mean solar time.” The enthusiastic soul of the young Rick could not easily abate its astronomical ardor, and he had several questions to ask which Rob and Ralph had answered for themselves some time ago.



PORTION OF THE EARTH IN THE
MOON'S SHADOW.

“What makes an eclipse of the moon, Mr. Graham?”

“There, I’ll show you;” and Mr. Graham producing pencil and paper, quickly set down sun, earth, and moon. “There, when the moon rolls in to the earth’s shadow, the moon is darkened,

or eclipsed. When the earth and the moon are so situated that any part of the earth rolls into the shadow of the moon, the sun to that part of the earth is darkened or eclipsed. In a total eclipse of the sun, a halo of light is seen around the sun, and the name corona has been given to it. In the eclipse of August, 1869, the spectroscope was first applied to it."

"When the sun's light is examined by the spectroscope," asked uncle Nat, "what do we find the sun to be composed of?"

"We have iron, titanium, magnanese, nickel, copper, calcium, and various other elements."

Rick was deeply interested in the conversation.

It attracted also the older members of the party, but they were more familiar with the subject than he.

Rick declared that he would like to be where he could see the sun all the time, going round and round the heavens.

"What they call the midnight sun," said uncle Nat, "where at midnight, or the hour of twelve, the sun is above the horizon still. Well, some time we may be in a high northern latitude, and can charter a reindeer team for a ride to some good point of observation."

"Where I would like to visit," said Rob, "is the moon, and



TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, AUG. 17, 1869, SHOWING THE CORONA AND PROMINENCES.

get a look at the earth and find out how it must seem to change places and have the moon under foot and the earth overhead."

"Probably the earth would be very much spotted," said Mr. Graham, "and there would be a man in the earth same as the man in the moon."



THE MAN IN THE EARTH AS SEEN BY THE MAN IN
THE MOON.

The Guild was now on its way to the big telescope that is the pet of the institution. They passed into a room that looked as if specially built to enclose a big stone pier that came up through the floor, and, conical in shape, disappeared through the ceiling above. "That is a support for the telescope," said Mr. Graham, and hastening up a short, circuitous flight of steps, they came into a round room, with a round roof, and there

poised on its axis, was the long telescope that has done such excellent work at Cambridge.

"Above all earthly vanities now," said uncle Nat.

"Yes," replied Mr. Graham, "up here you feel that your

neighbors are the moon and the sun, and the earth has gone" —

"Down cellar," suggested Rob.

"There, we call this kind of a telescope," said Mr. Graham, "an equatorial. Its principal axis points toward the north pole in the sky, and consequently is parallel to the axis of the earth, and that would make it, swinging on this alone, move in a circle harmonizing with the earth's equator, or moves in the equator, you may say, up and down. Now if you attach an axis to this principal axis, that will give the telescope a movement the other way from side to side. The result is that you can so swing the telescope as to point it at any object in the heavens."

"But how do you get it through the roof? Point it through those shutters?" inquired Ralph.

"Those shutters you speak of, extend from the bottom up across the roof, and can be easily opened."

"And that round roof slips about as you may need to have it, and so enables you to direct the telescope toward any part of the sky," said Rob; "is that so?"

"Yes," said Mr. Graham, stepping aside and setting some simple machinery in motion, that in turn started the round roof on its journey along its iron track. Rick thought it was delightful, and he felt that it would be a great privilege if he could run that roof round and round and round for an hour.

"The telescope, you see, can turn, and the roof can turn, and the only thing necessary now is that the observer should turn. His place is in that frame that runs on that circular track, so he can revolve with the telescope. He is able, also, to raise or lower himself in his seat. If he wishes, he can lie on a couch we have, and look up through the telescope at a point overhead.

The two small telescopes at the side of the equatorial will help him find a star he wishes to examine. There, at one side, behind those curtains, you see an assistant can be stationed, and he has a light there to set down any items the observer at the telescope and in the dark may give him."

"How long is the equatorial?" inquired uncle Nat.

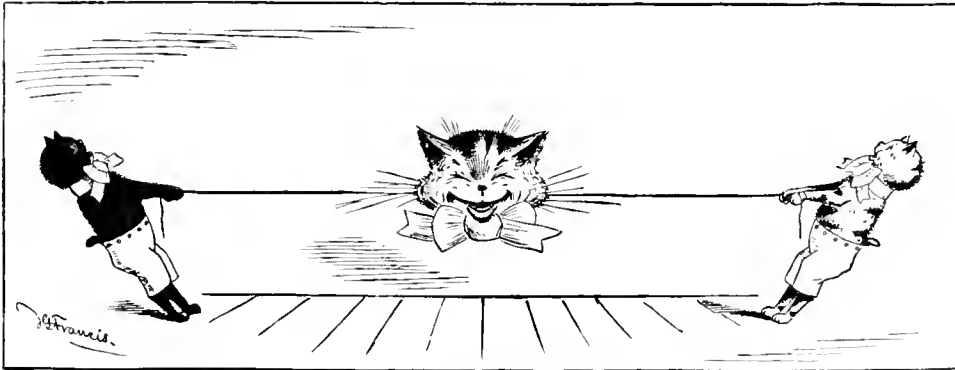
"Twenty-two feet, I think. I should have to guess its weight, but I should say two or three tons, but it is very evenly balanced. There, by means of this rope, I can easily swing it."

"The stone pillar, I suppose, is to give the telescope a good foundation," remarked Ralph.

"Yes; that pillar goes down to the ground. There is rubber between the stone and the floors. The idea is to have a support that will not feel any possible jar from the building."

The Guild now left the telescope to its lonely post under the round roof. Doubtless it felt relieved when such noisy neighbors had gone, and it could return to its silent communings with Jupiter and Venus, the sun, moon, and any comet-tramp that might be passing that day, and the big stars and the little stars, that might whisper any secrets they pleased to the telescope's bright, intelligent face, sure that no whispers would be repeated. Mr. Graham took the party down cellar, where "the time" is kept, and which regulates the time-pieces of the most of New England. Out into the green, pretty world, the Guild walked again. All the young people were pleased as well as instructed by this visit, and Rick was especially enthusiastic. He was not clear in his mind whether he would like better to look through the telescope, or run that roof round by the day. He was as much perplexed as old mother-cat who dearly loved White Puss and

Black Puss, but knew not which way to turn when solicited by both at the same time. As Rick thought of the possible fun there might be in riding on that round roof when in motion, his indecision was increased. Anyway, he made up his mind to go into the observatory for a living.



A CASE OF GREAT INDECISION.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ANTELOPE CRAWLS OFF.



STARTING OFF.

THE good packet-ship *Antelope* was almost ready to start for sea. Uncle Nat had decided to let the *Antelope* go off again on a short voyage, delegating his own duties to an under officer, as his lengthened furlough would give the captain time to carry out his plans for the boys. His vessel's previous trip had been

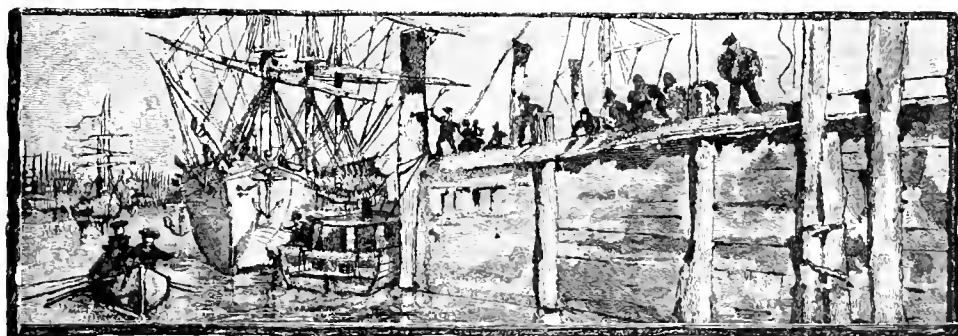
shorter than his estimate. Solomon Bumble-bee had come from New York to serve again as cook, and already was on duty. The hour for the vessel's departure was set at four, one summer afternoon. The stout tug *Nat Wales* had previously attached its lines to the

Antelope, and at a moment's notice was prepared to give the vessel a long pull seaward. As the swell of the uneasy tide lifted the *Antelope*, it almost seemed as if this marine creature chafed at its moorings, eager to be gone.

People had gathered to say *bon voyage* to any friends among the passengers. As the *Antelope* was going to a French port, and that nationality was largely represented among the passengers, some of these were in smiles and others in tears.

"Capitaine!" said the sobbing mother of a French girl going across the hazy seas. "you — you" —

"Oh, yes," said the kind-hearted officer, courteously bowing to the old mother in her shawl whose blue was as faded as that of



"AT THE WHARF."

her eyes. "Now don't you give yourself any uneasiness about *her*. I will see that no harm comes to her."

There were other signs of departure than the crowd on the pier, and the crowd on the vessel's deck. From the ship's boats, that bottom side up were stowed overhead, drooped rows of hams in yellow overcoats, that in the warm weather of the caboose would soon be removed. Through the slats of a couple of coops, were thrust the bills of a lot of hungry hens, and their language as they pecked at food in a trough was, "We must eat, you know, if we are to be eaten."

There were immense water casks on deck, leaking about the bung-hole as if recently filled. A man came hurrying down to the pier with a package of papers for the captain, and then appeared another man, red in the face as if he had been boiling in the pot with a lot of lobsters, but was rescued before life was



A DESIRED MOTIVE POWER.

extinct. This arrival was one of the kind on hand at the last moment.

"All aboard!" shouted the officer, who was acting in Captain Nat's place.

"Clear the gangway! Cast off!" pompously ordered a mate.

There was a flutter along the pier and among the passengers. White handkerchiefs were coming out of people's pockets as if wings opening for flight. Rick thought of the time when he and the children of Pete Gray, a fisherman and seashore friend, were

in a boat (carefully anchored by that prudent parent in very shoal water). The freshly blowing wind gave Rick an opportunity to fly his kite. An umbrella, too, had been spread, and oh! if the *Antelope* could have had some such motive-power, good-by to tug-boats then! As it was, the *Nat Wales* began ominously to grunt, and then the tug pounded the water with its iron foot. Slowly out of the dock the ship was gliding, and there was a buzz of "good-bys" or "bon voyages," while the handkerchief-wings were fluttering in every direction.

"Boys," uncle Nat had said, "if you would like to do so, we will go in the *Antelope* as far as the tug takes the ship, and then come back in the tug."

The boys pronounced it a "splendid" move, and were in raptures at the thought that the deck of the *Antelope* was under them.

Jack Bobstay and Bumble-bee were frequent objects of contemplation. Bumble-bee, who was assisting the steward, would appear at intervals, bearing lemons on a tray, for the benefit of some passenger who was a victim of fear, and expected soon to succumb to the element mischievously swinging the vessel as if in a crystal cradle. Jack Bobstay's voice would occasionally be heard roaring out some

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The ship loyally followed the tug down the harbor. Fort Independence, the Islands, Fort Warren, Boston Light, were all passed, and before them was one vast, soft, placid, stainless sea.

The air that had been steadily cooling, now came in damp, icy puffs from the shadowy sea. Then the breeze stiffened. It stoutly blew. The *Nat Wales* received the passengers' friends, and cast off the ship's lines, amid cheers from some and sighs from others. The tug turned about, while the *Antelope's* swollen sails

were rapidly bearing her away. Captain Nat, Rob, Rick and Ralph watched the vessel as it dwindled and sank, dwindled and sank, till it left not even a shadow on that cool, gray, sunset sea. The silver coast-lights were softly glowing to right and left, and as if a dragon from the sea, puffing out a black smoke against the delicate azure of the sky, cityward went the tug. Uncle Nat did feel "homesick" to quit the *Antelope*, but he kept his feelings to himself. The boys were sorry to leave their friends in the packet, but not so sorry as were the friends left behind on the sea. Jack Bobstay was discovered by a shipmate in the forecabin, and he was at first plunging an immense red handkerchief into his eyes, but at this shipmate's appearance, he made his nose the point of attack, exclaiming, "Awful bad cold! Brings tears to a feller's eyes."

As for Bumble-bee, going this voyage as cook, he pitifully begged a lemon of the steward, laying a hand where his last meal had gone, and saying, "B'liev' I'se oneasy dar!"

Something interesting happened when Jack Bobstay sprang into his bunk that night.

"What to pay is in here?" growled the old tar, as he struck something hard, and yet it was something soft. He sprang out upon the floor of the forecabin, and by the dim light swinging there, he examined the offender. Then he roared, "If I didn't forget that old lady's umbrella!"

It was Nurse Fennel's umbrella! The day before, at Concord, a black cloud rising rapidly above the blue river, threatened to deluge Jack, who was about going to the railroad station.

"Shure," said Norah, the pitying Irish girl, "an ould man like ye ought to have a shilter. Take this," (laying her hands on the first umbrella that she saw) "and send it out by the capt'n."

Jack forgot to send it back!

“If Old Stupid hasn’t taken Nurse Fennel’s umbrella to sea,” said Mrs. Rogers.

It was even so. Nurse Fennel’s umbrella had been taken to sea by Jack Bobstay.



TRUE LIKENESS OF NURSE FENNEL'S UMBRELLA.

CHAPTER XXI.

OFF FOR THE NOTCH.

Hurrah, hurrah, my brave boys away!
Hurrah, hurrah, my brave boys away!
A band of the free that have come from the sea,
Now we are marching through Conway.



TWO youths were tramping up the dusty road beyond North Conway. On the verge of young manhood, well stocked with vitality, they sang as they pushed ahead with long Alpen-stocks in their hands. How their voices rang out! as if the clear sapphire sky were just above them, and its crystal threw back in sharp echoes the jubilant notes. As the song first broke out, they emerged from the green, fragrant woods at the right of the road. They had visited the site of the famous "Bark Cabin," that the Merry family had occupied on the sweeping skirts of stately Kearsarge.

"Here is the very spot, Ralph," said Rob Merry. "Don't you see these tree-trunks? There, we cut off the trees at



THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY THAT ROB LIKED.

those different heights, turning them into posts to support our cabin frame. And if there isn't the old pine-tree, the lower part of whose trunk we turned into a fireplace! If it doesn't bring back old times to come here!"

Rob went on at an enthusiastic rate, vividly painting the glories of Bark-Cabin days. Then the boys turned away, and leaving the spot to sunshine and storm, wind and winter, and "bears," as Rob declared, the young trampers hurried back to the road.

Just here was a break in the trees lining the road, and they could look across the billowy sweeps of emerald foliage to old Moat, those grand, imperial earthworks built up to the clouds that here they might mass, and as the artillery of the tempest roar away.

Noon came, hot, thirsty, hungry noon in the month of June.

"Oh, there is a brook, Rob! Let's stop here," suggested Ralph, "and make a fire and have our lunch!"

"Come on, and come over where the brook is. I'll set the table if you'll make the fire. Just the nicest nook here for a dining-room!"

And wasn't that a jolly, crackling little fire that Ralph built! A strip of the *Concord Freeman* — newspaper, not man — a handful of dried grass and leaves, a bunch of twigs, some stouter pieces of a dead oak limb that Ralph broke up with the hatchet slung at his waist, a match also, and from these combined, up sprang the magical flame that danced and leaped in wild Indian war-fashion, and kept dancing and leaping till the water "came to a boil," and a whiff of savory odor told the coffee was done.

"A few slices of bread toasted. Rob?"

"*Oui, oui*, monster," said Rob, who was overhauling the eatables. "And a little canned chicken, Ralph?"

"I'm agreeable."

"And a bit of raspberry-jam, monster?"

"Luscious! Now fall in and help y urself to my coffee."

"Fall into your coffee! I guess not, sir. It must fall into me."

"And to specially accommodate us, isn't that a fine breeze coming this way?"

"It brings comfort and health, Sir Ralph. Hark! what is that? Who's that a-laughing?"

It was impossible to say, and yet behind the green curtain of leaves farther away, somebody was laughing. To the wonder and guesses of Ralph and Rob, there was an explanation finally made.

Through a rent in the green curtain, a face marked with tan, and half concealed by straggling masses of black hair, looked at the two cousins reclining in their dining-room.

"If there isn't Rob Merry! Wob-bert, how are ye?" was the greeting from the hole in the green curtain.

"Who is that?" wondered Rob.

"Come over and see your friends!" shouted the person at the curtain rent.

"Ralph, let's step over a minute and see who's there. Somebody that knows me. Tecumseh Johnson!" he shouted when he had broken his way through the intervening shrubbery. "And Finley Brigham, you here?"

Tecumseh Johnson and Finley Brigham, who had spread a lunch on a flat, mossy rock, were prepared to greet Rob Merry and also welcomed the cousins to a "social bite."

"And, Cummy," said Finley affectionately, "bring out the sunrise-water. Just treat our guests!"

The small, black-haired Indian Tecumseh here produced a bottle of brandy, that, catching a sunbeam in its glossy embrace, sent



CONWAY MEADOWS.

back as evil a flash as ever brandy or a snake's eye could possibly make.

"Let me pour you some, Wobbert?" said the Indian patronizingly.

"No, I thank you," replied Rob very decidedly.

"Not any? Indeed! But *you* will have some?" said Cummy, turning to Ralph.

"No, I thank you," was a second decided answer.

Ralph and Rob, as they ought to be, were as decided and settled in their opposition to all liquor-drinking as Moat Mountain is averse to any change of location. Rob and Ralph did not make a long stay with these over-friendly neighbors. They returned to their own table, and "cleared it," as Rob said, "wisely deferring dish-washing till supper-time!"

"Going to put on some more wood, Ralph?" he asked. "She will burn into the night."

"Yes; and it will look social when we are gone, Rob."

The boys packed their knapsacks and speedily were off. They may have walked half a mile, and were busily talking about trout-fishing, Rob saying how much he would like to handle a speckled beauty, when they heard a noisy discussion ahead. Rob at once was eager to know what was going on, and pushed forward, Ralph following more cautiously. Clearing a bit of wood that projected itself into the road, the boys saw an immense farmer, in an old green wagon behind a sleepy white nag. Colliding with his wheel were the wheels of a gay, scarlet-bodied buggy in which sat that Indian brave, Tecumseh Johnson, and his noble ally, Finley Brigham.

"Bithar Bushel! Sure as you're born, 'tis he!" exclaimed Rob to Ralph. "Somebody I knew in Bark-Cabin times." The young

riders in the buggy were shouting angrily to the sturdy farmer.

"Come, old Turnip, let us go by!" said Tecumseh.

"Say, Noah-in-the-ark, won't you budge an inch?" asked Finley.

"No, I won't budge an inch more," replied Bithar. "I've bin budgin', done nothin' but budge the last five minutes. Here I am, next to nothin' 'tween me and that ditch. You have more than half the road now, and I won't budge if I have to stay here all night. In that case, I shall want your buggy to sleep in."

The ark, "Noah," and the white horse — Rob said it looked like a "whale," being long, big-headed, and big-bodied — all had a resolute look, as if ready to spend not only the night there in the road, but the season.

"Ah, Mr. Bushel, how do you do? Rob Merry, Mr. Bushel!"

"Oh — ah — stars — bless us, if it ain't you! Glad to see you, soon as I settle with these scamps. Now, you idiots, I'll attend to your case! I'll take my sleep-in'-quarters now!"

Bithar stirred his ponderous body as if about to lift it and then deposit it in the buggy. This startled his opponents, who were rather ashamed also, to be seen and heard by Rob and Ralph. Tecumseh and his ally backed their buggy, hauled off to one side, and then throw-



BURNING INTO THE NIGHT.

ing several titles at Bithar, like "Moat Mountain," "Cheese Box," and "Pork Barrel," as Bithar, drove off.

"Oh, them titles don't hurt me," said Bithar. "They don't stick more than a raindrop on Bunker Hill Monument. You know them chaps, Mr. Merry?"

"Yes, sir. I don't know them as acquaintances at all intimately.



HANDLING A SPECKLED BEAUTY.

I am glad to say. They attend the same school where I go."

"One of 'em is an Injun," declared Bithar.

"He does look like it, and he has an Indian name, but that is all. You see they have something aboard besides themselves."

"I should think they had. I'd like to foller 'em up and see where they'll spend the night."

"Now that you don't want it, they an sleep in their buggy."

Bithar laughed, urged Rob to "call if he could, and see the folks," and then the fat farmer, the green wagon, and the white "whale" passed slowly out of sight. Rob and Ralph trudged off in the opposite direction. They were in the Bartlett valley, and there

were wooded heights on either side of them.

"Those hills don't look as high as Mount Helicon," said Rob.

"Helicon?"

"About five thousand feet high to the tiptop point, and if the Muses ever lived there, they must have had an awful time in winter."

"They probably made their winter home with

Hesiod, who knew enough to live down at the foot of the mountain."

"I see that you are posted, Ralph. This is pretty, isn't it?"

The boys stopped to look along a lengthening aisle of green to a hill that rose like the dome of a temple beyond. Then they left the road to get a nearer and better look.

"You've seen Artist's Brook, Ralph, at North Conway?" asked Rob.

"No; I never was there."

"Then there is one great pleasure in store for you."

Artist's Brook? What pen can describe it, what pencil reproduce it?



MOUNT HELICON.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHERE TO PASS THE NIGHT.

Hurrah, hurrah, my brave boys away !
Hurrah, hurrah, my brave boys away !
A band of the free that have come from the sea,
Now we are marching through Bartlett.

THE song of the trampers died away. The practical was crowding upon the musical. The serious topic for consideration now was this, where to pass the night. The boys had brought with them a small shelter tent, carrying its pieces between them. They first thought they would not use it, but ask for lodging at a private house. They went through a little village and then retraced their steps, undecided at which house to apply.

“Let us try this,” suggested Ralph, halting before a house whose big chimney suggested in the cooking apparatus below, immense capacity for preparing Thanksgiving dinners.

“Couldn’t possibly, could we, mother?” said a yellow-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, answering the callers in one key, and then in a higher skrieking at the maternal head somewhere in the rear of the house.

“Hain’t got no room, tell ’em, Almeda,” came a response from a room that seemed to be miles away.

At the next house a bushy, grizzly head appeared in the doorway.

"Y-e-s," was the answer to Rob's question.

"For how much?"

"Well, you would want but one bed 'tween ye — and — well — fifty cents."

Rob shook his head.



NIGHT CAMP SCENE.

"Didn't you want to stop there?" asked Ralph as the two homeless beings moved on.

"Too much smell, Ralph."

"Smell?"

"Yes; I didn't want to stop with a run barrel. The man had been drinking. Look here, Ralph, let's camp out. We shall be independent, and there will be a sense of freedom."

"All right."

"Come down into this field."

Into a pretty, park-like field, the boys retreated, and at once began to hunt up stakes for the support of their tent. They talked as they worked.

"Rob, you saw bears, didn't you, while at the Bark Cabin?"

"Oh, yes," said Rob, with the air of one who had met and slain his thousands.

"What do they look like?"

"Something like a big black Newfoundland dog!"

"They can climb, can't they?"

"Oh yes, they can climb a tree, of course."

"I suppose they are apt grub round for food wherever they can get it the best?"

"Yes; they like good things. They like fruit; and I saw a picture where one had climbed a tree after the grapes on some vines growing there, and some hunters surprised Bruin, and he got a dose of a kind of grape he was not expecting."

"They must give farmers considerable trouble."

"Yes; they might get into a melon-patch and do considerable mischief, and there are various things they fancy. The bear is no friend to farmers."

The boys pitched their tent, gathered a bed of the tips of hemlock boughs, laid down their knapsacks for pillows, put their heads on their knapsacks, and stretched out their tired bodies.



AN UNEXPECTED DOSE OF GRAPE.

"Glorious!" exclaimed Rob; "such a sense of freedom!"

"It is nice, and the hemlock smells nice."

"Oh, it is everything, Ralph. Nothing like camping out. And doesn't that water sound soothing?"

"Yes."

"It is water running over rocks. Sleepy? I'm gaping too!"

"Y-e-s. Hark! N-n-o!"

"What do you hear?"

Whack! went Ralph's hand against his face.

"What is the matter? What are you up to? What did you hear?"

"A mosquito — hang him! I was listening to the soothing sound of that water, and he began to blow his villainous horn."

"The rascal! He is round on my side. There! Take that, you robber. I ended him, Ralph."



NO FRIEND TO FARMERS.

But Ralph now had his hands full of a fight with several winged guerillas.

"Don't send 'em over this way, Ralph! Yes, send 'em along. I'll stretch 'em out like the first one. Oh, mercy! Half a dozen of those highwaymen have gone off with my nose! Look here, Ralph!"

Ralph was now in a furious combat with the invaders, and could give Rob but little attention.

"Ralph, I'll fix the villains. I'll just make it tight around the door, and hang my coat there, and if you'll slaughter those inside, I'll keep the outside ones from coming in."

"I'll do my best," said Ralph feebly, at the same time laughing, "but I'm growing weaker every moment from loss of blood."

"Too bad! There, I've got 'em," said Rob, hanging his coat so that it covered the cracks about the doorway. "Now all we have got to do is to slaughter the red-handed murderers with us, and no others can come in."

Hum-m-m! Hum-m-m! Hum-m-m!

"What is that Ralph? Where did those fellers come from?"

"Round back of my head somewhere, Rob."

"Stuff the hole up. Here! Plug that in." And Rob pulled out a stocking from his knapsack.

Hum-m-m! Hum-m-m!

"Oh, dear!" groaned Ralph.

"More of the critters?"

"No special increase that I know of; but it is so hot and stiffling here! 'Such a sense of freedom,' you know, Rob."

Rob roared.

"Here we are, the ninnies, cramped in this oven. Ralph, where you can't see a thing! And the skeeters in, can't possibly get out. We must board 'em all night. Why didn't I think that that water near us would breed mosquitoes!"

"'So soothing,' Rob!"

"Soothing! I'll make a soothing sound for us both, Ralph, and get out of this baking-pan!"

Here Rob braced his back against the ridge-pole of the shelter-

tent, and then energetically lifting, threw the shelter-tent up and over, and liberated two roasting, itching, bleeding mortals.

"That's what I call a volcanic effort, Ralph."

"We are hot enough, Rob, to have come from a volcano. I feel as if I had been thrown out of Etna."

"But we won't give it up. We will get on to higher ground. Let us get out of this, cross the road, and build on that rising ground—the Home of the Tramp."



A COLD-WEATHER CAMP.

"All right. There is still daylight enough to do it."

The Home of the Tramp was set up again, and this time, on higher ground, in dry pine woods.

"There, Sir Ralph of Concord, isn't this better?" asked Rob yawningly, as he lay down once more in the shelter-tent. "A little warm,

it is true, but then it is dry. Good deal better than one of those freezing, cold-weather camps people are sometimes forced to make."

"Rob," said Ralph, changing the subject abruptly, "you were speaking of bears a little while ago."

"Yes."

"Well, do you suppose we shall get a chance at one?"

"D-doutful, very," replied this high Ursine authority. "No; don't believe we shall."

"It would be sort of nice to hitch a stout noose to the limb of a tree, and put bait near it, so that the noose would hook

him up—I mean a bear—and we find him there in the morning, strung up some time in the night.”

“It would be a very obliging sort of a bear that would run his head into a contrivance like that, and let us look at him. Oh, dear! Sleepy!” Here Rob gaped, while his eyelids drooped wearily.

Gently, sluggishly, delightfully he was drifting off on the current of sleep toward the Land of Dreams. The noises in the forest were so softened that they soothed rather than disturbed the tired camper.

The frogs could be heard piping in the lowlands below, but these ambitious serenaders of the meadow nymphs were at a distance, and their tune was hushed and drowsy. One vile mosquito tramp did force its way into camp, and gave a nasal blast through his horn, but it mingled with all the other sounds now dying on



A VERY OBLIGING SORT OF A BEAR.

the ear of Rob, and lent only a tuneful note to the receding chorus. As Rob's eyes closed, Ralph's opened wider and wider. Ralph could not sleep.

"Hot!" he explained, kicking off imaginary bedclothes, and at the same time evoking a groan from Rob.

"And if the mosquitoes haven't come!" said Ralph. Only a few, but they belonged to the guerilla horde down in the field, and had learned from them how to use a feeble mosquito's weapon of defense, his sting. While striking out at these, Ralph heard a noise without.

"A footstep!" he said. "I hear the leaves crackling!"

Ralph was right. A creature of the forest was creeping about, and Ralph's imagination immediately represented it as a — bear!

So unfortunate is it when young campers talk about bears just before bedtime!

Ralph was now sitting upright. There was the crackling noise again!

"Ahem! Rob!"

No reply from the victorious, but now slumbering fighter with five hundred thousand bears. Ralph shook him by the shoulder. Rob stirred, and as he came to the surface of wakeful life again, he was conscious that Rob was calling him:

"Rob, did you hear that?"

"Hear what? The mosquitoes? The ruffians! Have they found us? Here's for 'em!"

"Did-d-n't you hear-r-ra step?"

"Step? Hark, hark! yes, I do. What is it?"

"Can't say."

"I don't believe it is anything worth minding. Have you been sleeping?"

"Sleeping! About as much as a boy Fourth of July morning! I thought I felt his breath."

"Whose? A boy's on the Fourth?"

Ralph could but laugh here, and was ashamed to say that he thought any wild beast had poked his nose into the camp and breathed on him!

"You've been dreaming, for you don't talk straight, Ralph?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, what do you want? Hot, isn't it?"

"What say to trying a cold weather camp, one of the horrid kind?"

"You are facetious, Sir Ralph. Do you really mean that you want to move?"

"I—I—think it might be—be well," said Ralph, who thought he heard again that sound of crackling leaves, but was ashamed to speak of it.

"Where shall we go? We have tried the field below the road, and the hill above the road, and shall we bunk *in* the road now?"

"Don't you remember a schoolhouse we passed?"

"Yes; but it must be locked."

"No; when we passed it, I noticed the door was open a bit."

"Come on,"

In a few minutes, two shadowy figures were stealing along the country road. No light could be seen twinkling out of the big blacks of shadow, supposed to be houses that they passed. A mist was out that night, and the dimmed stars looked like very poor tallow candles trying to shine in the sky window.

"Here we are, Rob, and the schoolhouse door is open," said Ralph, pushing ahead into the dark, echoing entry.

"Scholars," said Rob, addressing an imaginary collection of youth, "we are the 'deestrick' committee, and have concluded to visit you, though we come at an unusual hour. Our interest in education is so great that we could not stay away. We do love you, and we highly appreciate the efforts you make. We think a good deal of your teacher also" —

"*He* does, scholars," interjected Ralph, "for I understand her name is a Miss Gray."

"Scholars, please excuse my colleague. I am sorry to say that he partook of some bad brandy offered by an Indian down the road a piece, and is consequently not responsible for his very inappropriate comment on my speech. Unable to be separated from you, we will now proceed to camp in the schoolhouse. Ralph, I'll camp on a bench I find up this way, and you" —

"Scholars, you see he has taken a seat not very far from the teacher."

"That bad brandy — silence!"

"I will keep still if I can find a bench to occupy."

"Oh, here is one!" and Ralph stumbling up an aisle, after bruising his hips and shins against the seats, stretched out on a bench that ran along the rear wall of the schoolhouse. Oh, what hard, aching seats! But no mosquitoes were there, and no "bear" was smelling about the premises. Gradually, after many twistings to get on to the softest places possible in the benches, the boys fell asleep. The night gradually went by. Over the wooded hill-tops fell the gray light down into the valleys. It straggled into the uncurtained windows of the schoolhouse, bringing with it an awakened breeze that murmured through the entry, hummed among the seats, and whispered in the boys' ears "Hadn't you better get up?"

“Oh, dear!” yawned Ralph. “Rob!”

“Wh-wh — what — yer — want-er?”

“Want-er? Don’t you think we had better be moving before folks are stirring much? They won’t know what to make of it, seeing two tramps coming out here.”

“Well-l-l! Good-by, scholars! We have had a very refreshing time here.”

“Scholars, he didn’t say good-by to the teacher. I will say good-by for him, as he is a bashful man.”

Out into the thin, gray light, moved the boys. From the farm, house chimneys, no smoke as yet was floating away. By degrees, the stiffness passed out of the campers’ joints, and the school-house whose benches had stiffened those joints, also passed away, at least out of sight.



A RURAL MEMENTO.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE NOTCH.

IT was past noon of another day. The boys had left Bartlett behind them, had tramped through the seven-mile piece of woods beyond Bemis station, and were now nearing the Willey House in the Notch.

"There is the Willey House, Ralph," said Rob.

"That where the slide was?"

"Yes; when we had our tent in the Notch, camping out one summer, we heard all about it. You see it was in August, eighteen hundred and twenty-six,—yes, that's it. Samuel Willey lived here with his family. It must have been a fearfully lonely place to winter in, but in summer I suppose they caught some of the travel on the road through the Notch, though in those days it must have been very scattering. Well, it had been a dry summer, and there came at last a tremendous rain. That stream over there is the Saco, you know, that runs through the Notch, and the rain just made a torrent of it. One theory is that the Willeys left the house to escape the Saco. Going outdoors, a slide overtook them and swept them away. But the Saco may not have frightened them, only the noise of that awful mountain slide, and they rushed out only to meet it! If they had stayed in the house, they would have been safe, for the house wasn't touched, after all. There is a big rock back of the

house that divided the slide, part going to one side and part to the other."

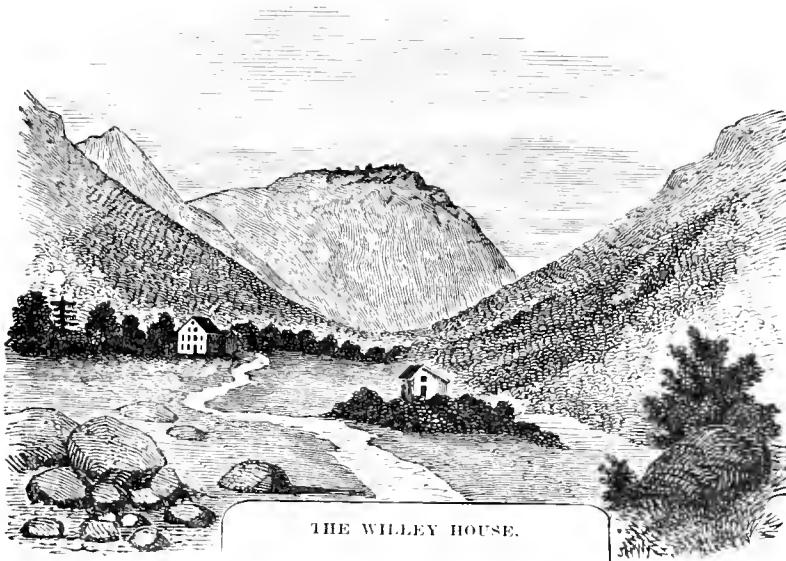
"Did they find the bodies?"

"The most of them. I believe they didn't find three children."

"Avalanches are awful things."

"Terrible. Look over at the right. That is Mount Webster, and you can see where the slides there have scarred the mountain."

The boys halted, and leaning on their long alpen-stocks, looked



up to the frowning, ledgy heights of Mount Webster. Gaunt, bare, torn by slides, its massive crags loom up above the Notch Valley, and support a forest growth on top that the winds must rise to a height of four thousand feet to ruffle. On the Notch side it is an immense rocky wall, down which crash at times heavy masses that the storms loosen. It was once labelled the

Notch Mountain, and is, indeed, the mountain that so prominently projects itself into the Notch, and that fills the vision of the spectator with its bold, towering, stretching ledges.

"This is not a very cheerful place in the winter," suggested Ralph.

"One can imagine what it must have been once. Now we have the railroad that goes back of the Willey farmhouse, higher up by several hundred feet, and the trains make a cheerful noise the gloomiest winter day."

"No trouble about finding bears here once."

"No, nor wolves, and they must have been ugly travellers here in lonely winter days."

If the boys had been in the cars, they would have been lifted high enough to enjoy the long Notch panorama of mountain scenery, the lofty green shoulders of Willey towering at the left, the bare, desolate, storm-seamed crags of Webster frowning in their sullen grandeur at the right, while ahead rose up Willard. Massive, giant-like, it threatened to plant a rocky foot on the railroad track below, and stop forever the passage of the mean little iron horse that screamed and blustered there. Willard, though, actually interposed no such obstacle in the way of the last locomotive that had arrived from Portland, neither did it offer any resistance to the passage of two tired boys through the narrow little gateway of the Notch. Dusty and hot, Rob and Ralph sauntered wearily along to the doors of the Crawford.

"Halloo, here they come!" shouted a voice, and the next moment out rushed Rick Rogers, quickly followed by uncle Nat.

"Well, boys, how are you?" asked uncle Nat in his hearty way. "Glad to see you, I am sure. This was the afternoon we arranged, when we separated in Boston, to meet one another here.



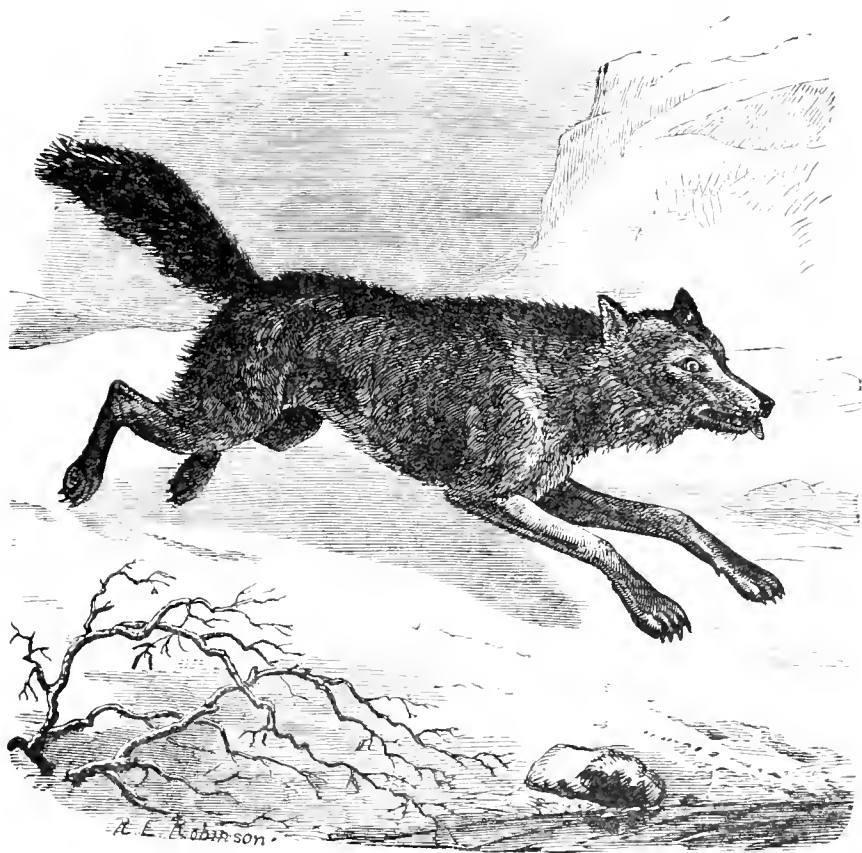
AN AVALANCHE.

but I didn't know as you would get here quite so promptly."

"Here we are! Stage-coach has arrived, slow, but sure," said Ralph.

"Come in, boys! We'll have supper for you right off."

How acceptable was the rest of a hotel after that tramp! It



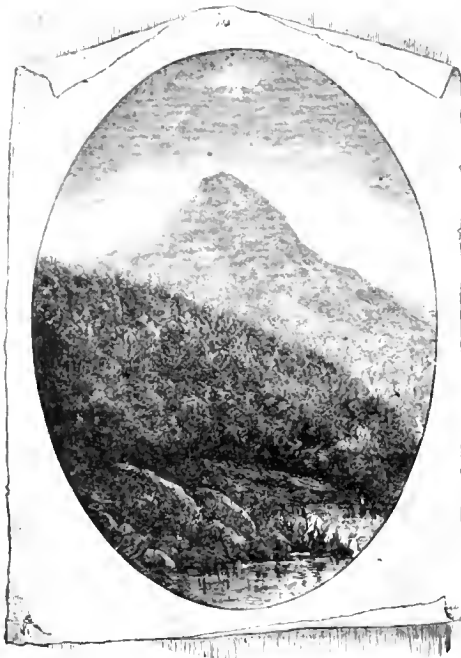
AN UGLY TRAVELLER IN LONELY WINTER DAYS.

rained that night. The wind howled through the mountain-passes, and drove the rain in shattered lines down into the valley.

"Couldn't have used our shelter-tent with much comfort to-night," said Rob. "It is too leaky."

CHAPTER XXIV.

UP TO CLOUD-LAND.



TIME, latter part of afternoon. A railroad track running into the wild, wild woods, a short little train with a tipsy-looking engine, and somewhere, up among the clouds, the top of Mount Washington!

"Here we go, boys," said uncle Nat to the Guild, as the engine began to tug and groan, taking the first wheel-roll toward the summit. The boys felt that thrill of pleasure accompanying every experience meaning motion to a wide awake youth.

"But what if the train should slip back, uncle Nat?" inquired Rick.

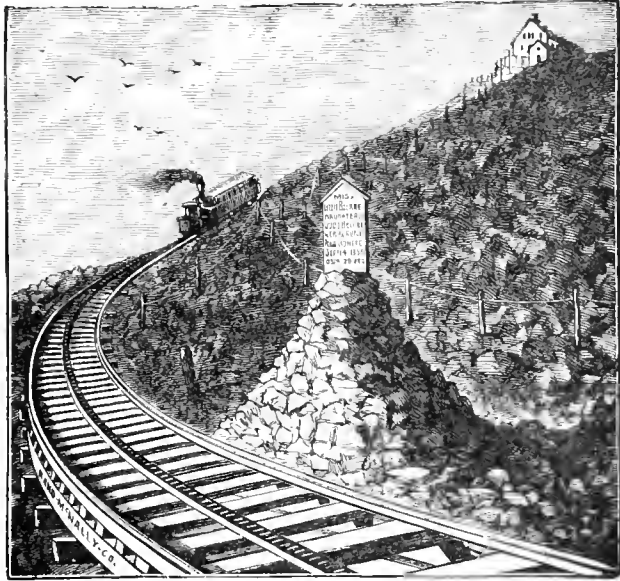
"If it *should*, it — it — would not be pleasant to think of what would undoubtedly happen. It won't slip, though. There is a central cog-rail, and when we go up into a wheel rolling on the central rail, works what they call a 'dog,' a stout 'dog' of

wrought-iron, and this keeps the train from slipping back. So don't you worry."

"If a train did slip—just supposing it—it would make some progress down," said Ralph.

"Once, they tell me, some fellows recklessly gave a push to a platform-car, waiting before the Summit House. The car was three minutes in going about two and three quarter miles. Then it stopped, ending in a smash-up. It will take us an hour and a half to go up."

Steadily, patiently, the engine tugged away. It stopped to cool and moisten its hot, dry throat, drinking from water tanks placed near the track. One of these tanks is



UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

at Jacob's Ladder, almost fifty-five hundred feet above the sea. This memorial of the patriarch is a long piece of trestle-work, running sometimes thirty feet above the rocks.

There were at intervals tempting views down the Anmonoosuc Valley, but as the train climbed higher and higher, the outlook broadened far beyond the valley. It seemed as if invisible hands were drawing aside the folds of a curtain of light, delicate azure, disclosing tempting reaches of mountain scenery. There were the near mountains, with their cool, dark-green, shaggy forests, while far

away ranges thrust up their blue peaks, like the vanishing tents of an army in whose ears the ringing bugles had already sounded the order to march. There were the Pilot Mountains, Starr King also, and Cherry, the Franconia Range, with Lafayette and others, and sharp eyes could have traced the faint contour of the Green Mountains. Upon the right were the massive walls of Mounts Pleasant and Franklin, and on the left, like sentinels, stood up Mounts Jefferson and Clay. Beyond Jacob's Ladder, our party felt that they were invading the Summit district. The tree-line was passed. Ahead, was the scenery of an Arctic summer on the hill-slopes of Northern Labrador, low clumps of foliage, with rough, ragged masses of rock here and there projecting, an area that the winter reluctantly yields to a bit of summer. The firs and spruces that sank below the cold, and ventured to rise only a few feet from the ground, gave way to the Alpine willow, the dwarf birch, Labrador tea and Lapland rhododendron. These also disappeared, and the wind that blew, cold and keen, had only Greenland sandwort and other tough Arctic growth to try its sharp, hard blade on. But where is the Guild?

"Here we are at the Gulf Tank, boys," said uncle Nat, "fifty-eight hundred feet above the *Antelope*, wherever it is on the sea."

The engine was moistening its throat for the last division of its journey.

The nimble necks of the boys were twisting in every direction to get the view. The hills of Maine could be seen curving their delicate lines along the eastern horizon.

"Clouds rolling over the summit!" shouted Rob Merry. "They came up awful quick."

They did roll up suddenly, those white, weird masses of vapor!

"Too bad!" said Ralph. "Now we can't see the sunset."

"Oh, it may not last long," said uncle Nat.

The train left behind it all views of the far-reaching mountain scenery, the monument of Lizzie Bourne, who perished on the fog-enveloped summit, the carriage road on the left winding up from the Glen House, and into a gray, chilling cloud the pant-



WISH I HAD AN UMBRELLA.

ing locomotive ran its head and halted in front of the Summit House.

"Here we are, boys," said uncle Nat, springing out on the platform. "We left Sunland below us, and have arrived at Cloud-land, but the hotel is comfortable, I know."

The Summit House was comfortable as a hotel could be in

Cloud-land. A huge box-stove in the office was chuckling away over the wood fire it had captured, and the servants passed, bearing bundles of blankets to the chambers above.

"Going to be a cold night," the passengers by the train were saying to one another as they huddled in their overcoats about the stove.

"No sunset view," whined a voice. "Came all the way from Colorado to see it."

"It is beginning to rain," was the report brought in half an hour by a man who entered the office, the rising wind slamming the door furiously behind him.

Yes, the rain was speedily dripping, and Ralph expressed the wish that every being out that night might have an umbrella. And so the night came to Cloud-land, night dark, howling, slamming, banging, fiercely raining.

CHAPTER XXV.

MOUNTAIN-MIST ! BEWARE !

UNCLE NAT despised deceit, pretense,—a course that had two faces. What he thought, he expressed accordingly.

“Nat Stevens’ nature is like a clear stream,” said an acquaintance. “You can see to the bottom and tell just what he means. There is no mud there to make it uncertain how he feels.”

Captain Paley Pinkham was a muddy brook. It was hard to tell what he did think, and as he rather delighted in mud, believing there was no wrong in deceit if it hurt not his interests, the Pinkham brook did not run clearer as that brook ran longer. Captain Pinkham knew uncle Nat, and having brought his boy Barker to Mount Washington, Barker and uncle Nat’s young convoy became very good friends.

“Stevens,” said Captain Pinkham, “let us walk to Mount Jefferson from the summit. We can cross to Clay and then to Jefferson, and come back again without difficulty in little more than a half-day.”

“Shall we take the boys, Pinkham?”

“I would like to, but Barker has been sick, and is not really strong enough. I suppose he will insist on going. He feels free as a mountain bird up here.”

“Tell him the facts, and don’t let him go,” said uncle Nat



FREE AS A MOUNTAIN BIRD.

decidedly. "I imagine the boys all free as mountain birds, but I don't believe we should let them go where they wish."

"Humph! I can't manage my Barker that way. If I tell him he is not strong enough, he will surely want to prove his strength and go. I will start with you in fifteen minutes if you will go."

"All right."

The boys all felt as if winged. They were restless with the spirit of adventure. They had already been discussing a mountain walk.

"There, Barker and Ralph," said Rob, as he laid his finger on a mountain map suspended by uncle Nat from the wall of his room, "there is a chance for many mountain tramps about Washington."

"That is so," said Barker, holding his hat behind him,

and eying the map intently; "but first, where shall we go?"

Barker's father had answered that question to uncle Nat, but

said nothing to Barker. When he left the hotel, he told the clerk in the office to say to Barker that he was going off on a tramp, and might be away all night.

"That will keep him quiet," thought Captain Pinkham, "for he knows he can't be gone that length of time away from a good shelter, but would surely clamor to go a short distance."

"But you don't expect to be gone all night," said uncle Nat, who knew of this message.

"N-n-o; but *maybe* that will quiet him."

"Maybe Mount Washington may spit out hot stones to-morrow, but I don't believe it will."

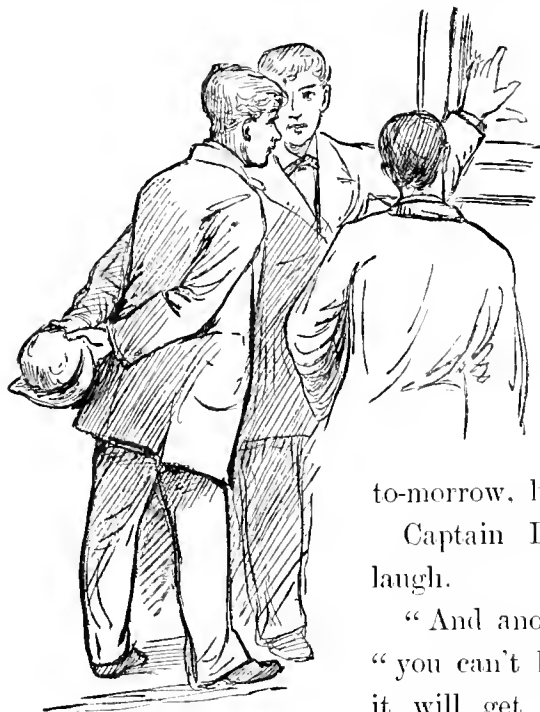
Captain Pinkham's only answer was a laugh.

"And another thing," thought uncle Nat, "you can't box up a lie so tight but that it will get out on some side."

Of course the Guild, as Rick said, "fairly boiled" to go, but the path was too difficult for Rick, and Rob offered to stay and keep him company.

"Ralph and I will both stay," said Rob to Rick, and some time we three will tramp off somewhere."

That quieted Rick. The hours rolled off. By and by, Barker found out at the office where his father and uncle Nat had gone, and he refused to be quiet.



DISCUSSING A ROUTE.

"Only to Mount Jefferson!" he said to the clerk. "Pooh! That's short."

"Only your legs won't feel that it is short. It is a hard walk."

"I don't care. I mean to try it. Father won't get ahead of me."

Barker did not make his interesting discovery until half an hour previous to the return of his father and uncle Nat. He was off in two minutes. About fifteen minutes after his departure, Rick was out on the platform before the hotel. Looking off in a



ROB'S OFFER.

southerly direction, he saw a light, feathery mass of gray rise above the rocks and then disappear like a flag lifted and waved, and then withdrawn. The flag was raised again, but its folds were ampler. It disappeared once more. Then it seemed as if twenty flags floated up, but they did not sink again.

"Mist! mist!" screamed Rick, rushing up to the room where Rob and Ralph were.

"Let's go down and see it," said Rob to the boys.

They were out watching the gray masses rolling everywhere over the summit, when, up through it, came uncle Nat and Captain Pinkham, struggling over the rough boulders.

"Here we are, back safe! Just in time to escape the mist. It struck us or we struck it about four hundred feet below the summit," said uncle Nat.

"Hard walk over the rocks," said Captain Pinkham, "but it pays. We had some splendid views."

A little while after, Captain Pinkham was talking with the clerk in the office.

"Seen anything of my Barker lately?" asked the captain.



A WHITE MOUNTAIN ROAD BETWEEN WHITEFIELD AND JEFFERSON.

"A little 'black and tan' I saw friskin' round, sir?"

"Well I dare say he was friskin', but I didn't mean a dog-barker, but my son Barker."

"Oh, oh," said the unabashed clerk, whom no mistakes ever confused, no awful personages ever awed. "He thought he would go over to Mount Jefferson to find you."

"Find me, and get lost in the mist! That's enterprising. I thought I fixed it so he'd keep quiet."

No; for a lie, is a difficult thing to be boxed up tight.

"Oh, sir," said the clerk, apologizing indirectly, for the "black-

and-tan," "folks up here are apt to feel most equal to anything."

"Yes; but that is risky business."

"I think he will be back, sir."

The enterprising Barker, though, did not come back, and his father was worried. He disclosed his anxiety to Captain Stevens.

"We might hunt him up," suggested uncle Nat.

"We might get guides to do it," said Captain Pinkham.

The guides, though, were all away from the hotel.

"Then I guess we will accept your offer," said Captain Pinkham to uncle Nat. "Where shall we hunt, and how shall we hunt?"

"I have been talking with the boys and the hotel-clerk, and from what they tell me of the time when Barker was missed by them, I do not believe that he went so very far. He had sense enough, undoubtedly, to turn back when the mist reached him."

"Well, where is he now?" asked his father anxiously.

Nobody liked to answer that question, but uncle Nat said comfortably, "Oh, we will hunt him up."

"Lemme hunt?" said a small, sharp, enterprising voice.

It was Rick.

"Ha, Rick, *you* hunt?" said uncle Nat.

"You and me."

"I—I—I"—uncle Nat began to shake his head ominously—"I think I couldn't take you. But you can stay here and have a welcome ready for us."

Rick submitted, but in his heart he thought the preparation of that "welcome" would be a scanty equivalent for the romance of a hunt on the wild, mist-covered mountain. It was settled that there should be three parties going out, and these Captain Pinkham insisted should be numbered, that there might be "system."

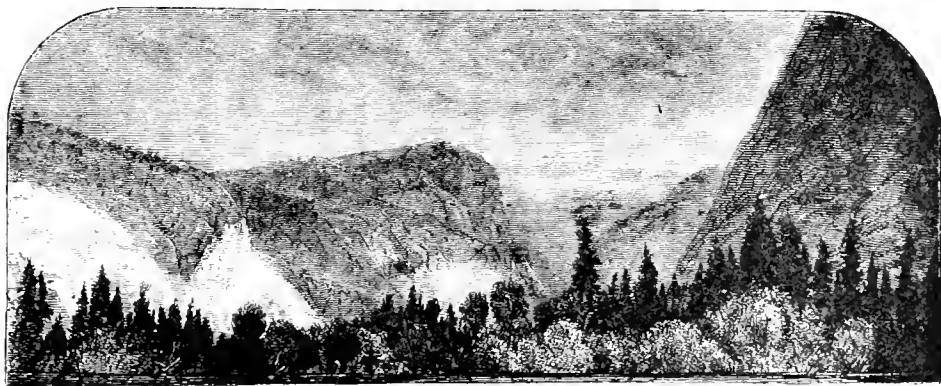
Number One consisted of Captain Pinkham, Number Two was made up of uncle Nat solely, and Number Three included Rob and Ralph.

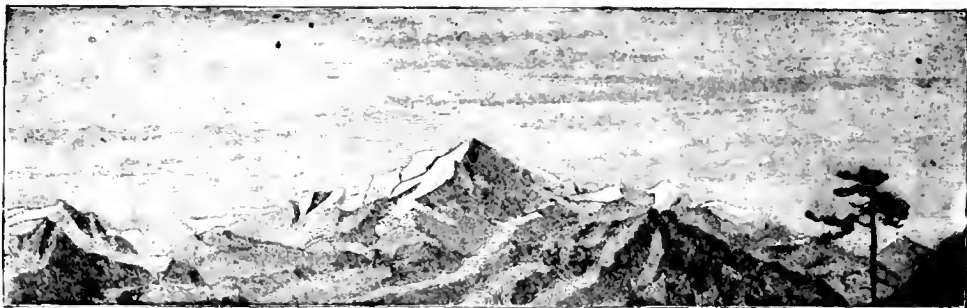
"We hunt, of course," suggested Captain Pinkham, "on the side of the summit toward Mount Jefferson."

"And as I believe, we none of us have what is indispensable in mountain travelling, a compass," said uncle Nat: "we must build little cairns of stone to guide us back."

"And shout as we go," suggested Rob.

"Yes," replied Captain Pinkham, "and Barker will then be likely to hear us."





SNOWY TOPS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HUNT FOR BARKER.

NUMBER ONE, Number Two, and Number Three now moved off. "We will put about fifty feet between us at the start," suggested Captain Pinkham, "and branch off steadily as we go. We shall cruise over considerable ground that way."

Number One selected the middle part of investigation. Number Three took the position at the left of Number One, and at the right was Number Two.

"Now, Rob, let's move off! Isn't this the ticket?" said Ralph.

Rob was ahead, and halted in a minute to erect a cairn on the top of a old rough bowlder. He placed three small stones there, and then waited, that Ralph might come up. Rob looked off. "I am on the edge of nowhere," he said; "mist, mist, mist! Oh, this is magnificent, Ralph. I must let off some steam. Whoop-p-p!"

"Whoop-p-p!" came a response at Rob's right.

"That is Captain Pinkham," he said.

"Whoop-p-p!" was a response farther away.

"That is uncle Nat," called out Ralph.

Three voices coming up through the gray ocean of mist, three voices from three islands in that ocean. Rob and Ralph scrambled on over the rocks.

"We will build our second cairn now, Rob, before the other is lost," said Ralph.

"Build away! Here is a good one to start it with," and Rob laid a piece of stone on a flat, broad boulder. There were occasional shoutings, but this lung exercise ceased to be fun, and it was only practised when it was thought necessary to warn the lost Barker. Cairns were now and then constructed.

"O Rob, what is that?"

"D'ye see Barker?" asked Rob excitedly.

"No; but look here."

Rob looked and saw a rent in the gray curtain ahead. Then he saw a strip of mountain forest, and then the blue tip of a mountain. The rent enlarged, and the boys knew that they were looking through the mist down upon the Ammonoosuc Valley.

"Why, Ralph, we have got to the edge of the mist."

"Sure as you were born! On this side, we are through."

The edges of the mist were curling over into feathery masses, then rising and floating away.

"No use to go any farther, is it, Rob?"

"I should think not. We had better hunt where the mist is. Let's turn back."

They were following the line of the cairns when a voice was heard.

"Some one calling, Rob."

"Hull-o-oo-o!"

"There it is, Rob!"

"I hear. Can't be one of our party, for it is over at the left. We are the farthest in this direction, you know."

"And it wasn't 'whoop' which was our style, but 'Hullo!'"

The boys looked at one another significantly.

"It must be Barker," said Rob. "Bark-ker-r-r!" he shouted.

"You *bark*, Ralph."

Ralph now barked: "Bark-ker-r-r!"

"Hull-oo-o!" came a near response through the mist. The ardor of the boys in hunting up the lost Barker was intensified. Over the hard, splintered, angular rocks they scrabbled.

"Hope he isn't hurt, Rob."

"Hope not; but people climbing round carelessly, sometimes sprain a foot," said the old mountaineer, "and they may have to hold on till they get help. Bark again and cheer him up."

"Bark-ker-r!"

"Say 'Coming! Cheer up!' Let me, though." Rob shouted, "'Coming! cheer-rup!'"

"There! That will do him good," he added.

Visions of a wilted form, leaning against a boulder, a face white with excruciating pain, hands extended pitifully, came into Ralph's thoughts, when out from the mist was projected Captain Pinkham's burly form seated on a rock!

"Grandmother!" soliloquized Rob.

"That *you*?" asked Ralph.

"I guess so; and that *you*? I thought I was calling Barker. You didn't give the whoop."

"And *you* didn't," said Rob.

"Didn't I? Then I forgot. I've been bawling till I was tired, and the mist giving out on my side, I thought I would come

over this way where you were, and perhaps I might also run into Barker. Where is the boy?"

"That's what we would like to know. I guess we might as well go back to the summit," said Rob.

Back of them the mist was not clearing.

"Perhaps, we had better go back," concluded the captain.

But in which direction was the top of the mountain?

"Where are your cairns, boys?" asked the captain.

"We left them to hunt you up, but where are yours?" asked Ralph.

"Oh, I left mine, and I thought I would trust to yours."

This was indeed a most interesting discovery, for no one could say in which direction the summit was.

"I guess all we can do is to bawl for uncle Nat," said Ralph, which was a humiliating proposition. There was no other alternative each one felt after a prolonged search.



ON FOOT.

"We can't get to the summit, and the summit won't come to us," said Rob philosophically, "and here goes. Uncle Nat!" he shouted.

There was now a series of wild, unearthly appeals to "uncle Nat," Captain Pinkham bawling loudly, and these at last brought uncle Nat, when lo! as he appeared in one direction, the mist broke in another, disclosing the *railroad track* not far away!

"If that isn't provoking!" said Rob as he laughed heartily.

"What, because I came?" inquired the new arrival.

"No; but because we didn't see the track and follow it."

"I heard such pitiful howls over here, I thought you had found Barker and wanted help to take him home."

"Barker!" remarked Captain Pinkham, his face dropping, "I wonder where he is!"

"I guess," said uncle Nat, "he struck a place clear of mist, and went to the hotel. Any way, it is clearing all about us now, and we might go to the hotel and see if he isn't there."

The scattering mist was wreathing itself about the party of rescuers as if to carry them off on its gray wings. Soon the Summit House was visible, and soon after it was reached. At the hotel, though, there was no Barker!

The evidence was clear that he had been in the office, had interviewed the clerk, and left for a tramp to Mount Jefferson. He had not been seen since.

"No other way than to hunt him up," said Captain Pinkham. "I am going to my room for another coat, and will go off to hunt again."

He went up-stairs, thinking of Barker when he was a little boy, how touchingly his blue eyes would appeal for help in an emergency. The father could now see those blue eyes, tenderly,

beseechingly, looking through the mountain-mist! How dear the lost Barker was!

He opened the door of his chamber, and there on the bed — was not little Barker, but big Barker, a veil of mute slumber covering those sad, blue eyes! Yes, fast asleep, that big Barker!

“*You* here?” roared the father. “Making all this trouble for nothing?”

“I got — tired — didn’t go — far — to Jefferson — and came — home,” said Barker.

Uncle Nat chanced to be passing the chamber door about that time, on his way to his own room. He afterwards said that while he did not like family quarrels, it did him good to hear some honest English words that told a straightforward story, beyond all danger of deceit or double meaning. Captain Pinkham was so stirred up, that if Barker had been a veritable “black-and-tan,” he might have been the occasion for the prosecution of a suit against Captain Pinkham by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THROUGH THE FRANCONIA NOTCH.



A MOUNTAIN RAVINE.

DOWN the mountain crawled again the little train, the engine cautiously feeling its way from cog to cog, making no hasty move, but in a very deliberate, dignified style, bringing to Sun-Land the people it had carried to Cloud-land.

They had seen the various objects of interest on the summit, the two old-fashioned coops, once so famous as hotels, behind the summit, and they had seen the outside, at least, of the building where the United States Signal Service keeps a detachment of its force, looking at the skies, feeling the pulse of the fast-moving wind, registering cold and heat, keeping vigilant watch through the hasty summer, and the long, benumbing, ice-bound winter.

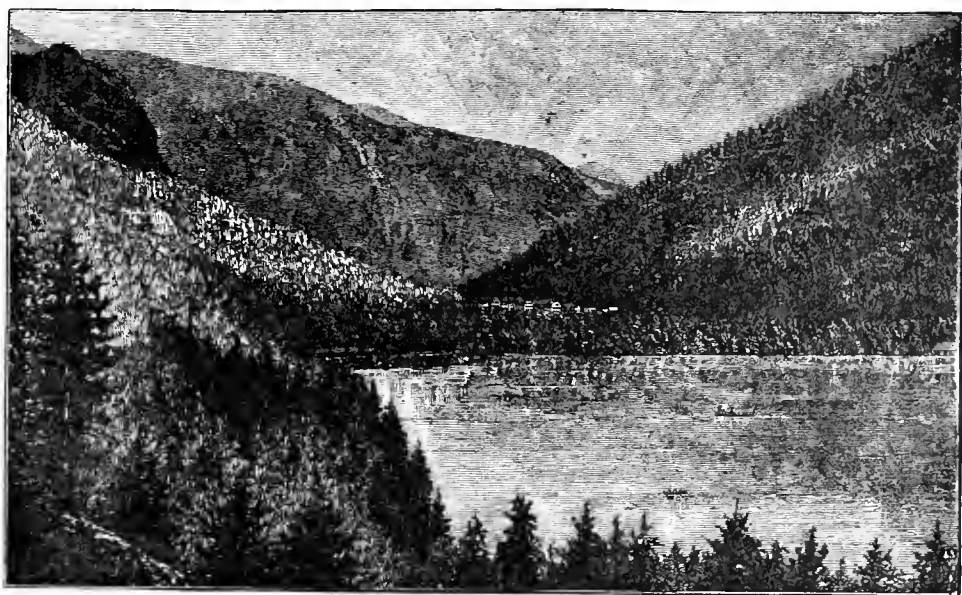
“Our plan now is,” uncle Nat said to the Guild, “to pass Sunday in Bethlehem, and then go down through the Franconia Notch.”

That Sunday in Bethlehem!

The heavens were so blue, and seemed to

come so near the earth, descending till they touched the mountains which sloped up to them like massive stairways. If any one had mounted these stairways and looked off, it must have seemed like a glance into Paradise, so fair were earth and sky.

Uncle Nat and the boys, according to their custom, attended church, and after a twilight service, were watching the sky from the hotel platform. There were great gold and orange masses of cloud, bordered with smoke-like mist, and then as if conscious that



ECHO LAKE.

all this glory was only a dais for his throne, the sun came out of his concealment and shone in such regal splendor, crimson, and gold, and purple flashes surrounding him like banners borne by an unseen host! Uncle Nat did not say what was in his mind, and the boys were silent, but the one thought in all was this, "God is just as beautiful and glorious as all that!" In a little

while the twilight deepened into the night and the stars twinkled. The next day the Guild began the journey through the Franconia Notch. The junior numbers of the Guild had the great pleasure of firing a cannon over Echo Lake. The discharge tumbled



PROFILE LAKE.

led out of their nests in the crags a thousand echoes sleeping here, that now woke up and grumbled, and scolded, and roared, only to die away in softest murmurs. The boys were then eager to see the "Old Man of the Mountain," or the "Profile," as given by a more dainty but less forcible style of nomenclature. Off they all tramped.

"They say," exclaimed Rob Merry to Ralph, "you must go

down a piece on the road from the Profile House, and look up on the right, and I'm tired of screwing my head round to the right."

He abruptly stopped his scolding. Looking up once more, far up, far away, he saw the stern face of the Old Man of the Mountain.

There he was, all the outlines of his face sharp and angular, his chin heavy, and set, and square, his nose bold and pointed, the eyes sunken, but the gaze fixed, the stony soul expressing

itself in a scorn, a defiance, a stern, pitiless, inflexible rebuke of the world that had found him out and had come in wondering crowds to see him, and yet up there he defied them, despised them, dared them to get nearer, for when they climbed the mountain and laid inquisitive, irreverent hands on what they supposed to be his face, they found only ledges of rock, through



RIVAL OF WASHINGTON, MOOSILAUKE.

whose fissures the wind shrieked in scorn and said, "Ha, ha!" The "Old Man" was still the inaccessible, invincible king.

"How many pieces of rock make his face—did you say they told you at the hotel, uncle Nat?" asked Ralph.

"Three ledges, they told me, measuring together somewhere about forty feet. One ledge, you see, makes the chin, another that upper lip and the nose, and then the third makes the forehead."

"It must be pretty high above the lake," said Rob.

"Yes; it is twelve hundred feet above Profile Lake."

"I should—should think he'd tumble off into the lake," said Rick, who had been gazing enthusiastically at this stern old man of the hills.



OLD TIME FLUME.

"I dare say he will, some day. They say the granite up there is crumbling, and people have been advised to hurry up if they want a good look at him, but I guess he will hold on yet awhile."

"I wonder who found the old man out," said Ralph.

"Two men, I believe, working up here about eighty years ago, noticed it. They happened to be washing their hands in the lake (one name of the lake used to be the Old Man's Washbowl), and I suppose they chanced to look up, and discovered that wonder. The Indians used to worship the Old Man of the Mountain, the story runs.

The Guild turned to resume their journey through the Notch. Clouds, thin and filmy, were stealing toward the face of the Old

Man. A black crow went with flapping wings overhead. As it flew on, its dismal "caw, caw," dropped down into the road, and it seemed like a last voice from the Old Man, who was about hiding himself in a misty veil from a world he both scorned and defied.

The Franconia Notch is not so ragged a cleft in the mountain ledges as the Willey Notch. Its slopes are less abrupt, its style of beauty gentler, and then it possesses such marvellous pieces of stonework, where water, cold, clear, flashing, is the artificer. They saw the Pool with its dark shadows, and the Basin with its rocky walls.

"And have you had a look at the Flume?" asked a self-important gentleman of uncle Nat. He was a hotel acquaintance, with a turned-up nose, very bright eye-glasses, and a pompous voice. "See the Flume by all means, my friend. In it there is an immense boulder that began to fall toward the bottom of the Flume, but never reached it. There it is, an inquisitive rock that wanted to explore the mysteries in the depths of the mountain chasm, but was arrested in its descent, and gripped there forever. See it, I beg you!"

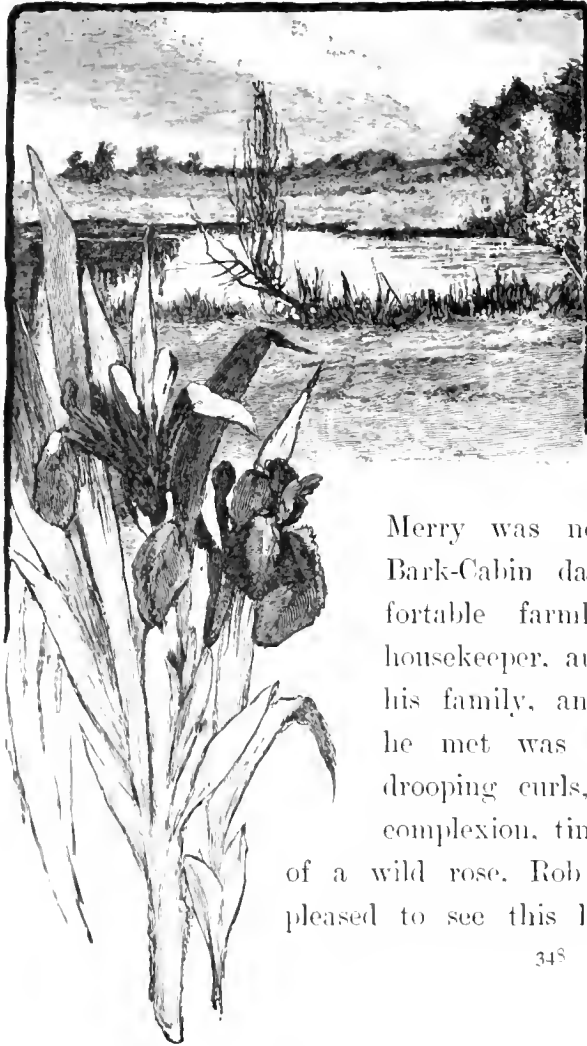
Alas! that very night, people heard a roar in the mountains. Down came a crashing mountain slide. It tore through the Flume chasm, enlarging it, and swept away the boulder "gripped there forever."

There were many things the Guild wanted to see, and if they could only have climbed grand old Lafayette, the king of the Franconia Mountains, over fifty-two hundred feet high! But uncle Nat's calendar was imperative.

"We must go, boys," he said. Down to a humbler landscape they journeyed.

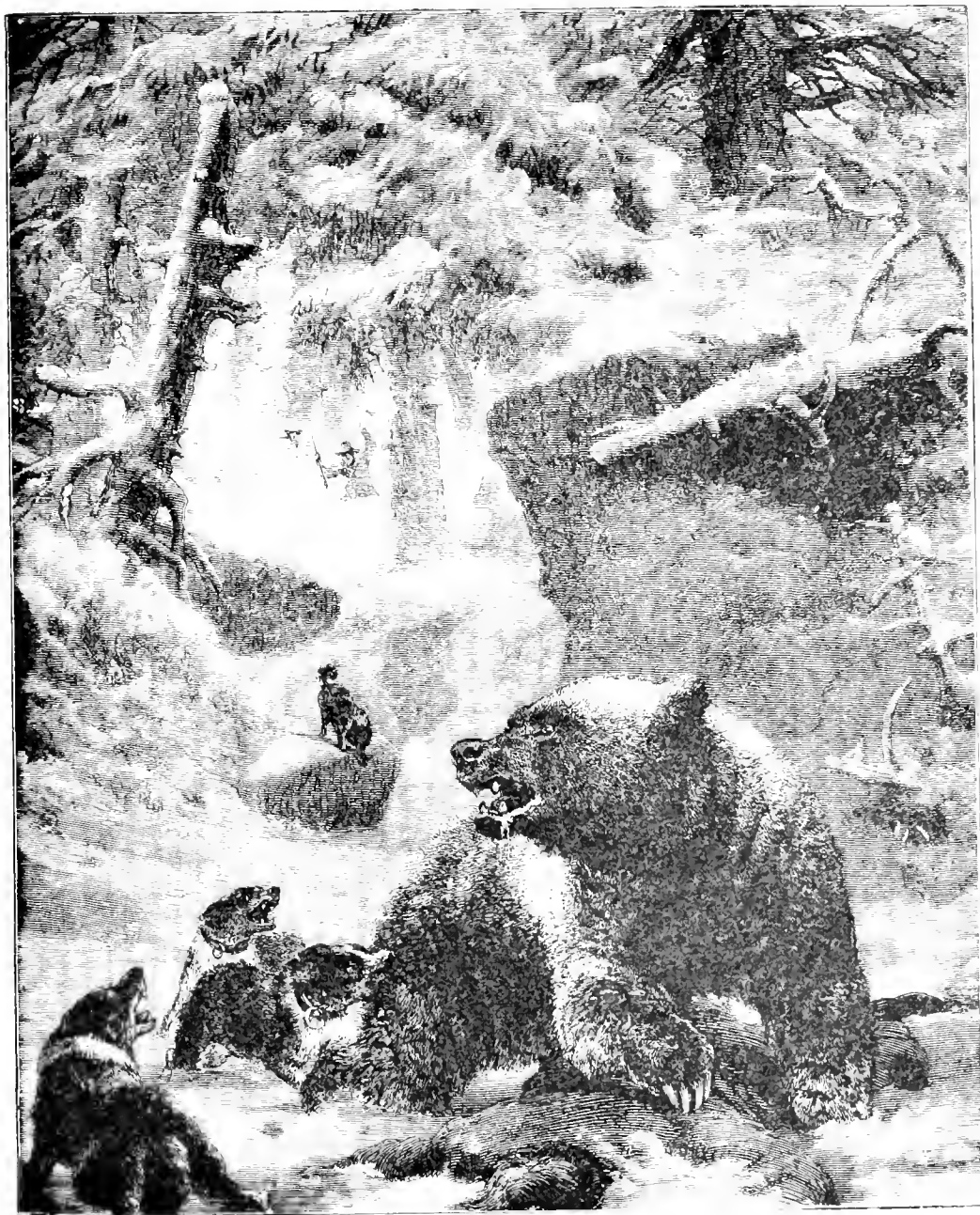
CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CATCH.



FROM the Franco-nia Mountains uncle Nat conveyed his youngsters over to North Conway, and from that village they rode off one day to Farmer Gray's house, where Rob Merry had been invited to take his companions. Rob

Merry was no less interested than in Bark-Cabin days, to see the snug, comfortable farmhouse, Farmer Gray, his housekeeper, auntie Chris, Dick Gray and his family, and if the last person that he met was Maggie Gray, with her drooping curls, her bright eyes, her fair complexion, tinted delicately as the petal of a wild rose, Rob Merry was none the less pleased to see this last person.



GRIN AT BAY.

The wind blew cool that night down the mountain slopes, and auntie Chris started a fire in the big-mouthed, black-mouthed fire-place. Rob was eager to interest Farmer Gray in the subject of bears, wolves, and other specimens of wild game, and as Ralph and Rick cordially seconded Rob, the farmer told about his younger days, when such a gentle creature as a Bruin could be occasionally seen. Then he added:

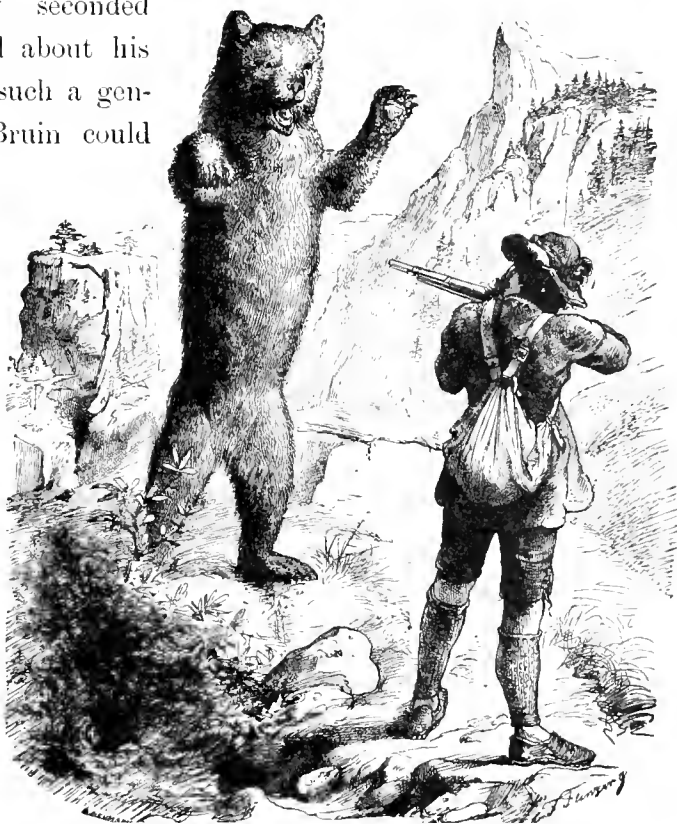
"As I have said, bears could once be seen far oftener than now, and yet I think I have seen bear tracks in my fields within a few days."

"Within a few days?" asked Rob eagerly.

"I think so," replied the farmer.

Here, all three of the boys leaned intently forward, Ralph and Rick secretly wishing, in the depths of their souls, they could see a "real live bear."

"O, boys," observed uncle Nat, "bears won't show themselves to you."



UNCLE NAT SAYING "COME ON!"

"Ah, uncle, but what if they should come at you sometime," challenged Rick, "say, walking toward you, what would you do then?"

"If I had a gun, I would say, Come on!" laughed uncle Nat.

"And if you hadn't?" persistently continued Rick, "what then?"

"I shouldn't stop to make a speech, but"—

That "but" was a puzzle-box to uncle Nat, and a laugh went the rounds of the fire-lighted circle.

"You might run down hill, if a hill was there," suggested Farmer Gray, "or climb a tree, provided it was a small one that the bear couldn't venture up."

"I think," said Rick triumphantly, "if there are signs of bears anywhere about, rather than have uncle Nat eaten up, we had better



RICK, THE TRAP-BUILDER.

ter set a trap for them, don't you, Mr. Gray?"

The farmer laughed, and said, "I declare! I guess you have got me, and to-morrow I will try to make a bear-trap in my field."

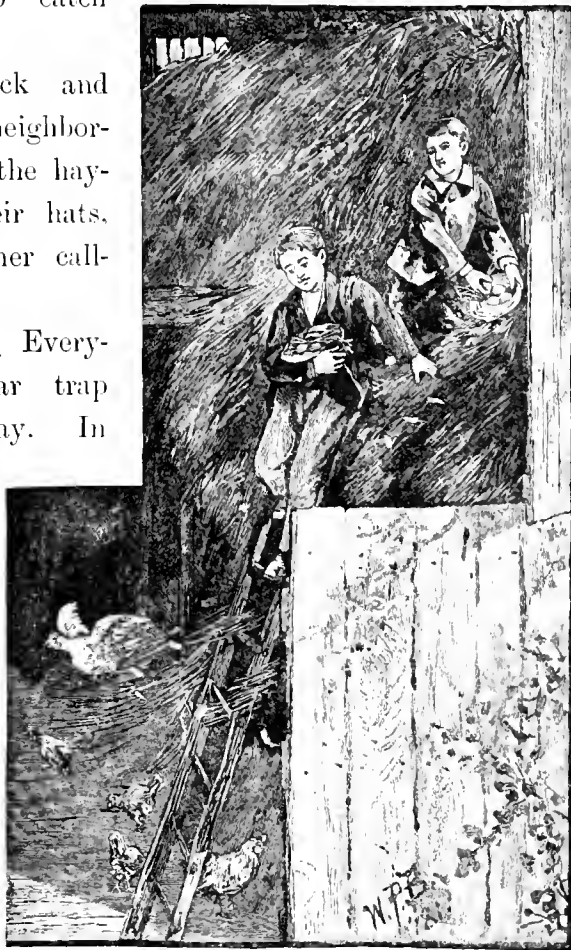
That night in his dreams, Rick was building and visiting traps, carrying to them golden ears of corn and thrusting his hand inside to see what the trap might contain. His traps certainly were not big enough to catch bears.

The next morning Rick and another boy from the neighborhood, were coming down the hay-mow, bringing eggs in their hats, when they heard the farmer calling.

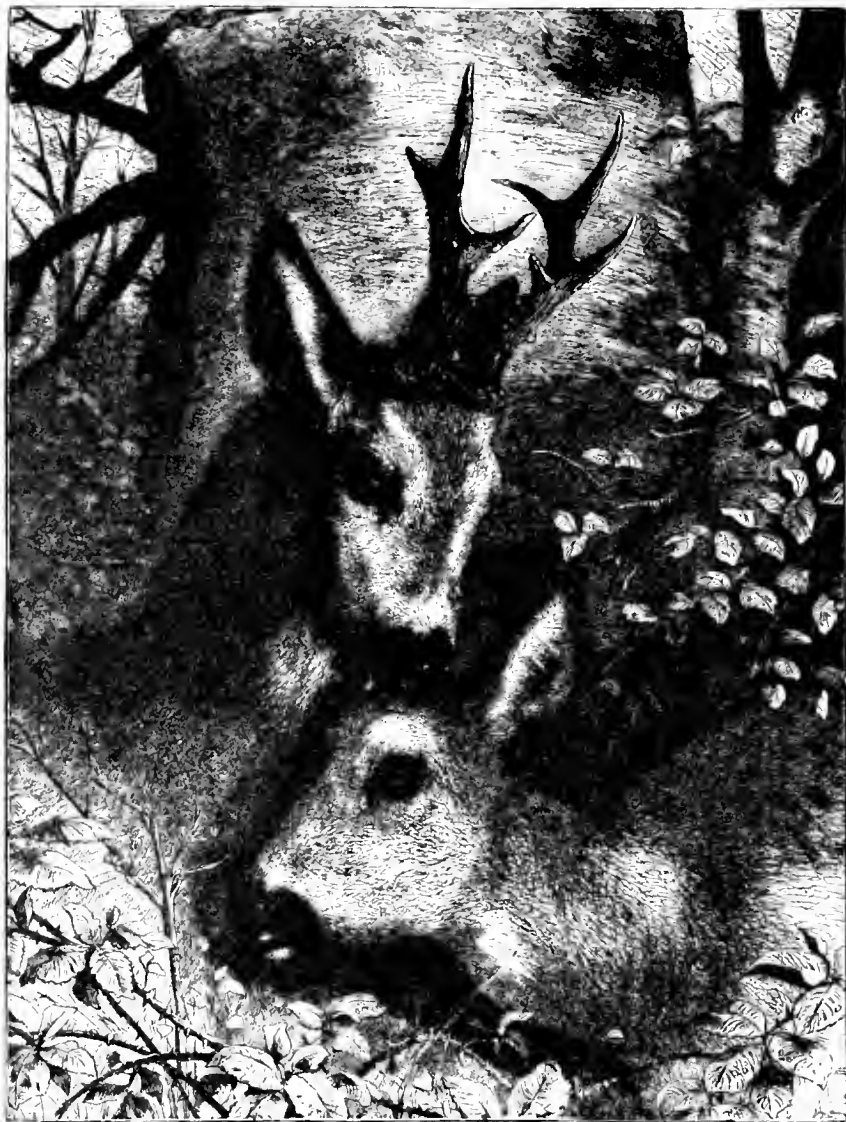
"Boys! Cap'n Stevens! Everybody! Goin' to the bear trap now!" shouted Farmer Gray. In

a very few moments after those summons, the trapping party had gathered around the farmer. He had several pieces of wood in his arms, and these uncle Nat wished to share with him. To Rob Merry, he gave a piece of meat which he had provided for bait. Then down through the orchard where the old trees were tufted

with bird's-nests, they slowly walked, taking next a path that wound through a green, shady forest. Rob's mind was so filled with the possibilities of the existence of game in every direction, that he



HUNT FOR EGGS.



LOOKING OUT THROUGH FOREST CURTAINS.

would not have been surprised if he had seen a deer looking out of some rent in the green curtain of forest foliage. The conversation was about traps and trapping. Said Farmer Gray :

"I don't want to encourage you, boys, to trap for sport. I trap to-day because I can't afford to lose my crops, neither can my neighbors. So I don't trap for the fun of it. I can't say that I enjoy to see boys going a-fishing unless it is they want



GOING A-FISHING.

the fish for food. I don't know why we should make fish squirm and wriggle in pain for nothing."

They threaded the woods and then filed out into a field that had a luxuriant growth of early vegetables.

"There," exclaimed Farmer Gray, "what do you call them?"

"Tracks of some kind," replied uncle Nat.

"No doubt about the kind; bear, sure as you were born! We will stop that. I want some logs. Who has the meat for the bait?"

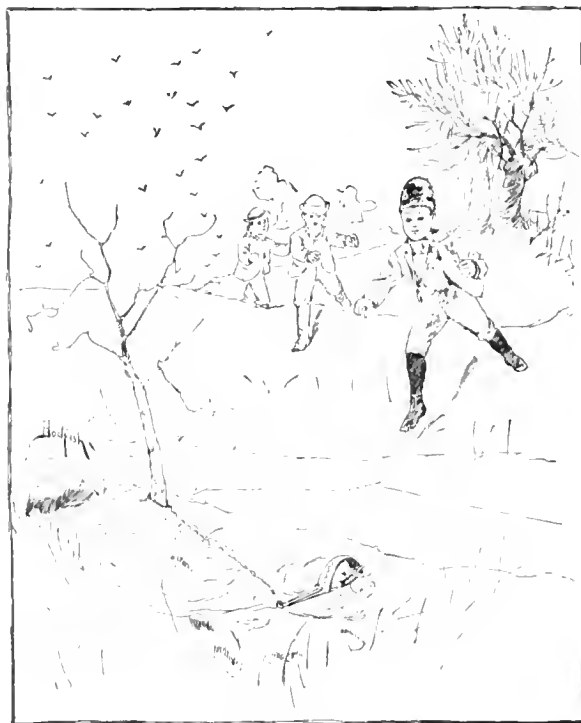
"I have, Mr. Gray," said Rob.

"Hold on to it. I am going to cut down two or three trees."

"I will look out for it. I am too anxious to have bear steak for supper to let the bait go."

"All right. We are like a boy, you know, who is going for a turtle on a rock, but has not really got his hand on his game."

Farmer Gray cut into logs the trees that he skilfully felled,



SOMETIMES EMPTY!

and used these in building a trap, where the bear was invited to put his head between two logs, in quest of bait, the disturbance of which bait was quite sure to upset the arrangements for keeping the logs apart, and then, woe to Bruin's neck.

When the trap had been completed, and the party had started for home, Farmer Gray said abruptly, "Let me see! Did we put the bait in the trap?"

"Why, of course. We must have done it," replied uncle Nat. "You had the bait, Rob, and you know."

"It is all right, and bait is in place," said Rob confidently.

"Traps are sometimes found empty," remarked Farmer Gray, "and we don't care that this one shall be."

"All right," asserted Rob confidently again.

In the night, though, Rob woke up, and after a moment's thought, gave a most dismal whistle.

"What — what's to pay?" said Ralph, sleepily.

"If I didn't forget to put that bait into the trap, and it has just come to me where I put it,—on a stone under a tree! There!"

Ralph drawled out, "Well, you — don't mean to — get up — and put — the bait in — and the — bear catch you?"

"No; but I don't want to let it go off this way."

"Oh — let her—go — I wouldn't give — a cent — for — all — the — the" — Ralph ended with a snore.

"Yes, I guess I will let her go," said Rob philosophically, and was soon echoing Ralph's snore.

In the morning, there were bear tracks about the trap, and the bait on the stone was gone!

"Alas, for human hopes!" exclaimed Rob; "no bear stake for supper, and we can't stay over night to set the traps again. Going to ride to North Conway by moonlight this evening. Other people will have the supper they want, even dumb things, but Robert Merry will not have his favorite dish. Alas!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON WHEELS.

ONE rainy night, a week after the close of the last chapter, a carriage could have been heard as it lumbered along, pulled by a horse that pulled as sluggishly as if asleep.

"Come, fellers, we might as well stop at the first house we come to. It has rained ever since we saw that old bridge under that gray sky, and it is raining harder, we believe. Why, that rain almost put out the fire where we heated our water for supper," said one of the occupants of the carriage.

"It almost put Riek out," said another occupant.

"Oh, I was all right, Ralph, under the roof you made me," answered Riek.

"Well, boys, we are all wandering from the point. I am afraid our Dobbin will be put out by this rain, if we don't stop soon as possible. We must stop at the first house we come to," said the first speaker. Rob Merry.

"Don't you worry, Ralph," replied Riek, "Dobbin can hold out some time longer yet. She is as invincible a beast as the tortoise."

"And as poky."

"Yes; slow but sure. Look ahead, there! That is a light, and a light from a house."

"You must be right, Ralph. I'll pull up this foaming steed and jump out to see if we can't be put up."

"Let me go," urged Ralph.

"And me," added Rick.

The result was that when this door of the house was opened, an old man saw three young fellows pressing eagerly forward,



BRIDGE UNDER A GRAY SKY.

Rick's head persistently thrust between the forms of his taller companions.

"Massy!" exclaimed the old man, holding a candle with a shivering flame above his head.

"Could you put us up?" asked Rob.

"We'll pay you," added Ralph.

"Won't make you much trouble either," said Rick, anxious to take some part in the negotiations.

"Sa-man-thee!" piped the old man.

An old woman here stepped to the door, her bright spectacles giving a certain sharpness to her sight. Then there were her

sharp nose and sharp chin, and all was in strange contrast with the old man's plump face and flat features, and a certain dullness of look.

"Who be they, Nathan? Oh, you three? Wall, I wouldn't turn a frog out in this rain;" and she moved away.

The old man then beckoned the boys in, as if saying:

"It is all right. Samanthee is willin'."

"But we have a team," explained Rob, "and I would like to put it in your barn."

"Silas!" said the old man.

A heavy man, with a bushy head of red hair, and a tired, shuffling step, came from some dusky corner in the room, took down a lantern from a nail, lighted it, and went with the boys out to the barn. When Dobbin had been safely quartered, the boys ventured to the warm kitchen



RICK UNDER COVER.

and sat down in the chairs that "Samanthee" placed for them in a row.

"B'long round here?" asked Nathan.

"We are on a wagon-ride," said Rob, "bound for Lake Winnepesaukee and Mount Belknap. Any game round here?"

"Ain't much to-night," replied "Samanthee."

Here the old man chuckled. He had a funny way of laughing. His whole face rested on an immense double chin as a foundation, and when he grinned, the double chin seemed to part and smile



"SLOW BUT SURE."

also. The boys always spoke of him after that night, as Grandpa Double-chin.

Rob was not to be put off with the meagre information about game which the old lady gave, and remarked:

"There must be squirrels about here, at least."

"Heaps," said Grandpa Double-chin.

"They must be flyin' ones to-night," remarked Samanthee, "and git out of the rain quick as possible."

Rob, though, was not disconcerted. He pleasantly observed:

"Flying squirrels, they must be nimble fellers. I have read about them, and the kind on this continent is said to be five inches long, and the tail, with its fur, measures five inches more. Around each eye is said to be a black line, while its color in general—the squirrel's color, not the eye—is a brownish gray

and white beneath. They go it like fun from tree to tree, springing across a distance of fifty feet, not straight over, but down crosswise, and when mostly over, then wheeling upwards, and land on a limb about a third as high as the place on the tree where they started. And it is funny, and yet simple, what helps the



MISS CAT MEANS MISCHIEF.

squirrels do it, a sort of skin of the flanks that stretches between the fore and hind legs. They are great on the fly."

Grandpa Double-chin was now thoroughly interested. He acted as if he had been challenged to tell what that locality produced, and he gave an extended account of what he had

seen and what others had seen, one thing leading to another, like a long train of school-children's sleds attached to some farmer's red pung. Conversation flagged at last, and then the old gentleman returned to a point not as yet sufficiently clear to him.

"Did you say you belonged round here?"

"No, sir," said Rob, who was a bit disposed to retaliate for delayed information about the game, and not tell his residence.

There was a spell of silence.

"A-ham-m-m!" coughed the old man. "Wall, it is no wonder that our bright young men are not willin' to stay in New Hampshire, business bein' dull in some places."

This ingenious compliment pleased and amused Rob, and he



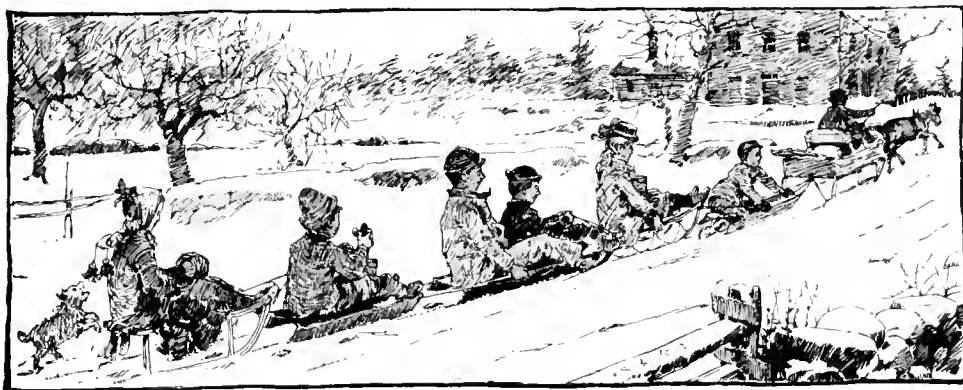
FLYING SQUIRRELS.

thought he would not keep Grandpa Double-chin any longer in painful suspense.

“These two come from Massachusetts — Concord — and I am from New Hampshire, but not this way.”

“Oh!” said the old gentleman, “Massachusetts is a good State, but then, I have a great likin’ for New Hampshire.”

To make it all right for Rob, who still lived in New Hampshire,



A LONG TRAIN OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN'S SLEDS.

and might be classed among unambitious boys willing to stay in “dull” places, Grandpa Double-chin generously said:

“Wall, I don’t mean that all the boys stayin’ in New Hampshire are not bright. Massy, no! I expect we have lots of ’em now, smart as Horace Greeley ever was. I’ve seen Horace Greeley,” he affirmed triumphantly.

“You have, sir?” asked Rob.

“Sartin’! I’ve been in the town where he was brought up. He used to attend school in jest a country schoolhouse, you know. Why, they say Horace was a great speller when he was very young — a master speller — and they would take him when a little feller to the evenin’ spellin’ schools. There he would set, with the rest

of 'em, all in a row. you know, and he would get asleep, but they would wake him up when his turn came, and he'd spell his word and then drop off ag'in. He was a master speller, that boy. He had a hard fight to get ahead, but he kept at it, kept at it, you know, and at last he became editor of that big paper in New York. Some difference between the *Tribune* buildin' in New York, I have heard about, and a leetle country schoolhouse, but there's a ladder from one to tother, and a boy that has a mind to climb will fetch up high, sometime. Then there was Daniel Webster. Big man as he was, he was only a New Hamp-

shire boy once. He attended school down at Exeter Academy.

"Then there was Vice-President Henry Wilson, a poor boy over in Farmington. I have seen the place where he was born, and when the people hauled a big stone to the spot (it took thirty oxen to do it), and

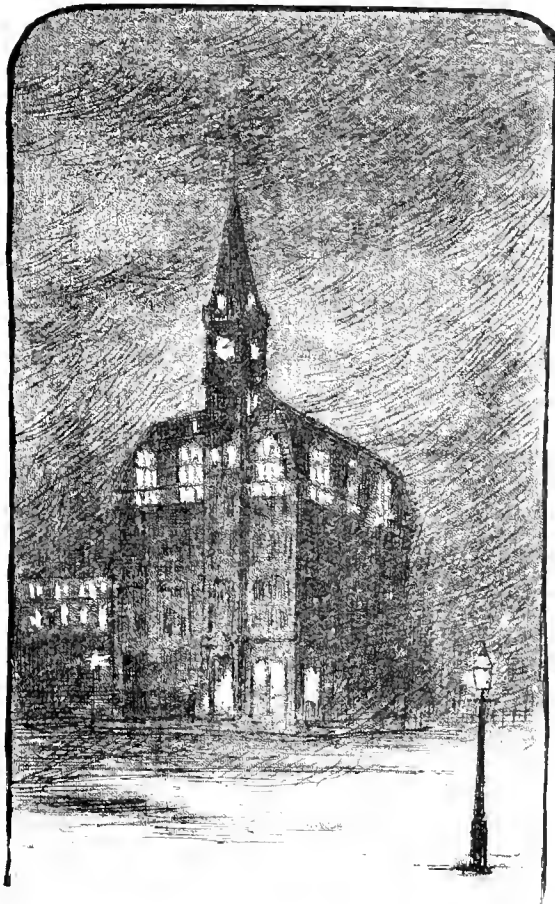


SCHOOLHOUSE.

put a 'scription on it and sot it up to remember him by, I saw it done. Oh, yes, I think there's great enkerrigement for New Hampshire boys."

Here Grandpa Double-chin sent an inspiring smile over toward Rob. He had not said anything about Massachusetts boys, but as they were both fast asleep, stimulus would have been wasted upon those young plants. Not only were they asleep, but Saman-

thee's nose was bowed suspiciously close to her knitting-work, as if she thought that her nose might serve as an additional needle, and it certainly was sharp enough. Grandpa Double-chin wisely concluded that it was bedtime, and all speedily adjourned. Rob's sleep was continuous until in the gray of the morning he heard the quack of a duck in the yard. Then—he sprang out of bed? No; he turned over and took a nap.



TRIBUNE BUILDING.



CHAPTER XXX.

WINNEPESAUKEE.

THERE, boys!"

"What is it, Rob?" asked Ralph.

"I believe I left a book back there at Grandpa Double-chin's, and here we have gone three miles this morning from the house!"

"Was the book worth much?" asked Rick.

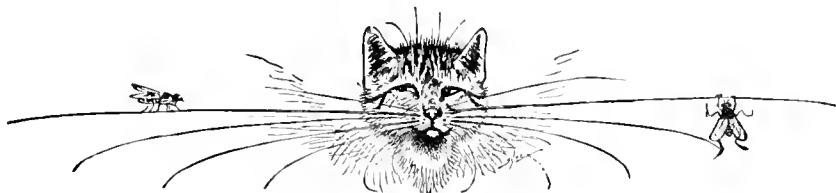
"I don't know whether it was or not. It belonged to Jack Bobstay, and it was the story of some old salt. It was a pretty old affair, and it didn't look as if it was worth anything, but then I believe he said it was a sort of family relic, and on that account would be worth something."

"Things are pretty well balanced, the pros and cons in the matter," said Ralph.

"Yes; like two flies on the ends of an old cat's whiskers. I will be on the safe side, I guess, and go back with the team and

get it. Sorry to bother you, fellers, but we had a late start, and it must be about dinner-time, and if you and Rick have a mind, Ralph, to start a fire, we will lunch when I get back. I'm awful sorry to have this delay, but I suppose it must be."

When Rob returned, he found a crackling fire over in a field that



THINGS PRETTY WELL BALANCED.

skirted the road; bread had been toasted, corned beef had been sliced, a pie quartered, and three plates, each flanked by a knife and fork, set in a row along the tablecloth of green grass.

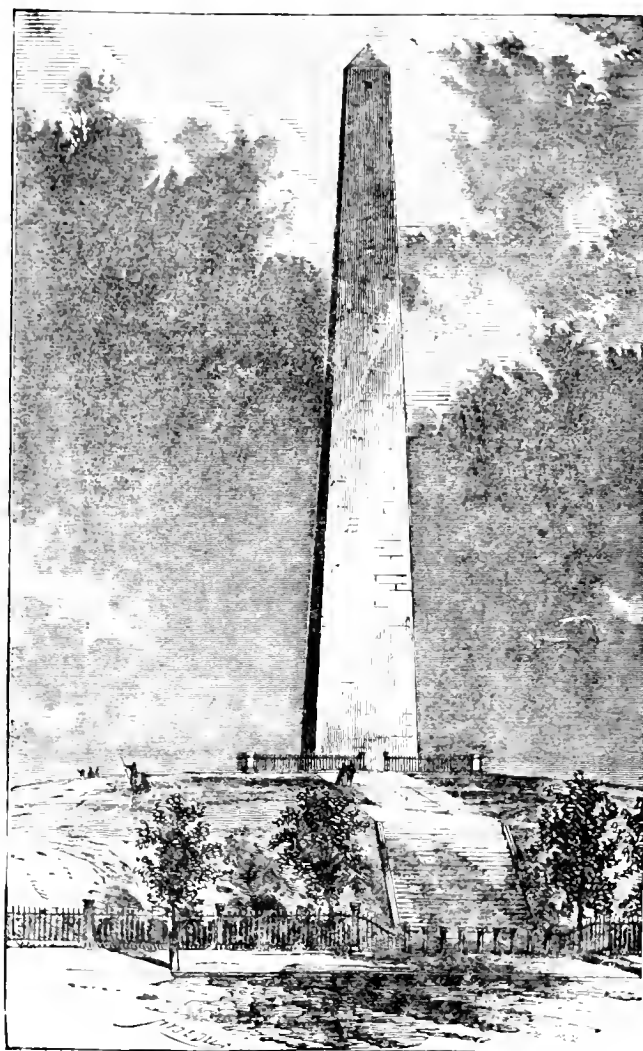
"Look here!" said Ralph, as they were eating their dinner, "I think Rick promised uncle Nat he would look up the subject of Lake Winnepesaukee and tell us about it."

"Yes, and I'm ready," said Rick proudly; "and if you want to hear about it, you can have it now, for I'm all through, I believe."

Rob said that "unfortunately the larder was too low to give them any dessert, and Rick's paper would be a good substitute for ice cream and cake."

Rick took the compliment with a grin, and began to dish out his dessert:

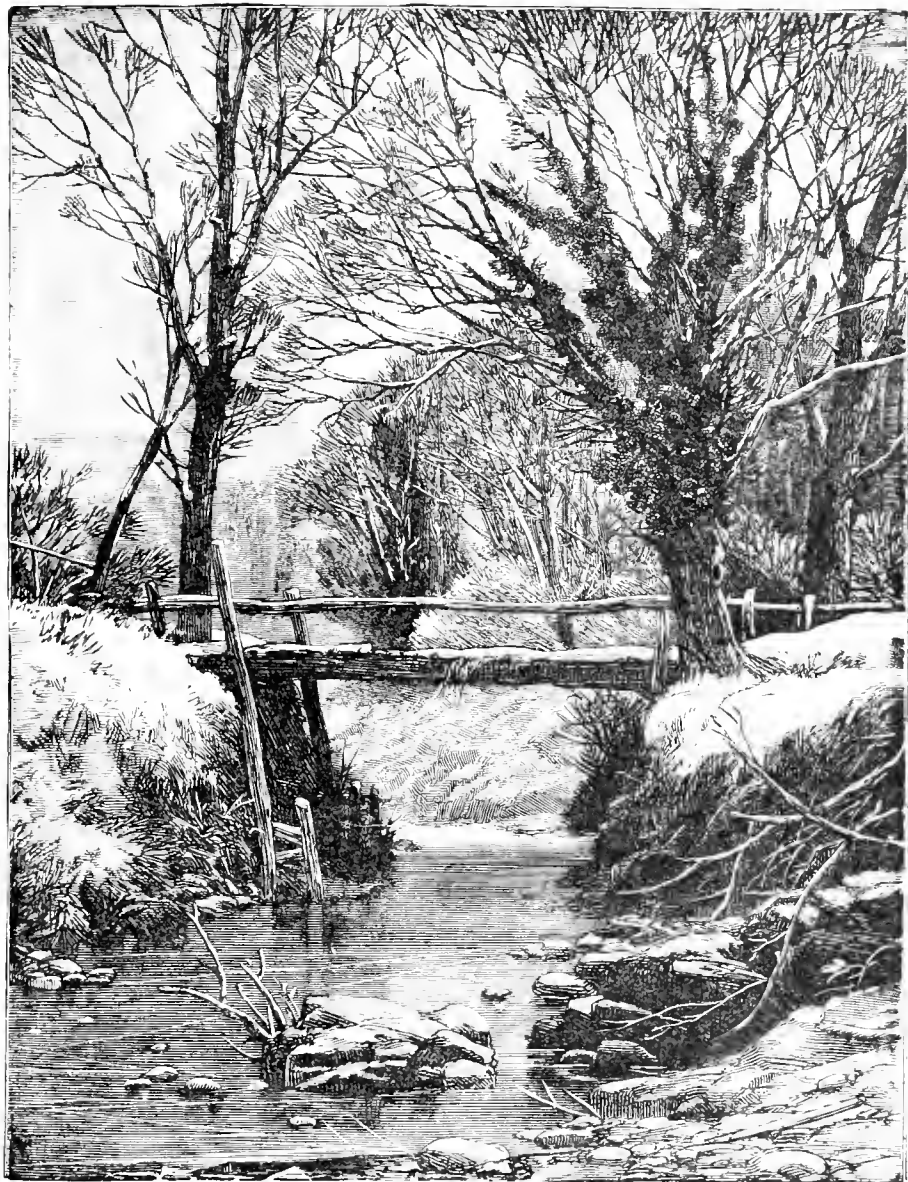
"I expect the Lake was once a great place for Indians, and in 1746, a regiment of New Hampshire men spent the winter near the Lake, on the lookout for the French and the Indians. The soldiers were here about a year. The Lake was so lonely that the savages could easily shoot round in their birch canoes,



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

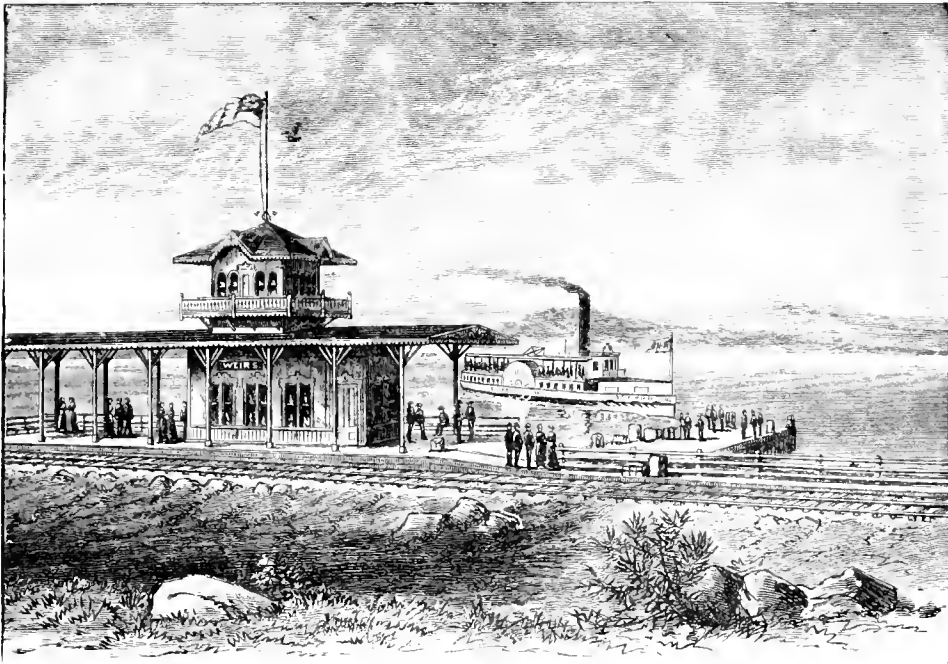
and nobody know anything about it. Its name is long enough and hard enough to be Indian, and it has a beautiful meaning. Once they said it meant "the smile of the Great Spirit," but now they say it is "The Beautiful Lake of the Highlands." It would be hard to say what it looks like, because its shores twist so, but it is nineteen miles long, and in the broadest part, it measures eight miles and a quarter. The water is very pure, and in some places it is two hundred feet deep, and runs

by way of the Winnepesaukee River into the Merrimac. Some think that the water ought to run to Boston. They used to say the Lake had as many islands as there are days in the year, but I believe they can only count two hundred and sixty-seven now.



"LONELY IN WINTER."

The islands take in about eight square miles of land, and in the Lakes are about seventy square miles of water. Some of the islands have funny names, like Bear, Cow and Rattlesnake. The last has rattlesnakes. The people on those islands get ashore by means of 'horse boats,' and in winter, of course, they can use sleighs along the smooth, shining ice. The Lake is about five hundred feet above the sea. It is thought there must be many



LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE — STEAMBOAT COMING.

springs at the bottom of the Lake to feed it. as the streams running in to it do not seem big enough to fill it."

The boys were discussing this "dessert," that Rick furnished, when Rob said, "If Boston should take the Lake for its supply of drinking water. as some people have seemed to think they

had better do, the water could run far above the top of Bunker Hill monument, and be sure, without pumping, to reach the tallest fire."

It was now time to go. The crockery was packed (can not say if it were washed), the grazing Dobbin was put into the wagon shafts, and off went the Guild, laughing and singing. The sun flashed out of a cloudless sky, and the forests were of a vivid green.

"It is a pretty country," said Rob, at one picturesque point.

"Lonely," declared Rick.

"Yes; one of those places lonely enough in winter," replied Rob. "I like in winter to be near somebody."

But where was Ralph? In the wagon, but why was he silent? He had caught the sparkle of a blue crystal among the green foliage, and was watching intently, to see it flash once more. Then he arose, and swinging his hat, shouted, "There's the Lake!"

Yes; the Lake was soon stretching before them, expanding, opening like the rolls of a folded painting, one sweep of glorious azure. Beyond it towered the emerald mountain forests. At the Weirs, near which the Lake discharges its waters, and where the Indians used to make their fish weirs, the wagon party halted.

"Steamboat's coming!" called out Rick.

There it was, the *Lady of the Lake*, swiftly nearing the landing, "my lady" leaving a dainty footprint of silver in many widening circles of ripples. The boys made a long halt, taking into their thoughts the beauty around them, that would turn memory into a gallery of pictures of lake, and sky, and hills.



CHAPTER XXXI.

LAKE TO MOUNTAIN.

BOYS," said Rob. when they had climbed into their wagon and started up the faithful Dobbin, "we have plenty of time on our trip. Let's not hurry to-day, but find some place to camp near the lake, and spend the night there."

"That would be nice," declared Ralph, and Rick supported his opinion.

"Well, let's pick out our place, and spend the rest of the day there, and we shall be on hand for the night."

They decided to camp under a pine that spread over them a big, hospitable roof of green, and close by was a smaller pine, to which Dobbin was tethered. liberty being allowed the beast to travel over a circle of green grass and nibble as many lunches as he pleased.

"We can spread our rubber blankets under the wagon and sleep there to-night," suggested Rob.

"Why not camp *in* the wagon, Rob?"

"Take the seat and things out, Ralph?"

"Yes."

"All right."

The seat and camp equipage were removed, and the three campers found that at night they would be just able to "squeeze in," as Rick said.

It was only the middle of the afternoon, and there was an abundance of time for camp-work, for short rambles also, and sight-seeing. The lake that had been ruffled by the late steamer's swan-like flight, was now still again, and as twilight stole over the waters, they grew yet calmer, till the shadows of the forest trees seemed to be traced there as if in motionless marble.



LONGING FOR A BOAT.

Rick had been longing for a boat, saying he didn't care whether it was a modern craft, or an old-fashioned one that the Indians had burnt out of a log.

"Young man," said Rob, "there is something else beginning with b that we must be looking after."

"What is that?"

"Bed."

“Bed?”

“Yes. We must fill our wagon with the tips of hemlock boughs. Then we shall have something soft and sweet to sleep on.”

“All right,” said Rick, springing off into the forests.

What a magnificent bed the boys rested on that night, luxurious and odorous enough for “princes royal!” They made pillows of their travelling bags, and blankets of their overcoats, and slept



A MODERN CRAFT.

until the sun was high enough to shoot his arrows of gold at them through the branches of the old pine.

From the lake, the boys journeyed to Mount Belknap, with its double peak, that near the foot of the Winnepesaukee looks northward across its waters. Riding through Guilford, the boys reached a farmhouse where they left their team, and then struck off through the fields, following a path that traversed a mountain forest and then came out upon broad, open slopes, where flocks of sheep stood and curiously watched them. Higher and higher climbed the boys, till they met the breeze sweeping up on the opposite side of the mountain. Soon Mount Gunstock, as that peak was called, was under them, and only blue sky above them. What a view of lake and mountains that granite watch tower, two thousand three hundred

and ninety-four feet high, gave them! Winnepesaukee spread out to the afternoon sun its azure waters, while around the horizon



MAKING A CANOE.

swept a row of mountains, grand old monarchs of granite, who had come out of their mists to occupy, unveiled, their thrones, and let the world look at them. There were the Ossipec Range, Washington. Passaconaway, the Franconia Mountains, Moosilauke, and others.

What a marvellous sculpturing in sapphire! In front, slept the lake, a dreamlike softness everywhere resting upon it. Rick seemed to be absorbed in the beauty of the view.

"Glorious, isn't it, Rick?"

"Yes, Ralph," said Rick; "if I was only there with a line!"

"Fishing line?"

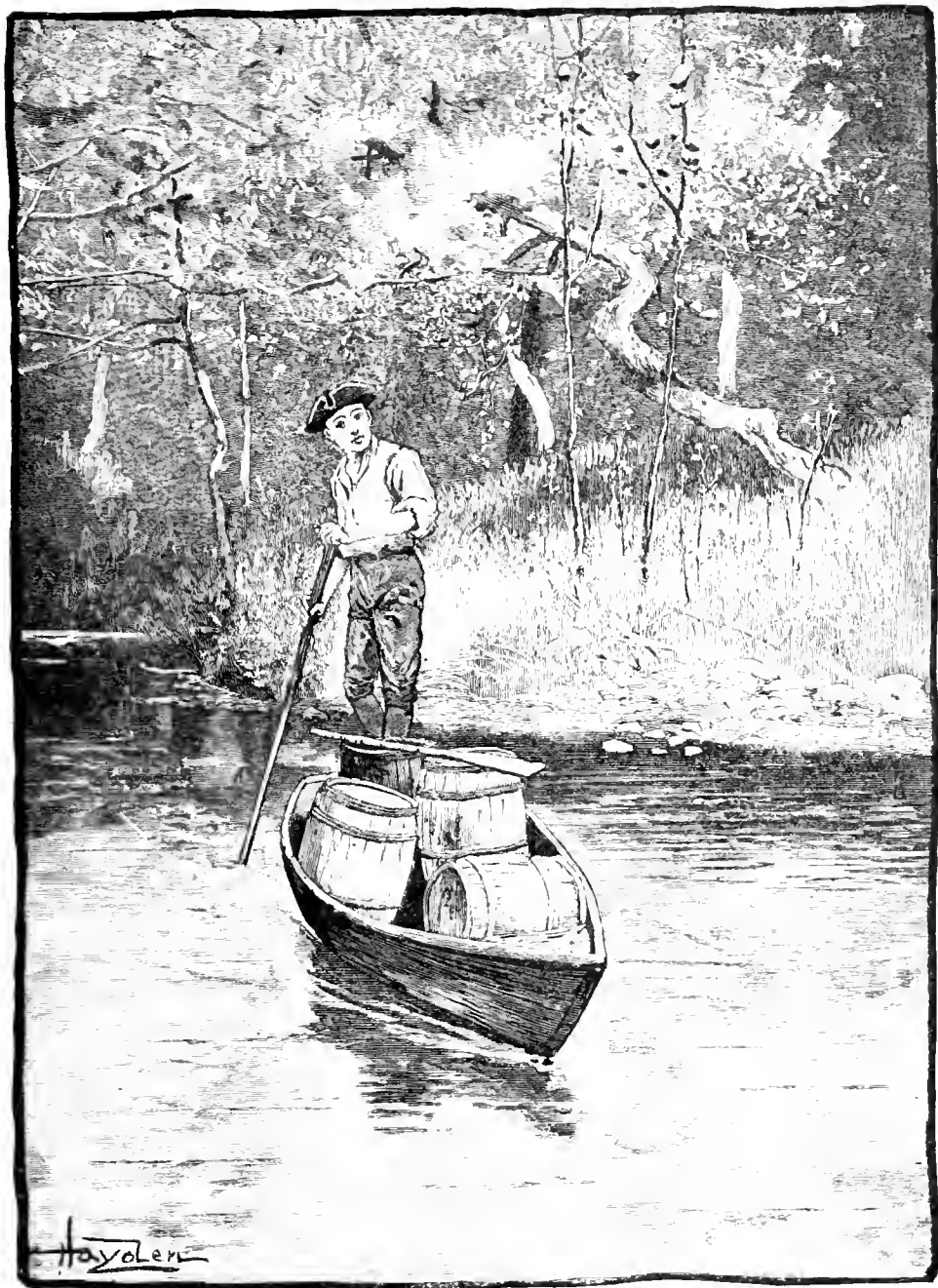
"Yes."

"Phoo h! You wouldn't have but a small catch."

"Wouldn't I? I'd catch enough to keep our camp supplied with fish all the time," affirmed Rick proudly.

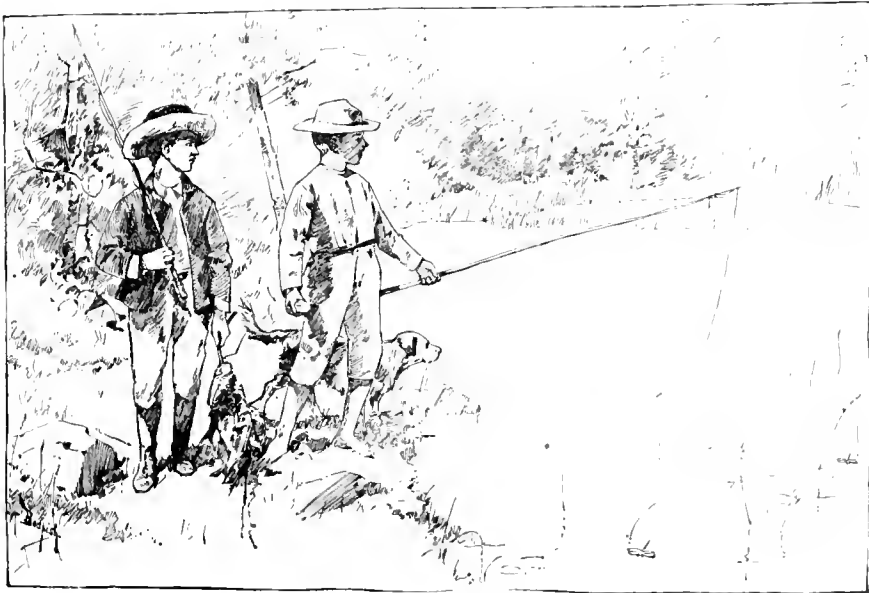


SMALL CATCH.



A YOUTHFUL BOATMAN.

Ralph did not argue the point, but turned to examine a pole capped with a small cask that had been erected by the United States Coast Survey, on Mount Gunstock. It looked like a beacon signal, set up in olden times, and maintained there in case of Indian invasions. If smeared with tar, how readily, at a moment's warning, it could be ignited and flame its red warning in the night to some other solitary signal station! When the boys reached the path down the mountain and began the descent, Rob turned once more to see the pole rising up against the hazy eastern sky, and throwing its shadow upon the lonely mountain summit.



"IF ONLY THERE WITH A LINE."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ONE MORE ADVENTURE.

SA-MAN-THEE!"

"What say?"

"Come here," said Grandpa Double-chin to his beloved spouse. "Them boys are comin' again!"

And there they were, indeed. Rob, Ralph and Rick, but they were no longer riding. All were on foot, and two, Rob and Ralph, were behind the wagon, which they steadily pushed. Seeing Grandpa Double-chin and "Sa-man-thee" standing in the doorway of their home, Rob called out, "Whoa, Dobbin!" and then approached his former acquaintances.

"How do you do?" pleasantly. "You didn't expect us so soon, but our mountain-and-lake trip has been made, and we are going back to our starting place, a station on the Boston. Concord and Montreal Road, and there we take the cars for home. But you see our Dobbin has given out, and I guess we shall have to get you to put us up again, and we will give Dobbin a rest."

"What say, Sa-man-thee?" inquired Grandpa Double-chin.

"Well. I hain't no objection, if you'll take us as we are."

"Oh, certainly," said Rob. "We have a small tent, and perhaps at night we can sleep in it, and you quarter us by day at your table."

In a very short time Dobbin, who was quite "miserable" for a horse, was munching hay in Grandpa Double-chin's barn, while the boys were pitching their tent in a green little grove of spruce that dotted Grandpa's farm.

That afternoon Rob and Sa-man-thee had a talk.

"Have you seen any wild critturs yet?" asked Sa-man-thee, remembering Rob's interest in the animal kingdom of the forest.

"N-n-not much," replied Rob, who did wish he had seen a lion hunt or some other surprising thing, which he could report.

"You needn't go fur to see a wild critter. There's our Butcher in the yard. He was too wild for me, and I wouldn't give him house-room a minute. They chained him in the yard a spell,

but he hain't no sperrit now, and he mopes around. I 'spect the fire's in him."

"What is the matter with Butcher?"

"I 'spect he is sick, but I tell 'em though he hain't no sperrit, the fire is in him."

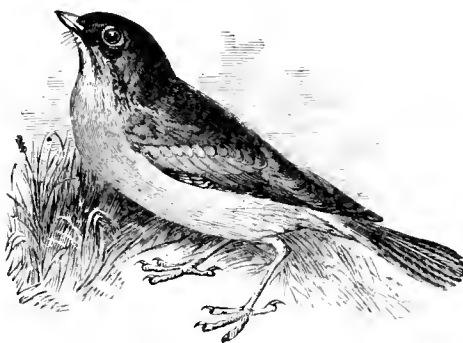
Rob had noticed the mean-looking cur that crept about with half-closed, wicked eyes.

"He doesn't seem, marm, to have enough life to do anything."

"You might put your hand in his mouth and try him."

Rob declined, though, to give him a hand to lurch on.

The boys laughingly took the old lady's words as a motto, "though he hain't no sperrit, the fire is in him," and often addressed the evil-eyed, moping Butcher in that style.



A SWEET SINGER.

The boys put up their shelter-tent at the base of a sandy slope whose ridge was covered with trees. It was a spot sheltered from the wind, and not far away was a stream of sweet, cool water.



RALPH'S SQUIRREL.

One special attraction to Rick was a hole near by, that he called a "cave."

Rob and Ralph climbed the sandy slope, one morning, and reached its wooded top. They were standing on the edge of the slope, facing the woods, and listening to the musical morning hymn of a robin, when

another noise was heard. They listened intently.

"Here that squirrel in the branches!" said Ralph.

The boys were looking up to see the squirrel, when a third noise was audible. It was a rustling of the undergrowth, and then, without another moment's warning, there rushed upon the boys the villainous Butcher, but so changed! his ears thrust back, and his eyes thrust forward, all his malicious powers gathered into one violent, hateful spring. The boys were completely surprised. They raised their sticks in defence. For one moment they made an interesting picture, standing there on the ridge dressed in their neat, jaunty camp-suits, bravely facing the beast, but the next moment —

They could hardly explain it afterwards, but they forgot that they were on the very edge of the high sand-bank, and Rob in turning to get a better footing, stepped over the edge. Raph unconsciously imitated him. Away they went, rolling over and over,

bumping one another, then separating, going down, down, to the bottom of the bank. It was an inglorious tumble.

"Well," said Rob, laughing, "I thought that beast didn't have 'no sperrit.'"

"Ah," said Ralph, "but Sa-man-thee declared the fire was in him."

"I am satisfied with the proof. Ha, ha, Ralph!"

The journeyings of the Antelope Guild at last were over. Rob Merry returned to his father's home, and the Concord boys went back to the Rogers' nest. The *Antelope* itself came home, and with it arrived Nurse Fennel's umbrella, so that her grief at its loss now ceased, and she sat contented once more by her spinning-wheel.

"All home!" exclaimed uncle Nat. "It is a good deal to say, that you have gone in safety on your visit, have had a good time, and have come back in safety."

Yes, it is something to be grateful for, that the kindly care of our Heavenly Father has gone with the wanderers from any home-nest, and that safely they have winged their flight back again. In His presence, may we all find our final home.



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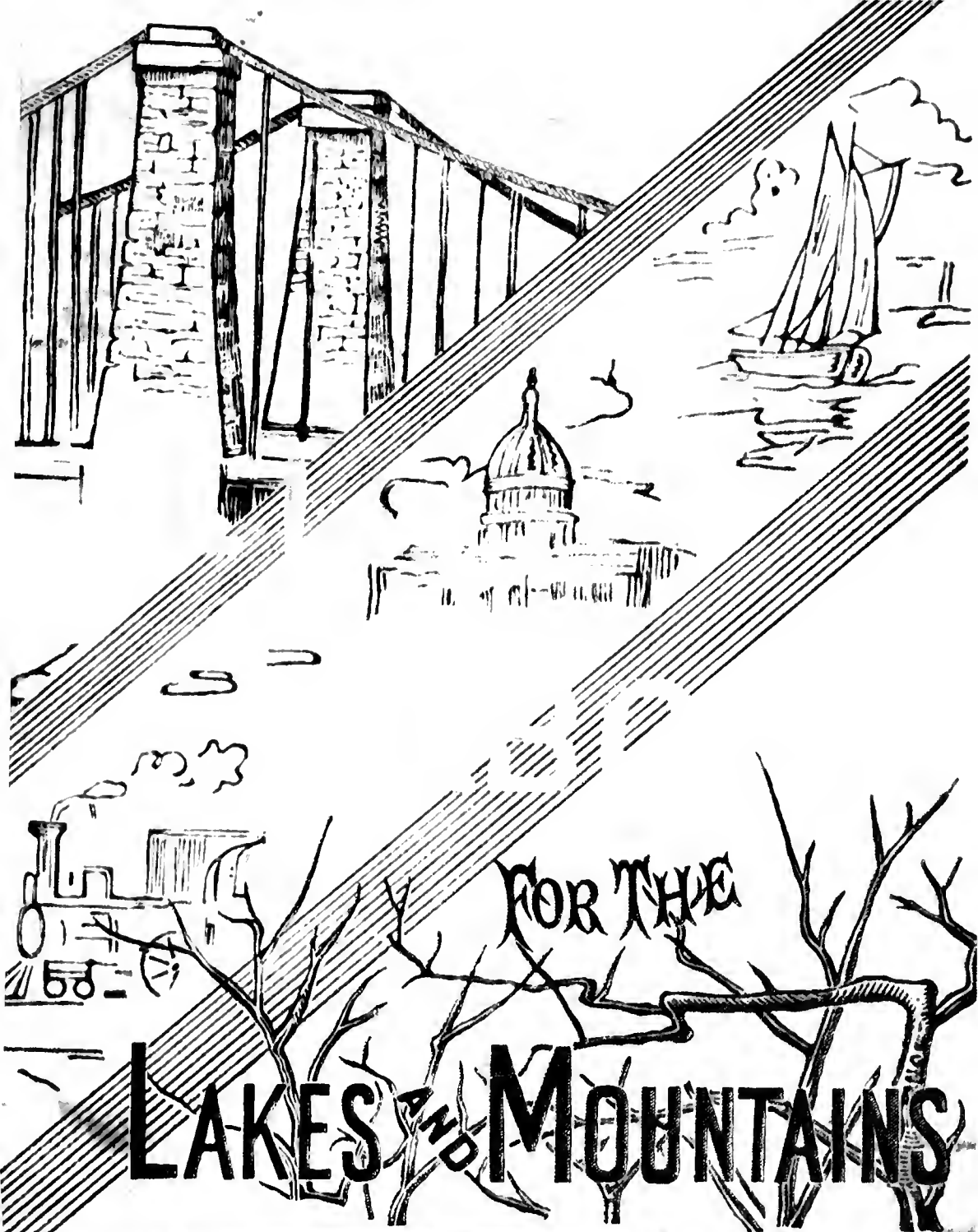
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